Saturday Review

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January 1, 1966 25¢

WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR • PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Second Prize in Color—George Zarin, Forest Hills, N.Y. Barcelona, Spain. Bronica; Agfachrome.

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Above: The sweeping staircase to the Ritz Carlton Lounge on the flagship s.s. Rotterdam.

Top Right: One of the s.s. Rotterdam's spacious First Class lounges.

Below Right: Overlooking the s.s. Rotterdam's First Class Sports Deck.

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All systems were go.

Mercury Sigma 7, Oct., 1962

Mercury Faith 7, May, 1963

Gemini Molly Brown, March, 1965

Gemini 4, June, 1965

Gemini 5, Aug., 1965

Gemini 6, Dec., 1965

Gemini 7, Dec., 1965

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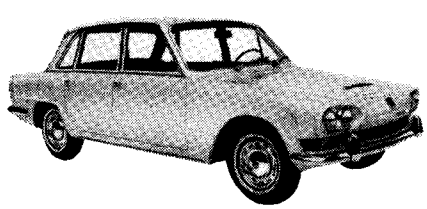
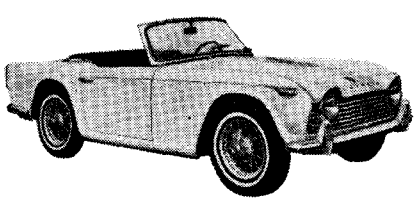
5 ways to make your European vacation a Triumph

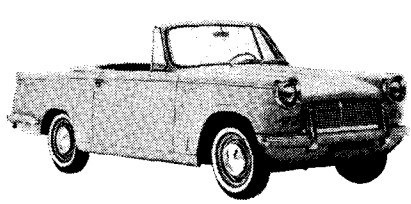
What a pair! Your European vacation and a new Triumph. (Make your own timetable for a change.) Sounds great? Then see your local Triumph dealer. He'll show you how to buy your Triumph here, pick it up overseas and save a fistful of cash. Look.



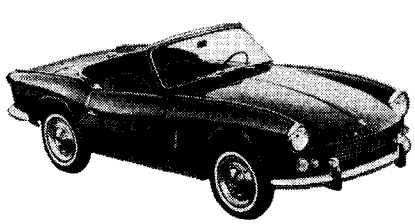
$2580* buys the 2000 sedan. (The family car with sports car engineering)



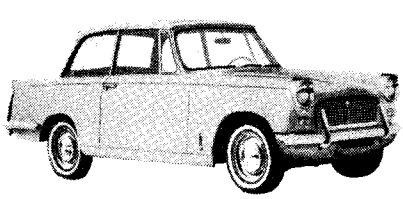
$2205* buys the TR-4A. (America's favorite sports car)



$1571* buys the 1200 convertible. (The good-looking 4-passenger convertible)



$1574* buys the Spitfire Mk2. (The most sports car for the least money)



$1424* buys the 1200 sedan. (The sporty, 35 miles-per-gallon economy car)

You're off for Europe? Good buy!

*Overseas retail price. Exclusive of extras and delivery charges. Rights reserved to change prices without notice. U. S. specifications on all models. See your Triumph dealer or write: Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

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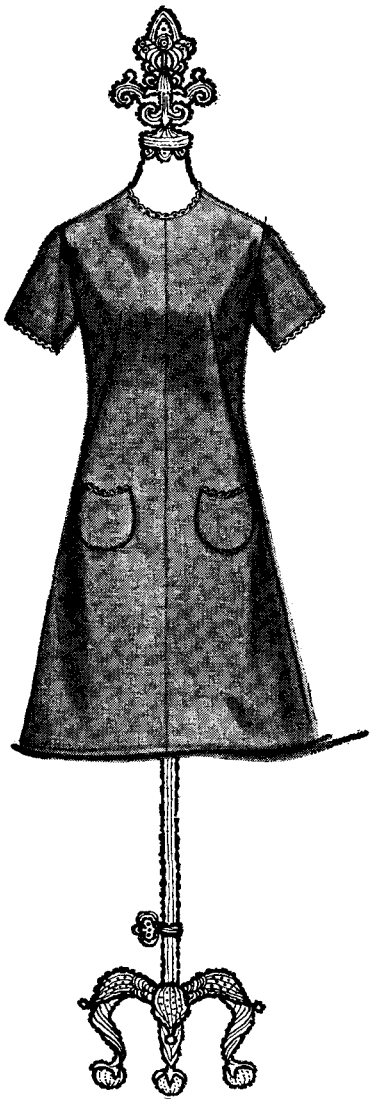

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Pot Luck

Edited by Martin Levin

Admonitory Lines for the Birthday of an Over-Energetic Contemporary

Lord, the calendar is droll;
How the years more rapid roll!
How the candles on the cake
By some ludicrous mistake
Seem to increase at every session
In geometrical progression!
I've noticed as their numbers mount
That you, old friend, forget to count,
So as the final flame you blow on
I make a wish for you to grow on.
May angels watch o'er your well-being
And turn your thoughts away from skiing,
Preserve your venturesome soul from lusting
For surfing or for bronco-busting,
From stalking grizzlies with bow and arrow
Or climbing up Mount Kilimanjaro,
Or, seeking novelty, to begin
Diving, either sky- or skin-,
And if you find you can't resist
Frug and other forms of twist
To shield with heavenly umbrella
Sacro-iliac and patella,
And when the sun with Sunday mingles
Steer you to doubles instead of singles;
Then with these perils all behind
To keep you ever young of mind,
Give that most generous of hearts
Compassion for the current arts,
Preserve your brow from morrow furrows
Facing a Miller or a Burroughs
And, learning that things that were not shall be,
From wincing at Genet or Albee,
So future anniversary binges
Will find no twinges in your hinges.
And now this placid five-toed sloth
Concludes by crying, God bless us both.

—Ogden Nash.

Life Among the Hogslop Barbarians: Report by Maggie Meadows

I FIRST met the Hogslop Barbarians on a fine spring day early in May. I had been sailing through the Pacific for months trying to find a new tribe that would be interesting to the anthropologists back home on Morningside Heights. At last I had found them on this little Polynesian atoll, on which no white man or social scientist had ever set foot to trade, fight, gather coconuts or toast marshmallows.

You can imagine my excitement! Here I was, a young little-known anthropologist of forty-three with a fresh, completely unresearched tribe to observe, scribble down facts about, and investigate the sex life of. I climbed down out of the rigging and checked all my research books, fixed my face. It all checked out.

"What do you think, Dr. Meadows?" asked the Captain, who, incidentally, was a tall handsome ectomorphic specimen.

"Captain Smith," I replied (I suppose, with quite a bit of spirit), "this is going to be highly interesting!"

"Good show!" he declared.

The natives were fishing. As they fished they chanted in a dialect similar to the Groundmaize Barbarians to the south:

"Fishy bitey fumtime. Fishy bitey fumtime."

We hurriedly rowed to shore. I stood in the bow of the boat. My heart leaped when I thought of Darwin and Freud and all the others who had made possible these far-reaching studies. It was so meaningful and stimulating!

They had never seen a white woman before. I took off my sunglasses and rolled up my sleeve. They remarked, "Wum wum wow! Wum wum wow!" They were obviously friendly.

This was an anthropologist's dream, friendly, harmless barbarians living, breeding, and fishing. I set to work with a will. I observed that the natives wore no clothing whatsoever in this hot climate. Except for an occasional small white fishbone in their noses there was nothing to break the monotony of beautiful brown men and women peering at me.

I jotted down notes. The men carried six-foot clubs with them everywhere they went, although they never used them. This was highly interesting and I can only surmise that the tribe had once been war-like but had forgotten the art. In any event it was not significant.

The women carried large, red, earthen pots on their heads everywhere they went. When they stopped to rest, they set their pots down and sat on them. It is not uncommon to see twenty or more women, varying greatly in size, age, and shape, sitting on their twenty

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red pots. This was fascinating but not significant.

The pots were the all-purpose utensil of the family. Cooking, washing, cleaning, and many other functions took place in it. I understand also that they were handed down from generation to generation. In fact, the significance of the red pots is that they are their greatest cultural achievement, the center of the family, and most important of all, their symbol of religion. Red like the sun, the pots are considered a piece of it and are highly treasured. All religious rites take place around the pots; worship, weddings, funerals, songfests, and many other activities.

The women rule the tribe openly, as they are in command of the pots. The woman who can handle the largest pot is chief, and those who can handle the next ten largest pots are the council.

If a crime is committed by any member of the tribe, his family pot is smashed and replaced by a smaller one. Needless to say there is hardly any crime. It is thought that there are good pots and bad pots, but any pot is better than no pot.

While all this is very interesting, and I'm sure all the anthropologists back home will be interested, it was not significant. However, it was all very nice and I enjoyed it immensely.

Before I left, the natives kindly brought me a medium-sized pot filled with Bongolotto Braino soup, and some bananas, which was their favorite meal. The soup had also been prepared in a red pot, a strong indication of their affection for me. It consisted of finely chopped octopi, strained shark brains, and ground crabs. You can imagine my hesitation, but not wanting to offend I tried it, and I must say it was good. When I left the atoll the Hogslops gave me this medium-sized pot as a gift.

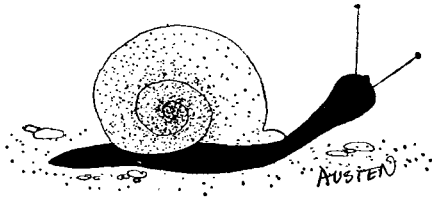
Needless to say, it was sad parting with these strange barbarians. They had been so kind and readily accessible to scientific observation. But I had to get home; we hoisted our sails. Far in the distance I could see the men still carrying their six-foot clubs, and the women carrying their pots. I could hear the fishermen.

"Fishey bitey fumtime. Fishy bitey fumtime."

I stood on the bridge with the Captain. "Highly interesting," he observed.

"Yes," I said, fighting back a tear, "but not significant."

—Elwood Adams.



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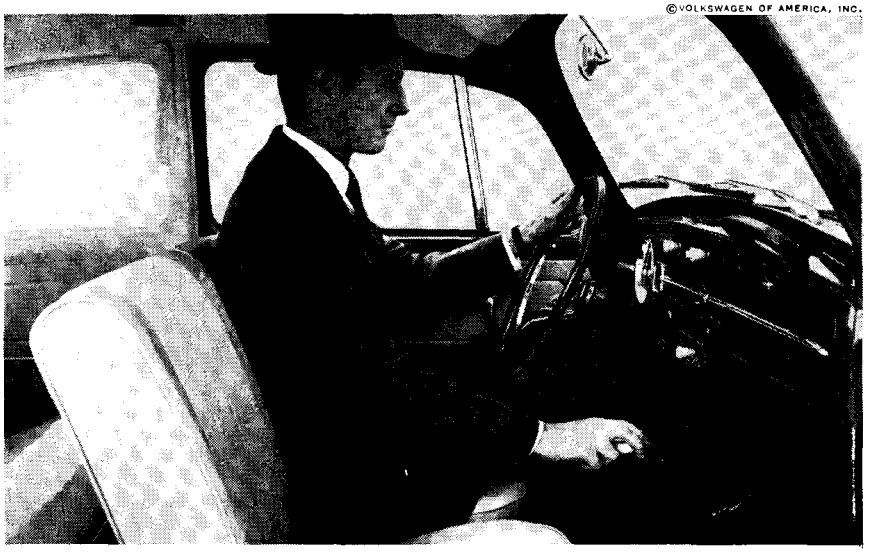

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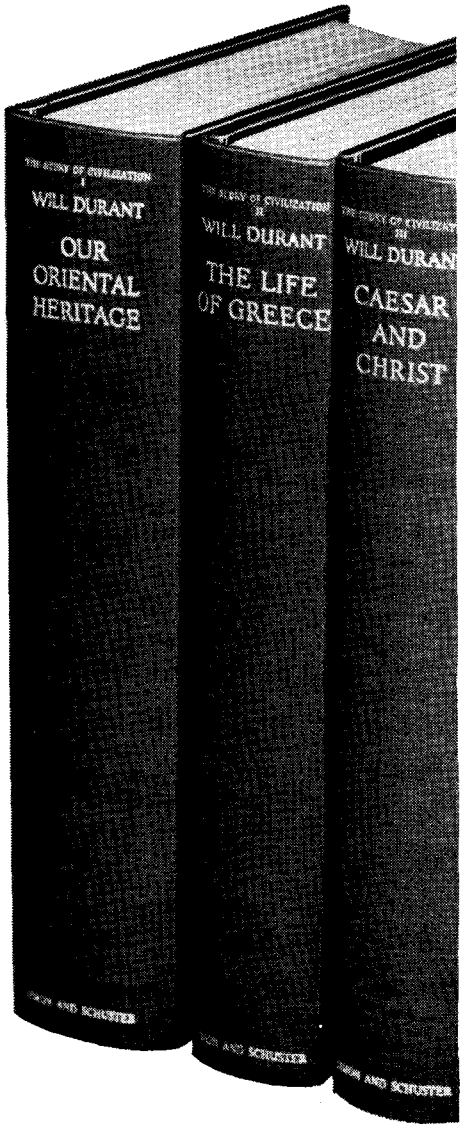

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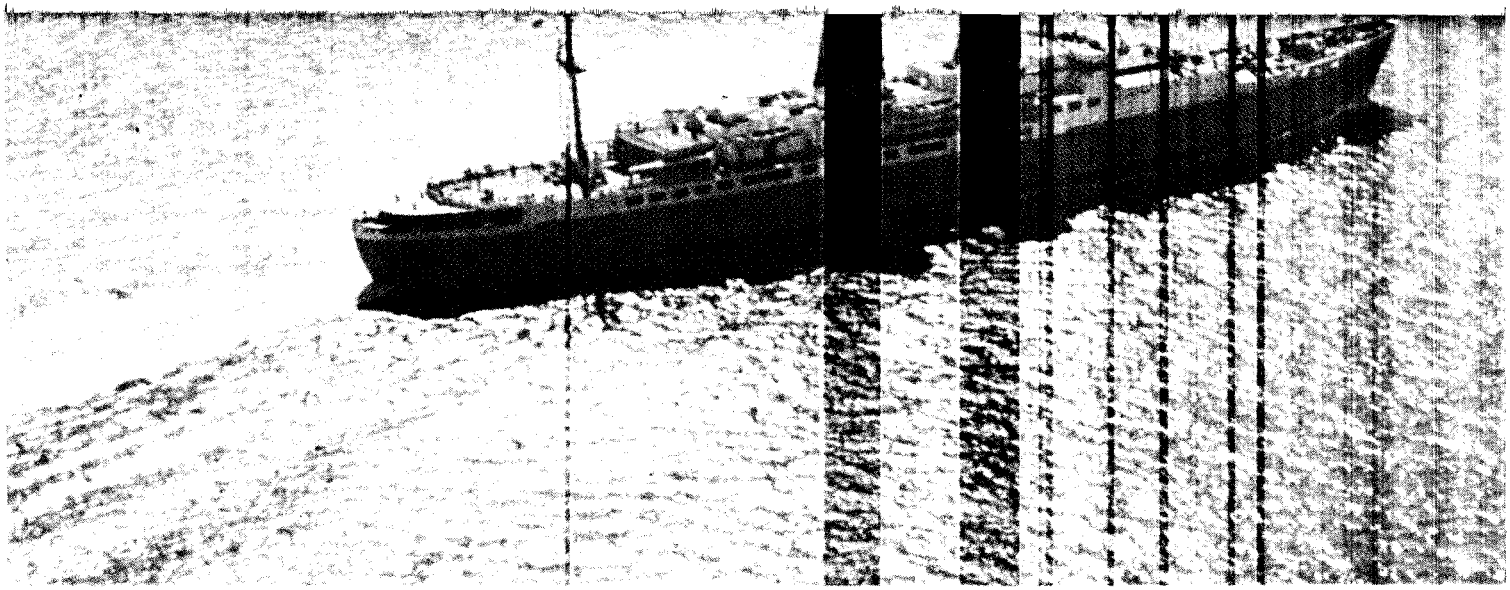

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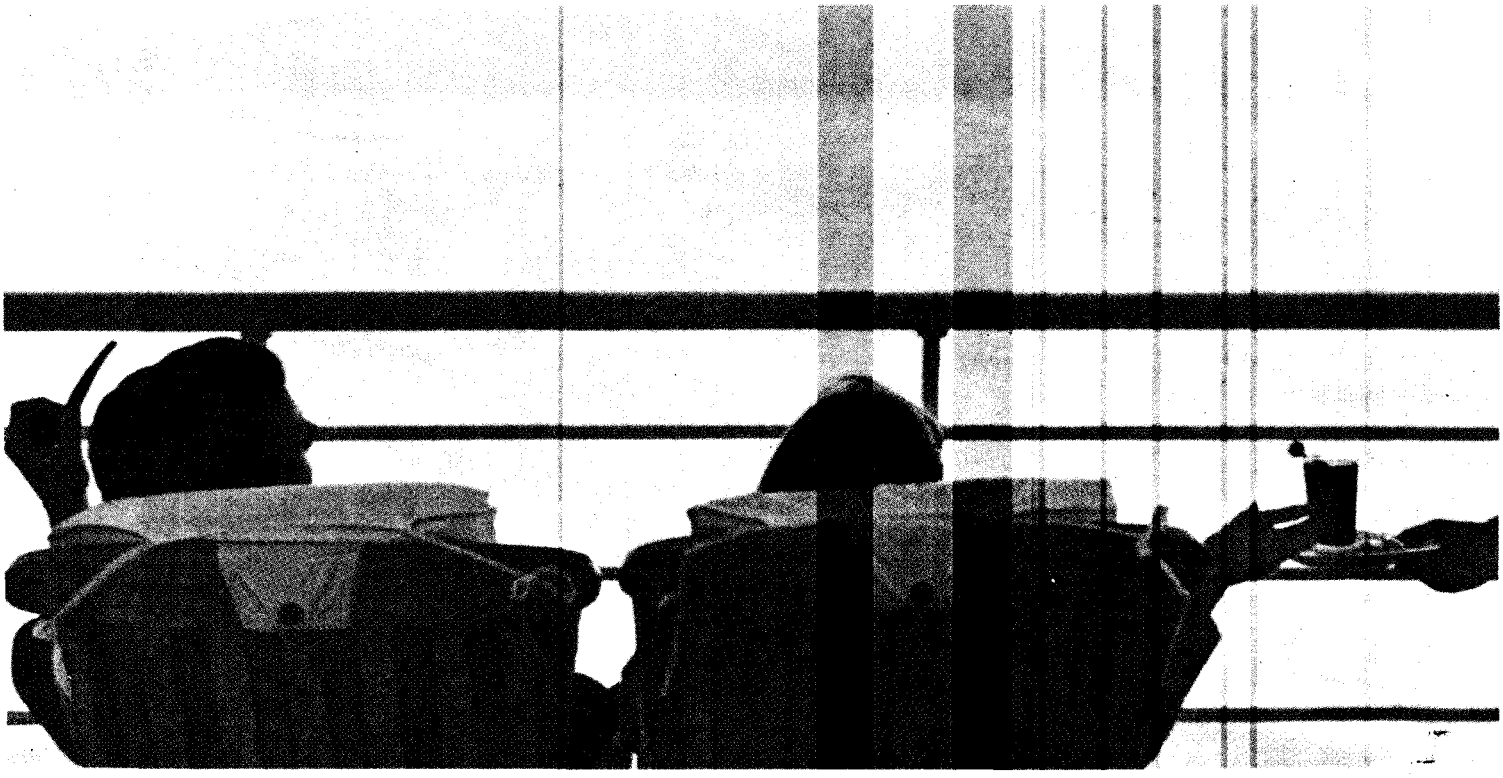

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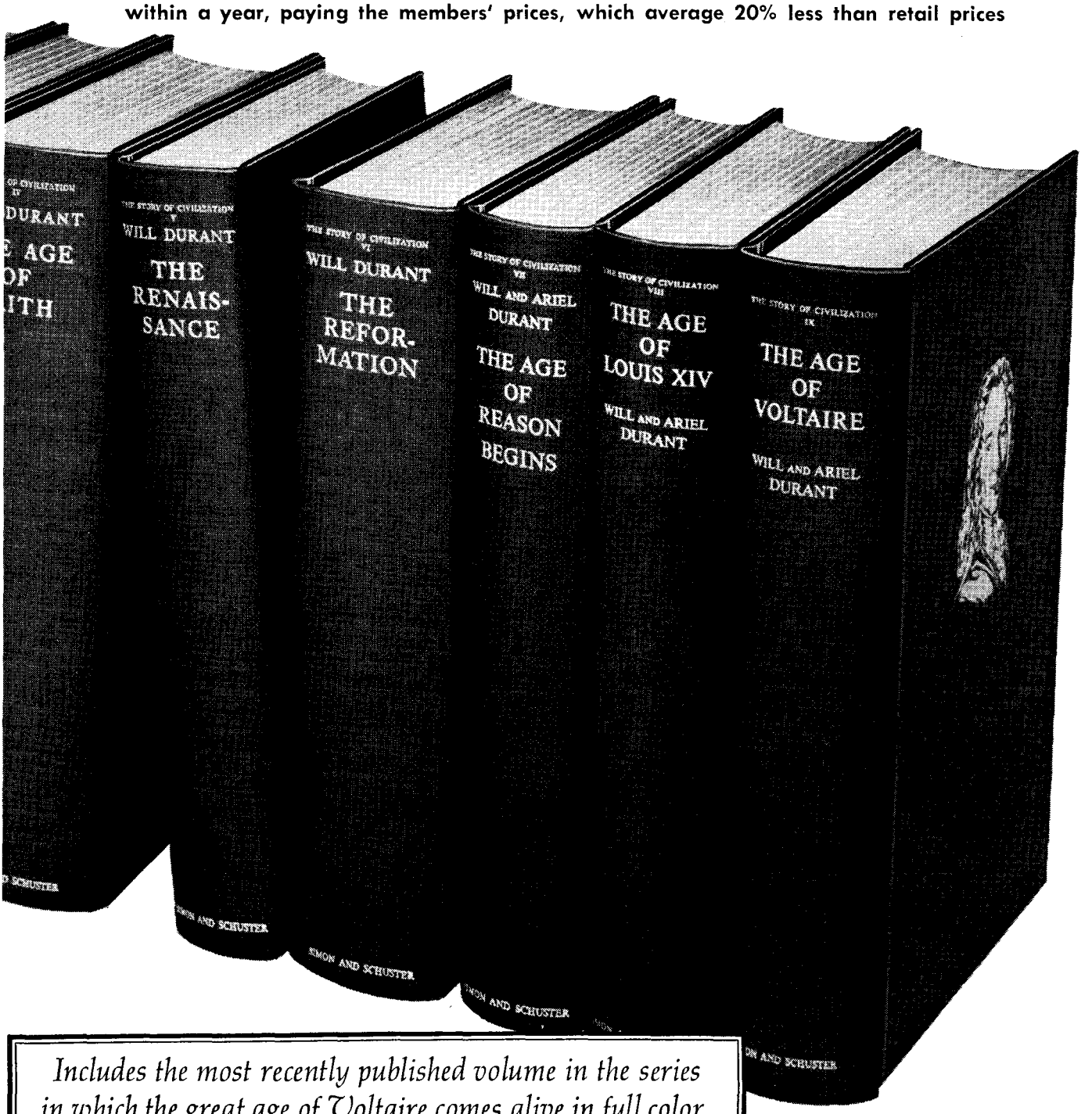

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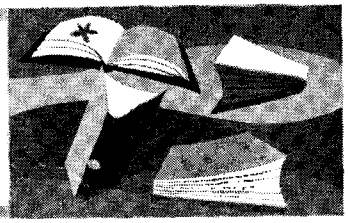
Trade Winds



You realize that the distillers, the doctors, the veterans and almost everyone has a lobby in Washington, but do you know that the humorists now have one?

This January, for the first time in the history of the nation, a Humor Lobbyist will register as such and the walls of the House and the Senate will reverberate with his laughter. He is Jim Atkins, representing the National Laugh Foundation, a powerful federation of comedians, gagwriters both amateur and professional, joke-tellers, and laughmakers of every hue.

The purpose is to bring humor into politics, in a constructive way, so that humor is used by our lawmakers as a weapon for the public good. Jim Atkins has not formulated his campaign in great detail, but I did learn that he hopes that Congressmen will include more gags and punch lines in their speeches. That is admittedly just a beginning; for the long-range view, the Humor Lobby looks forward to somehow influencing President Johnson to be funnier during his second term in the White House.

The man who initiated the program is George Q. Lewis, founder and director of the twenty-year-old National Laugh Foundation. I talked with Lewis, whose middle name is Quipp, after he had returned from Washington where he, Atkins, and two other funnymen, Gil Eagles and Kenny Burke, had just made their lobbying plans in a gag-filled motel room a stone's throw from Capitol Hill. I found Lewis in a small rehearsal hall on 45th Street off Broadway, where he was conducting his Comedy Workshop, a course for gagwriters and comedians that has gone on twice a week for years. The Workshop gives these struggling humorists the chance to try out their material and get a reaction, as well as to judge what others are doing. Professor Lewis conducts the classes.

The so-called jokes fly thick and fast at the Comedy Workshop. At the Roundtable, where writers compare their work, one young author read a script about buying a trailer and going on a trip. The salesman points out that the sunken living room is due to a flat tire. When the driver reaches the Rockies, "it is so cold that the tourists are selling blankets to the Indians." After the reading the other gagwriters rip into it and criticize or praise it, as the case may be.

The second half of the semi-weekly Workshop takes place on the stage, where comics get up and deliver themselves of a twelve-minute monologue. The night I was there the Big Blackout came in for attention.

"New York didn't need a Lindsay, it needed a Beame," one guy cracked.

Richard Burke's Blackout line was, "where were you when the lights went on?" Another comic went on: "I just got a letter from a friend of mine; he's still in the subway. . . . Fellow I know in the village was lighting a reefer when the whole city went dark. 'Man, this is living!' he cried. . . . I got on a bus and got off at 42nd Street; my hat and coat got off at 57th. I don't know where my pants got off. . . . When I wanted to get home I just sat in an ashcan and waited for the garbage truck to take me uptown. . . . It was so black a pickpocket in an elevator stole $10 out of his own pocket. . . ."

When a stand-up comedian is finished with his routine at the Workshop, Professor Lewis asks the class for criticism, and sometimes they'll go over the lines carefully as though they were college students studying Shakespeare. "On that gag about getting off the bus at 42nd and your hat and coat going to 57th, that's a good one. But leave out the pants line. It's a red herring and you don't need it," someone volunteered after the dialogue above.

Howard Bloom, a high school math teacher who is a writer and a performer in his spare time, came to a line about his Japanese gardener who had "a yellow thumb," and someone in the audience shouted out, "and he gave you the American flu!" When Professor Lewis was remarking on how important it is to be topical, a student asked, "Topical? What's topical?" and someone else replied, "He means fish jokes. You know, topical fish."

Another comic based his monologue on this theme: "I was an only child. Do you know what it means to be an only child? It means you don't have any brothers or sisters . . . I went to a camp for only children. In fact, I was the only child there . . . How would you like to have baby fat at seventeen? . . . I had to wear so many clothes that I never caught cold in the winter. I caught prickly heat instead. . . ."

After twelve minutes of that the comic came in for a blast of criticism. He stood on the stage while the class said, "Your material lacks truth . . . You're not sympathetic . . . We can't identify you with what's happening . . . You change your interpretation too often. . . ." The comic, wearing a bright blue shirt open at the collar, a black corduroy jacket, long hair and glasses, finally protested vehemently.

"But I *was* an only child in Chicago," he burst out, "I was a little fat boy who was beat up by the other kids and I came home bloody!"

"But we just can't see you as a fat little nebbish," someone declared. "You're a Broadway hipster, that's all."

"Even the glasses don't fit you," another student commented.

"But I can't see without them!" the comic cried. Then, desperately defending his routine, he said, "I want to ask

a lay person." But there wasn't one there; the hall was filled with funnymen only, and I heard them laughing and joking and topping each other's lines, as I walked out and into dull, unfunny Times Square. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1655)

V. L. Rader:
BENEATH A SOUTHERN SKY
(suggested by Lewis Gluick)

I like to think that Christ was born
Beneath a southern sky,
Where palms let down their
silver fronds
To weave a lullaby. . . . .
Let others paint the sacred scene
With snowflakes drifting by.
I like to think that Christ was born
Beneath a southern sky.

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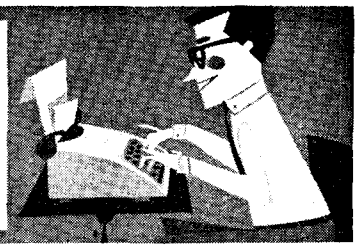
Top of My Head



This Is Television, 1966

THE NETWORKS abjectly apologize for September, October, November, December, 1965 and promise that in September, October, November, December, 1966 they will strive to attain a higher standard of mediocrity.

• • •

NBC gave Dean Martin another year to try to straighten out.

• • •

In England all heck breaks loose when a performer during a TV broadcast uses a four-letter word. Around here all hell breaks loose when a TV performer gets a four-word letter—"Ratings low, show cancelled."

• • •

Get Smart had better.

• • •

Thirty-five years ago the Messrs. Paley, Stanton, Sarnoff became the proud proprietors of a class entertainment medium. TV 1966 finds them operating a rundown, second-run movie house open all night and showing B pictures along with quickie, two-reel comedies for which the Phoenicians will have to invent another letter.

• • •

The talent of the Smothers Brothers was.

• • •

"I wouldn't want to be quoted," quoted a TV network VP in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "and I tell you honestly that I hate to admit it, but I am certain you can put almost anything on television and the people will watch it." And you can put almost anything in a rating book and the Network VP's will believe it.

• • •

Dick Van Dyke leaves TV. Reggie Van Gleason stays.

• • •

As if *Gidget* and *Tammy* are not enough, the final ignominy of 1965 television came to us on the evening when the Rockefeller Plaza skyscraper Christmas tree was lighted. Before Mr. Steven Rockefeller pressed the button he voiced a reverently articulated, pocket-sized sermon on the significance of the tree. For the small children gathered in the Plaza, he said it was a spectacle of a myriad lights.

"But," he concluded, "I hope the lighting of this tree has a greater meaning for you and I."

• • •

My Mother the Car was with us only long enough to get a ticket for being illegally parked on an obviously one-way street in a prime-time zone.

• • •

TV vice presidents preen and hold their heads high on natural shoulders as they contemplate their successful irrigation of what former FCC chairman Newton Minow proclaimed a "vast wasteland." They point with pride to the transformation of their parched earth into a veritable oasis of splendorous growth.

Mighty oaks from tiny acorns have sprouted. A plush, thick carpet of dew-dripped grass and fragrant flowers, of luscious fruits and exotic spices, of ripened berries and acres of waving, golden wheat. An arid, vast wasteland transformed into field after field of nature's bounty bursting into a profusion of breath-taking color by these plodders in the networks' vineyards.

Now isn't that a lot of fertilizer!

• • •

The *John Forsythe Show* starring John Forsythe was ill starred.

• • •

OK Crackerby was KO'd.

• • •

It took a one-shot, half-hour literate and charming cartoon *Charlie Brown's Christmas* to show up the likes of *Gilligan's Island* for what it is—escapist stuff.

(*Continued on page* 108)

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Saturday Review
January 1, 1966

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—III

LEARNING HOW TO LEARN

One of the World's Leading City Planners Looks Back on His Life

By C. A. DOXIADIS

MANY YEARS AGO I was holding the tiller of a small boat in the Aegean Sea and listening to an old sailor telling me his story. I must have been quite absorbed, because he had to ask me to be more careful with my steering. "But the following wind is favorable," I told him. The old man smiled and said, "It is just for that reason that the danger of going off course is so great." How right he was! How many times in my life, seeing people veer off course at the moment of success, I have remembered him!

It was that night, I think, that I became convinced that one can learn from anyone at any moment, and that learning is a continuous process that starts when our own life starts and ends only when our life ends. I discover, for example, that I am learning even now, as I write. I am learning that we cannot make an inventory of our intellectual gains as easily as we can of our material ones—perhaps because there is no internal revenue department to keep track of them. Is it not time to think of an annual declaration of our gains in learning, not in order to pay tax on them, but so that we may know how far behind we are and that we need to catch up?

Humanity itself knows much more than we do as individuals, but it has not devised a system to assess what it has learned by trial and error over millions of years. Every time I visit a new land, a new city, and meet a new group of people, I am amazed at the things they know, things of which we others have no suspicion It is then that I think of the many things that nobody yet knows. We may have systems to transmit certain types of specialized knowledge or certain ideas, but we have nothing that allows us to approach the total possible knowledge or even the total human knowledge and select in a practical way what we need.

Learning is a link that connects the individual with the totality of his surroundings—nature and art, men and animals, the atom, the earth, the cosmos. As long as we do not know about them, they do not exist for us. Man on this earth may therefore be viewed as the center of a world with which he is connected because he occupies a certain location and because he receives, processes, and transmits all sorts of material and nonmaterial goods. He breathes, drinks, eats, sees, feels, using what he needs and disposing of what he does not need or what others need. Man can thus be seen as the processor of solids, liquids, and gases and also as a processor of feelings and ideas.

SUCH a picture of man leads me to an egocentric view of what I have learned. I regard man not as Plato's thinking, feeling, and willing man, classified by the types of his actions, but as a man classified by the phases of his actions as the receiving, processing, and transmitting animal that he is.

I am interested in man and in the knowledge he acquires in his role as the conscious receiver, processor, and transmitter of senses, feelings, ideas, and actions. If we look at man in this way, there are these important points to remember: that man exists somewhere in the world; that he receives, that he processes, and that he transmits until his death; and that after his death the signs of his passage will be eliminated by evolving nature unless he has processed ideas and not only food and liquor.

One day I nearly fell asleep sitting in my bathtub. When I opened my eyes I saw, out of the open window, the sky below me and airplanes flying upside down. I was looking into the bathwater. It was then that I realized, although I had been taught about it earlier, that the sky is not up and man down, that God is not up or really anywhere. It was then that I realized that things are as they are, but that our images of them depend upon our position. Thus we are very often wrong, and we do wrong.

In this way I gradually came to understand that we are always both at the center of the world and in some other part of it, depending on whether we look at our situation from our point of view or from somebody else's. We belong not to one but to many spheres of which we are the center, from the personal sphere to the entire cosmos. We could, indeed, reach megalomaniac conclusions about ourselves if we did not realize how small our spheres are. When we speak, for example of the sphere represented by the whole earth, we should bear in mind that we inhabit and use only a very thin crust of it.

WHILE paddling for several days in the swamps of southern Iraq, and again when floating in the rivers of the delta of Bengal, I began to realize that we participate not only in many spheres of space but also in many spheres of time. When I first visited such areas I thought I was simply moving in space, only to realize that I was also moving in time, since some of the inhabitants live

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today as they did in prehistoric times. Thus some people belong to the present and some to various periods of the past (others belong also to the future). How many characteristics do I not have in common with those primitive people, how many of my features are not taken from my parents, and how many times have I not seen my eyes and my dreams in my children? Or as the Greek poet Palamas said:

> How many times have we not seen
> in the child's tremor, the child's
> movements the old father, quivering and swaying in the depths of
> time.

It is necessary that we receive all possible information, ideas, feelings, sentiments; otherwise our system will starve in the same way we would starve and die if we ceased to eat and drink. Starvation from lack of information takes longer, but our world is full of living dead because we do not recognize this.

We must be prepared to receive from all sources and transmitters, whether they seem relevant to us or not. I cannot forget that I did not learn only about Arabia from Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, but also about strategy and tactics, and about how to write of my impressions and keep a record of my knowledge. But we do not learn only from great minds; we learn from everyone, if only we observe and inquire. I received my greatest lesson in esthetics from an old man in an Athenian "taverna." Night after night he sat alone at the same table, drinking his wine with precisely the same movements. I finally asked him why he did this, and he said, "Young man, I first look at my glass to please my eyes, then I take it in my hand

C. A. Doxiadis is best known for his concept of "Dynapolis," the city planned for intelligent growth. Most world cities have been built or taken random shape in concentric circles, or squares around squares, which surround nuclei containing their principal civic and business buildings. But always the heart of the city is constricted by the growth around it. In Dynapolis, the city's center is built along a projecting axis that broadens as it advances. As the city grows, and people demand new central services, the axis lengthens and widens. Residential and industrial areas grow up on either side of the projection.

Khartoum, the capital of the Sudan, is being developed according to this plan. So is Islamabad, the new capital of Pakistan, a city of 2,000,000 people. Altogether, Doxiadis Associates, with headquarters in Athens, Greece, where C. A. Doxiadis lives, has carried out projects in twenty countries. Among these projects is New Eastwick in Philadelphia, the largest urban renewal project in the United States. The firm is now undertaking a five-year study of Detroit's growth pattern and potentials for the Detroit Edison Company.

And always Doxiadis has built around his main thesis: "Human happiness is the central concern . . . that rather than designing a pretty house or an efficient trade pattern. . . ."

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to please my hand, then I bring it to my nose to please my nostrils, and I am just about to bring it to my lips when I hear a small voice in my ears, 'How about me?' So I tap my glass on the table before I drink from it. I thus please all five senses." That night, as I was walking home, I realized the wisdom of a popular saying that I learned from the mountain people: "Learning and knowledge are not sold in the same place." I decided to seek for knowledge everywhere and from everybody.

When should we learn? Here I cannot agree with those who answer, "Always." On the contrary, I am convinced that we must acquire the ability to close our receiving system when we have received too much or when we want to process or transmit information. It is imperative to know when we have had enough.

The importance of this is increasing as the amount of information that reaches us increases. Think only of the press, radio, and television and what they offer us, and think of the noises and the movement in a big city. How are we going to protect ourselves from the increasing radiation of information? I think we must build many shields around ourselves, and in a democratic society this has to be done by every individual for himself. But the system that permits one to do it must be provided by the society itself, and this is not currently provided at all. Our society has not managed to give us any protective system against either the quantities or the qualities of the information we receive. I do not refer only to bad information, but also to good information that reaches us in an uncoordinated way. Let us not forget that our knowledge almost always grows from the center outward and that there are no lines to connect our new findings with what we already know. This explains why so many great minds go wrong outside their own fields of thought, especially in politics.

It is essential that we learn how to learn. How wrong we now are in this respect can be shown by a single example: We are told by everyone how important it is to read at a high speed, but I have found many more people who read at a high speed going wrong than people who read slowly. Fast reading is like heavy rain that races to the sea, causing damage to the earth. It is the constant, slow rain that reaches deep into the earth. If we do not retain the knowledge we receive, it becomes an imitation of the ancient Romans who would vomit in order to continue eating. But if we learn to read at both a high speed and a low speed we will be able to choose the rate of our absorbing in every special case. This is what we need. If we manage to read slowly, listen slowly, and feel slowly, then and only then will we be able to enjoy receiving information. When he accomplishes this, man the receiver will have taken a big step toward achieving satisfaction.

I am often disappointed by people who try to learn only from others; they overlook the fact that we also have to learn from ourselves, by thinking, considering, and processing what information we have received and what we have already processed. Such people do not really learn anything, and they cannot create anything; they are not even able to select the best from what they have learned.

"My wife has a nasty habit of twisting everything I say about her into a compliment!"

Processing is an important part of knowledge—processing in order to do the right thing. Processing should not mean the creation of new things. I must emphasize how dangerous the people are who insist on being original, forgetting that they should be trying to create the right thing. If it happens to resemble the old, what does it matter? Do we not breathe air and drink water as we did in the past? It is time for us to understand that it is not our goal that should be changed, but only the degree of human satisfaction.

Processing is a natural ability, but it can certainly be further developed. For this, it is of the greatest importance to prepare the ground by forgetting many unimportant or distracting details. We cannot process properly unless we know what to forget—for example, those who have done us harm and those who do not express anything. They are just stones that can break or misdirect our processing mechanism.

In processing, we must also select and classify our subject matter on the basis of very specific criteria. This is where we are helped by our ability to locate ourselves in space and time. Between 1940 and 1945 my only criterion was survival, survival in spite of the enemy in spite of starvation; this dictated my entire attitude. Now the criteria have changed and my mind is oriented in a completely different way: how to contribute to development.

The definition of criteria is not an easy job. But we must define them correctly if we wish to guarantee the best results from our processing mechanism. Last June I had the opportunity to present a long-term program for Rio de Janeiro. Among other things it provided for the elimination of the "favelas," the traditional Rio slums. I was then asked the most important question of my professional career: "Who will write the sambas when the favelas are eliminated?" What this really meant was: How is the elimination of an unhealthy habitat going to avoid the elimination of the creative spirit of its inhabitants?

Processing requires patience. How many people jump to conclusions before they have the facts! Processing should not start before all necessary and possible information has been received. Even then our organism may not be prepared to process for decisions and action. In such cases we should not force it into processing; it might produce the wrong results. To all those who say, "Do it now," I want to answer, "Do not." The wise thing is not to do everything now but to know when to do each thing or whether to do it at all. Our organism has only a certain processing capacity. For those who doubt it, I must remind them of the telephone operators who, while

(*Continued on page* 107)

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Dream of the Red Chamber

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE CHINESE *Dream of the Red Chamber* may well be as great a book as the Japanese *Tale of Genji* (*SR*, Dec. 11), although its virtues are not as obvious, and in fact are not obvious at all. They are the virtues that distinguish Chinese civilization from Japanese, the virtues of a vaster humanity. Both novels have a lucidity and immediacy of narrative that are seldom encountered in Western fiction outside of cowboy and detective stories and the funny papers. Alex Comfort once compared Chinese fiction to Pepys's *Diary*, "a perfectly translucent medium through which we see the characters in all their moral nudity." The contemporary author most like a Chinese novelist is Georges Simenon. You are too busy with the story to notice psychological insight or dramatic command until a week after you have finished the book.

The plot is the familiar, recurrent one of so much great fiction, just as it is a specialty of both Chinese fiction and philosophy of history—"when women rule, the house decays." But it is also its contrary, a celebration of the matriarchy that underlies and sustains Chinese society. Like all great fiction, it is also the story of the immensely difficult achievement of personal integrity. The narrative works toward a transcendental meaning of life through that life itself, which so conspicuously hides all such meaning. The characters are all "fallen beings." The hero is an unprepossessing, idle, scholar-gentleman, timid, oversexed, and unstable. The two young heroines are both hysteriacs, and the villainess is a stock ruthless sister-in-law. The action is confined almost entirely to the women's quarters and consists mostly of vapors, tantrums, fugues, and quarrels. Time goes by. As in life, the characters run down, coarsen, sicken, and die. At the end everybody is worn out. Yet Pao Yu's meaningless life unconsciously evolves slowly toward illumination. He is a Taoist saint who doesn't know he is one and doesn't want to be one. Like Prince Genji, he is indifferent to and ignorant of his cosmic role. He struggles, unaware, against an embodied principle of hate. When salvation comes, it is scarcely distinguishable from its opposite. Behind commonplace life and death lurks another world that intrudes at all crucial moments, a mirror image more real than this life, where destiny is achieved and manifest; like the dream time of the Australian aborigines where everybody is his own ancestor.

Genji is a mystical Buddhist work. *Dream of the Red Chamber* is Taoist; its principle of salvation is inaction (*wu'wei*), the strength of the still keystone in the arch, of water wandering among mountains, seeking its own level, eventually wearing away the highest peaks. The talisman of Pao Yu's integrity is the uncut stone of precious jade with which he is born and which he loses and finds again at the brink of death. Pao Yu's father, Chi Cheng, the embodiment of patriarchal legalism, presides over the waking world with iron rigor and unrelenting contempt for his son and all his ways; but the dramatic pivots of the novel are a series of dreams, apparitions of the true world where doubled images of the girls who love and hate Pao Yu function as moral determinants, presided over by the great matriarch, the grandmother of the family.

It is the metaphysical modesty of Taoism that gives *Dream of the Red Chamber* its style, that modesty which is the necessary ingredient of the very greatest style in any art. The most profound human relationships, the deepest psychological insights, the most intense drama, the revelation of the moral universe in trivial human action, in the simple narrative of ordinary happenings —greatness of heart, magnanimity ("human-heartedness" is the Chinese term), is the substance from which the narrative is carved.

Reading *The Tale of Genji*, you are always conscious of the ethereal refinement of the characters, the profundity of the issues, the skill of the author. In *Red Chamber* you are conscious only of what is happening. Lady Murasaki's Japanese courtiers seldom eat or drink, and never move their bowels. *Dream of the Red Chamber* is haunted by the faint odor of night soil from which a hundred flowers spring.

When you first read about all these people with strange names doing curious things in an exotic setting, you get lost. Then gradually the sheer human mass of Chinese fiction, a mass whose components are all highly individuated, envelopes and entrances you. You realize yourself as part of a universe of human beings endless as the dust of nebulae visible in the Mount Palomar telescope, and you are left with the significance of a human kinship powerful as flowing water and standing stone.

If completely translated, *Dream of the Red Chamber* would require about 1,000,000 words. The European versions are all drastic abridgments. Bancroft Joly's version (Kelly and Walsh, Hong Kong, 1892-93), two large volumes, was only the first third of the original. Chi Chen Wang's (Routledge, London, 1929) was drastically cut, simplified, and secularized until not much more than a Balzacian domestic epic remained. The English of Florence and Isabel McHugh, from the German of Franz Kuhn (Pantheon, New York, 1958), preserves the Taoist otherworldly emphasis that surely was all-important to the author. Chi Chen Wang's latest version (Twayne, New York, 1958; Anchor books paperback, 1958) is a fresh translation, greatly expanded and improved and, so to speak, desecularized.

From the date of writing, the mid-eighteenth century, until our time, *Dream of the Red Chamber* was anonymous. In 1921, after immense research, Hu Shih ascribed the first eighty chapters to Tsao Hsueh Chin and the remaining forty chapters to Kao Ngoh, one of the editors of the 1791 edition. Evidence later discovered would indicate that Kao himself had worked from first drafts by Tsao. Hu Shih believed the novel to be autobiographical, but it is significant that until the twentieth century no one bothered to disturb its anonymity. Like Gothic cathedrals, which sufficient research can usually demonstrate were built by somebody, the great Chinese fictions are more anonymous and communal than *The Iliad*. The *Ching Ping Mei* (*Golden Lotus*), *The Water Margin* (*All Men Are Brothers*), and *The Romance of Three Kingdoms* are end products of the accretion of hundreds of tales by street-corner storytellers, and their luxuriance of natural growth is characteristic of the Chinese novel even today.

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The World Is a Campus

A UNIQUE blueprint for a better America and a better world was drafted in Washington last month when 1,500 Americans, inspired rather than dismayed by mounting tension and conflict around the globe, assembled in a mood of creative collaboration for peace at the White House Conference on International Cooperation.

One portion of the remarkable blueprint placed on President Johnson's desk involved the world travel industry, the largest single factor in international trade. Last year international travel alone amounted to $11 billion, spent by 75,000,000 tourists in visiting nearly 100 countries.

The conference was part of International Cooperation Year (*SR*, Dec. 18), an inspiration of several world leaders, including Pope John XXIII and Prime Minister Nehru of India. ICY was initiated by the United Nations as a follow-up to International Geophysical Year. Its purpose was to chart and dramatize the possibilities of international cooperation as a realistic alternative to international conflict in solving the world's problems. Among the fields marked out for special study were peace-planning, human rights, world law, cultural exchange, communications, and travel.

In the travel area, a small core of industry leaders and government officials met and worked together in the months preceding the conference. They recognized the major role played by travel and cultural exchange in the vast, complex mechanism of international cooperation. Out of this study and the White House Conference has come a series of recommendations flowing from the concept that "there can be little world cooperation in a world in which travel barriers —whether in the form of passport or visa restrictions or currency limitations or special taxes—have the effect of choking off the fullest and freest movement of peoples. . . . . Regardless of the purpose —education, business, or pleasure—travel is the great convener of people. . . . We respectfully hope the President and the federal government will take an unequivocal stand before the world in reaffirming the right of free travel as a basic element of American policy."

In the days since the conference ended, cabinet-level assurances have been given privately and publicly that, despite an anticipated record U.S. travel payments deficit for 1965 of $1.8 billion to $2 billion, the Johnson Administration remains firmly committed to the principle of freedom of travel and contemplates no exit or other restrictive taxes on tourists.

"In every quarter, from Human Rights to Arms Control," a spokesman for travel said at the panel on Cultural and Intellectual Exchange, "communications and travel emerged as the only two methods by which the aims of this conference can be achieved. Travel and communications cannot be separated. Travel is a broad form of two-way communication. Conversely, communication cannot be completely effective without personal contact. Such personal contact . . . can only be accomplished by travel."

Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, speaking at the panel, singled out freedom of international travel as a major key to cultural exchange among nations. He called for a Cultural Bill of Rights "as fundamental to a free cultural world as a constitutional Bill of Rights is to a political federation.

Here are some of the recommendations sent to the White House by the conference committees on aviation, transportation, and cultural exchange:

1. The U.S. Government was urged to affirm as basic policy the freedom of international travel as an inalienable human right.

2. The U.S. Government was urged to take the initiative for the progressive elimination of visa requirements by all nations.

3. It was urged that the pending pact for direct New York-Moscow air service be implemented without further delay as an act of mutual confidence in a period of grave international tension.

4. The U.S. was urged to foster diplomatic efforts to break down travel barriers.

5. The U.S. was urged to support the proposal in the United Nations that 1967 be declared International Travel Year in order to expand and accelerate the constructive role travel now plays in world affairs.

6. A White House Conference on international travel and communications was urged for next year.

7. It was urged that the U.S. Travel Service receive at least its authorized budget of $4,700,000 to promote more foreign travel to the U.S. in order to ease the travel payments deficit and that, preferably, it receive $10,000,000 for its work.

IN a rapidly developing sense the globe is a vast campus for the advanced study of man by man, from which national borders mired in red tape must be eliminated, from which narrow parochialism must vanish, and where a spirit of international cooperation and interdependence must reign, fulfilling, in thought and deed, the universal motto of the travel industry itself, "Peace through understanding." A Great Society cannot be built with closed minds, nor can an open society flourish with closed doors either to people or ideas.

The White House Conference opened some doors and minds. During 1966 the way must be cleared, in the words of the conference, for the positive exploration of "the means whereby the current revolution in international human mobility can be put to work for the best interests of the U.S. and for greater understanding and mutual cooperation among the whole of mankind."

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Fairness to Our Indians

BILOINE YOUNG'S article, "The American Indian: Citizen in Captivity" [*SR*, Dec. 11] poignantly illustrates the fact that the United States still falls short of its expressed ideal of individual freedom for every citizen. It is difficult for us to see why the recent civil rights legislation could not also encompass the problems that Miss Young's article discusses.

It is ironic that the United States should devote considerable energy to the establishment and protection of emerging nations, emphasizing their freedom to govern themselves, while simultaneously allowing violations of democratic principles to flourish within her own governmental departments.

SUELLEN ALFRED, and
ELAINE MARTIN.

Atlanta, Ga.

READERS OF *SR* may be interested to learn that New York State, which administers its own Indian reservations, has taken action to eliminate the harsh inadequacy of reservation schools.

Here in the City of Salamanca, which lies within the boundaries of the Allegheny Reservation of the Seneca Nation of Indians, we are about to close the last of our reservation schools. Within a month, Seneca and non-Indian children will come together into a $750,000 modern elementary school building. This will complete a task begun here nine years ago, when all of the secondary school children in this district began attending school in a modern six-year high school building.

The new elementary school was made possible through the cooperative efforts of the Salamanca Board of Education, the Seneca Nation of Indians, the State Education Department, and the executive and legislative departments of the state government. Special state legislation, based upon a realistic consideration of local needs and resources, made interest-free funds specially available to the school district, which was then able to undertake the building program.

DR. PAUL E. KIRSCH,
Superintendent of Schools.

Salamanca, N.Y.

I CONCUR with Mrs. Young's thesis that much is to be done, but I do believe that the current policies on the American Indian have lead to rapid improvement.

The educational program of the Bureau of Indian Affairs along with Public Law 815, which permits federal subsidization for construction of schools in areas of federal impact, i.e., military bases and Indian reservations, have been one of the prime forces behind the progress of the Indian in the past decade. For example, the Navajo Tribe had approximately 13,100 children in school in 1951-1952 and by 1960-1961, 28,800 were enrolled. The 1951-52 figure is 50 per cent of the five to nineteen-year-old population and the 1960-61 figure is 88 per cent.

Moreover, Mrs. Young fails to touch on a key to the problem of acculturation. The non-Indian population in the regions about the reservations display a current feeling parallel to what one finds in the South flowing between the White and the Negro. These bigoted feelings do more to keep the Indian in capitivity than any paternalism on the part of the BIA.

ROBERT W. FULTON.

Washington, Pa.

"You think you have troubles. You should have seen what happened to the man from U.N.C.L.E. last night."

Shayon and Sunday School

IN REVIEWING the first ABC telecast of *The Legend of Jesse James* (*SR*, Oct. 2) Robert Lewis Shayon quotes Jesse James as saying "Vengeance is mine, say-eth the Lord," and comments that the dialogue director must have reasoned that Jesse James was a "frontier dropout."

The King James version of the Bible reads: ". . . Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." The word "saith" is commonly pronounced in our part of the country just as it was pronounced on the program.

My reasoning leads me to think that, no doubt, Mr. Shayon is a church dropout.

MRS. IONE C. SCHWEER.

Covington, Okla.

Tips to Panhandlers

JEROME BEATTY, JR.'S excellent TRADE WINDS column on gentlemen panhandlers (*SR*, Nov. 20) reminded me that they have existed for a long time in New York City. For instance in the Twenties a group of us young girlwatchers was standing on a Greenwich Village streetcorner when a chauffer-driven open Packard pulled up to the curb. One of our number ran over in answer to a signal from the well-dressed passenger in the back seat. When he came back he was asked what happened. He replied that the man had asked him for $2 and that he had given it to him. His reason: "I have never given two dollars to a panhandler in a Packard."

There was, at this time, another beggar in the village who did an excellent business by approaching young male escorts of pretty girls and making his pitch in French. It never failed.

CHARLES VAN KRIEDT,
Publisher,
California Wineletter.

San Francisco, Calif.

Colorful Painters

I MUST THANK YOU for reproducing the Matisse on the November 6 cover, as I have never seen this before. It was like receiving a wonderful new gift.

Mrs. Kuh's comment was as usual meaningful and appropriate. As something of a painter and a little of a jazzman, Matisse is "my leader." When an art student in 1919 I offended George Bellows by painting "like a brass band." Though it was a traumatic experience, I haven't changed much since. The Matisse paper collages seem to me the final distillation.

HUGH WALLER.

Durango, Colo.

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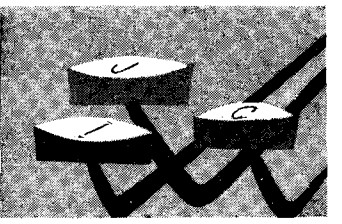
Manner of Speaking



Expert Witness: I like my world by easy clocks—what is time but a journalist's dogma, a commuter's penance, and a lover's prayer? I hope, therefore, Mr. John Pekkanen of The Middletown (Connecticut) *Press* will not stand on his professionalism so strongly as to reject my leisurely thanks for his letter of April 10 in which he inclosed one of his by-line stories of January 27. Let him take delay, rather, as evidence that what he reported by the day still reads by the year. And though a good reporter must find himself forever racing deadlines, surely there lurks in him the hope that what he writes will survive the turning of the next day's presses.

Mr. Pekkanen's report covered one more in this world's series of "obscenity" trials, this one involving a tabloid called *The National Insider* in a proceeding brought before the Ninth Circuit Court of Connecticut and originally instituted on complaint of a Mrs. Lucy Bradshaw of Deep River, Connecticut, who also appeared for the prosecution as an "expert witness" on obscenity. She and Defense Counsel Elmer Gertz seem to have had a long if insubstantial discussion on her expertise, and it is Mr. Pekkanen's report of that discussion that has just turned up from some substratum of my desk, to my dateless delight. As the account opens, Attorney Gertz had just shown Mrs. Bradshaw a copy of *The National Insider* with the headline: "Exposed: The Wife Swappers" and Mrs. Bradshaw had declared that it appealed to prurient interest. He then showed her, on an inside page of the same issue, a photo of Carol Baker in a partially transparent dress and Mrs. Bradshaw declared that it was obscene. Before turning the narrative over to Mr. Pekkanen, let me explain that Mrs. Bradshaw also works for The Middletown *Press* (the Deep River office):

> Gertz then told her it (the photo of Carol Baker) was a United Press International picture and he claimed it had appeared in The Middletown *Press*.
>
> You don't regard The Middletown *Press* as obscene, do you?
>
> "Not taken as a whole, no. I do know that we receive a great deal of material that we do not use." She said she did not know why.
>
> Gertz then digressed briefly to ask Mrs. Bradshaw about the American novel.
>
> "Do you regard yourself as a student of the American novel?"
>
> "I wouldn't say a student," she replied, noting that she had only about two hours a day to spend on reading literature.
>
> "You really aren't familiar with the American novel of today, are you?"
>
> "Not in the technical sense, no."
>
> Returning to *The National Insider*, Mrs. Bradshaw began to examine it. She pointed to a picture of a girl she said had an "abnormally large bust." She said it appealed to prurient interest.

At this point both Attorney Gertz and Mrs. Bradshaw seem to have become singularly disoriented to the pluralities in question but the majesty of the law forged on without taking notice:

> "If they were normal size busts it would be acceptable?"
>
> "Yes, I believe it would."
>
> Another headline mentioned the word "homosexual." She said it was obscene.
>
> "Mrs. Bradshaw, are you maintaining that the mere use of the word 'homosexual' is obscene?"
>
> "Yes sir."
>
> She pointed to another article, one by Carol Leslie, a Hollywood starlet, which stated she had once contemplated suicide. Mrs. Bradshaw said it appealed to the prurient interest.
>
> "Does this article mention anything about sex?" Gertz asked.
>
> "No."
>
> "Not a word?"
>
> "No."

> "Anything about nudity or excretion?"
>
> "No."
>
> Gertz than gave her an exposition of the obscenity law which defined "prurient interest" as "morbid or shameful interest in sex, nudity, or excretion."
>
> "That's correct," she said, "but I think you will find when defining the word sex, that prurient appeal works in different ways."

Mrs. Bradshaw's may not have been a logician's dream in the matter of formulating definitions, but unhampered by such restrictive influences, she was the better able to be positive about what "appealed to prurient interest" identifying as such any mention of Playboy bunnies, a reference to a girl's measurements as 36-23-32, *Irma La Douce*, and any article on Marilyn Monroe (because "Miss Monroe had become known as a sex-symbol").

> Mr. Gertz [and it was obviously not his day] then asked:
>
> "When did you become an expert on obscenity?"
>
> "The first time I became aware was when I started getting into this and realized I had a broad background in experience and training."

Thank you, Mr. Pekkanen, for these glimpses into the name and nature of expertise, and thank you Founding Fathers, for the due process of law. I am beginning to realize that I, too, have a broad background in experience and training. And with a little more reading time than Mrs. Bradshaw seems to have available, I have managed to pour through a number of trial transcripts of just this sort of stuff. There seems to be something in the nature of "literary obscenity" trials that unhinges the sense of definition not only of witnesses but of the judges. Mr. Pekkanen's report is especially useful not because it documents a rare case but because it distills the usual.

THE makers of college textbooks are forever hunting out exercises in orderly and disorderly composition. Let me recommend Mr. Pekkanen's report to them as a useful exercise. Any class that can parse out and label the logical sequences of the exchange between Mrs. Bradshaw and Attorney Gertz is forewarned of the world and armed for it.

I am not sure what judges read these days, but let me recommend Mr. Pekkanen's report to them, too, and let me make it their assignment to read and re-read it until they manage to locate a reasonable connection between this sort of thing and the due process of law.

As for the rest of us, I am assuming that we are here for the fun of it, and I want to thank Mr. Pekkanen for that.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

To Him Who Would a Writer Be

I ASKED a friend, a novelist and a frequent visitor to college campuses, what he said when a student professed a desire to become a writer. He replied, "I say DON'T." I have been told that he is uncommonly patient with students and gives them a great deal of practical advice; but I believe that he might say "Don't" if he thought it would do any good. He knows, however, that most of these aspirants can't be discouraged, and he can always hope that some of them ought not to be.

I, too, have to deal with young hopefuls from time to time, and I try to be both candid and gentle. The first thing to say is that writing is a hell of a way to earn a living. Most of the students I encounter are not primarily interested in money; they want to create great literature; but they are not unaware that serious writers sometimes get rich. "Look at Saul Bellow," they say, "and James Gould Cozzens and Katherine Ann Porter and Mary McCarthy and Truman Capote. They have all won literary esteem *and* hundreds of thousands of dollars."

But these writers, I point out, have been phenomenally lucky. Joseph Conrad often said that, to succeed at sea, one must be both fortunate and deserving. Looking at the writers who have hit the jackpot, which today is likely to be a very pretty sum of money, one forgets how many of the deserving have been unfortunate. One also forgets how many lean years, if not decades, the big winners experienced before their ships came in.

One advises the aspirants to write and write and write, but of course they want to be published, and it is right that they should. "How do we get started?" they ask. Well, get published wherever you can—in your college literary magazine, perhaps in the local newspaper, anywhere. When you think you're ready, start sending manuscripts to the magazines, probably, at first, the little magazines that don't pay much. When a manuscript comes back, send it out again. The expense mounts; a young acquaintance speaks of "the high cost of rejection"; but there's no other way to find out whether your work is publishable. If a dozen or so manuscripts come back from a dozen or so magazines, with nothing in the way of encouragement, you have to try to decide whether you are singularly unlucky or not particularly talented. If you are convinced that there is no shortage of talent, you keep on writing and sending until either your postage money or your conviction runs out.

One of the questions I am often asked is whether it is helpful to have an agent. It is indeed. The only trouble is that good agents are not numerous and are busy. If you have failed to interest any one of ten or twenty editors in your writing, the chances are that you can't interest a good agent. (The unscrupulous agent—for instance, the man who advertises that he will criticize your manuscripts for a fee—is much worse than no agent at all.) Once you have some published work to show, you can probably find a reputable agent to take you on.

The bitterest moment for the typical beginner comes when his first book—collection of short stories, volume of verse, novel, or whatever—is published and practically nobody but the half-baked book reviewer of his hometown paper pays any attention to it. Of course, some first books get a lot of attention and sell well; but they are the exceptions, the fortunate as well as deserving. For one first book that receives some significant sort of recognition, there are dozens that seem to have been dropped into a void.

Nor is the first disappointment certain to be the last one. The other day I had a letter from a young woman whose husband's third novel had appeared this fall. Unless, she said, he became convinced that there was someone who understood and appreciated what he was trying to do, he was going to stop writing fiction. In the same mail was a letter from a man whose second and third novels I had read but whose fourth novel I had missed. "I don't ask to be praised," he wrote; "I do ask to be read." Of course writers want to be read, and should be, but many of the deserving aren't.

Furthermore, even recognition does not mean a decent financial return. Of the writers I know, only a few are able to live on income from their writing. Many of the others are teachers, and I'm not too unhappy about that: having a writer on campus is good for the campus and, as a rule, not too bad for the writer. Obviously, however, conscientious teaching does take time and energy, commodities of which writers do not have an unlimited supply.

The beginning writer had better face the fact that he is probably going to need some other way of supporting himself, even after he has begun to be recognized. Fortunately, at present there are many jobs available that leave at

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least some time for writing; moreover, there have never been so many awards and fellowships for writers as there are now. Although I believe that several of the writers I know deserve more kudos and more cash than they are getting, I am glad to report that none of them is starving.

When I am speaking to would-be writers, I avoid talk about hungry geniuses wasting away in Parisian garrets. But I should have small hope for a beginner who didn't have a romantic streak. I can't believe that a poet who doesn't feel that he has a vocation, pretty much in the religious sense of that term, is likely to write great poetry. It is romantic, I suppose, for any young man (or young woman) to believe that the world is going to be changed by what he does with his talents. And yet to think of a literary career in any other way is pointless; there is no sense in writing unless you believe that literature is more important than money. I have heard writers talk in the most mercenary fashion about second serial rights, royalties on paperbacks, permissions, and other financial matters, but these same people have firmly refused to lower their standards in order to make more money.

Whatever else may be true, the dedicated writer has the satisfaction of knowing that he is an individual and that his work is his. A friend, whose books have won him esteem but not wealth, was being considered for a well-paying job on a news weekly. Said the man who was interviewing him, "I know you will enjoy being part of this wonderful team." My friend, realizing that he did not want to be part of any team, wonderful or not, decided that he could get along at least a little while longer without the indubitably wonderful salary.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1169

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1169 will be found in the next issue.

WZMWSZ PRM RDXZ AM PZDYAZJJZJ DFZ CZFFULSZ; CRZFZ UJ AM PDT MK CDYUAE DBXDACDEZ MK CRZQ.

DADCMSZ KFDAIZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1168

Children are innocent and love justice; while most of us are wicked and naturally prefer mercy.

—G. K. Chesterton.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

A Better Slip

While John Roger Fredland's review of *A Thousand Days* [*SR*, Dec. 4] is excellent in pointing out the heart of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s main thesis: a paranoid defense of the New Frontiersmen playing at government, war, and anything else that came to their attention, he missed a better Freudian slip than that of speaking of Dean Rusk in the past tense. Schlesinger noted that as he looked about the conference table where repartee was at a premium, "Buddha-like" Rusk did not take part. . . . To refer to a scapegoat as "Buddha-like" would call to mind for most students of history the synonym "wisdom."

Everett Wilson.

Birmingham, Ala.

It is no doubt true that Dean Rusk has restored the morale of State Department employees. Nevertheless, not a line in J. F. Fredland's review of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *A Thousand Days* contradicts the evidence set forth in both Schlesinger's and Theodore Sorensen's books: Mr. Rusk offered conventional solutions—when he offered solutions—to revolutionary problems.

When the Johnson Administration recognizes that neither the security of the United States nor the defense of Japan, the Philippines, India, and Australia hinges in this nuclear age on who controls the rice paddies of Vietnam, Laos, etc., we can assume that Mr. Rusk is in fact serving creatively as Secretary of State. . . . Withdrawal from a situation that is morally, militarily, and politically untenable doesn't demand courage; it simply requires common sense.

William H. Harbaugh.

Lewisburg, Pa.

Of Love and Hate

Nothing published in *SR* in recent years has disturbed me as much as the letter to the Book Review Editor written by Mark A. Lillis in the issue of Dec. 11. . . .

[The homosexual] need not concern himself about the feminine side of human nature . . . or about championing it in rebellion "against the arbitrary denial of his (the homosexual's) feminine rights"! Really, now. Goodness gracious! What a pity that so much estrogen is being wasted on a poor, confused, unhappy "man" while some equally confused and unhappy "woman" has *his* store of androgen. The mistakes of nature need not—must not—be permitted to become the transgressions against all that still remains sane, reasonable, and biophilous—life-loving—in society. The homosexual should be treated by the healthy as a sick individual and be guided back to reason, light, and the beauty inherent in the natural relationship between the two sexes.

Harvey Laudin.

Levittown, N.Y.

Sublime Rightness

Many scholars may be puzzled to read in Bernard Grebanier's kind review of my *Shakespeare and "The Two Noble Kinsmen"* (*SR*, Nov. 27) that "modern scholarship will have nothing to do with . . . matter[s] of esthetic perception." I, at any rate, was surprised to hear that my "methods" were "closed . . . to esthetic judgment." Over half of the book tries explicitly to show the interrelationships between matters of fact and of esthetic perception, and the principal method is simply to offer reasoned and documented explanations for the sublime rightness of my own esthetic judgment.

Paul Bertram.

New Brunswick, N.J.

Hidden Facts

Re Bernard Grebanier's letter to the Book Review Editor [*SR*, Nov. 6], . . . *The Great Shakespeare Forgery* [*SR*, Oct. 23] may be read for pleasure, it may give insight or vicarious experience, but it cannot, without an index, be taken from a shelf and referred to. The frustration of attempting to find a specific fact in a scholarly work without an index is an unnecessary imposition by the publisher. No purchaser of Grebanier's book is so illiterate as to be "alienated" by the very tools he hopes to use.

Ed Flynn.

El Paso, Texas

Abigail Was Mortified

In his review of Irving Stone's *Those Who Love* [*SR*, Nov. 20] Wilson Sullivan gives Abigail the back of his hand when she is "made to cluck with pride" over "John Adams's very own Declaration of Independence." Had he read further in the chapter, or more attentively, he would have found how quickly she was undeceived as to the document's true authorship, learning that what she had read was a copy in her husband's handwriting. She is mortified and exclaims, "I've been guilty of vainglory, haven't I?" and again, "Mr. Jefferson's Declaration is a work of genius," she exclaims. Later she remembers "when she and her four children had heard Jefferson's Declaration of Independence read from the State House balcony."

Gabrielle E. Forbush.

Washington, D.C.

Available Sans Sound

We're greatly pleased by Henry Brandon's review of *John Fitzgerald Kennedy . . . As We Remember Him* [*SR*, Dec. 11]. The book, without the records, is available in bookshops for $14.95.

Catherine Hartman,
Publicity Director,
Atheneum.

New York, N.Y.

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The Desire That Leads to Despair

The Artist's Journey Into the Interior and Other Essays, *by Erich Heller (Random House. 240 pp. $4.95), asserts that "the course of European literature, ever since German Romanticism, has been determined by Hegel's two extremes" of Classical and Romantic. Edward M. Potoker, who teaches English at New York City College, is a free-lance writer and critic specializing in comparative literature.*

By EDWARD M. POTOKER

IN HIS deservedly famous study *The Disinherited Mind* (1952), Erich Heller, now professor of German at Northwestern University, brilliantly analyzed and evaluated the disastrous impact which the empirical sciences had on European creative imagination. Tracing the progress from doubt through defiance to despair in the work of the German poets and thinkers from Goethe and Burckhardt to Nietzsche, Rilke, and Kafka, he learned that the distinctive symptom of modern literature was the painful consciousness of "life's increasing depreciation" brought about by a secularization of the human spirit.

Like the writers he discussed, Heller, deeply concerned with the creative function of language and the illuminative task of poetry, wished to see a balance of power restored between reason and imagination. This desire, prompted by a faith that presumably lay on the other side of despair, constituted his sense of mission in *The Disinherited Mind.* With his new book Heller's sense of mission has become missionary zeal, for he is shrill and not a little dogmatic about our seemingly continuous descent into doom.

The Artist's Journey Into the Interior, an outgrowth of but not always a worthy successor to Heller's earlier volume, is a collection of contentiously brilliant literary and philosophical essays dealing with Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Keats, Rilke, Nietzsche, and Wittgenstein. The binding thesis, sometimes opaque, is a grand set of variations on the Hegelian theme of Classical and Romantic art.

In his *Lectures on Aesthetics,* Hegel made the elaborate and categorical distinction between Classical art (Greek art in its classical epoch) and Romantic art (all art after classical antiquity), exclaiming, in unison with his century, that "there cannot be, and never will be, anything more beautiful than the art of classical Greece." Ostensibly resolving the ruinous tensions and vulgar dualisms between content and form, Greek art was for Hegel art "under the aspect of its highest appointment," irretrievably "a thing of the past" even in his own days—the "classical" days, ironically, of German poetry and music. Hegel predicted that the world, under the rule of rational consciousness which he, paradoxically, found benevolent, would soon have no place for imagination and poetry—art would remain a thing of the past—unless it rose above historical necessity and created "out of its own pure self" something which he called "absolute art."

Heller asserts that "few historical predictions have ever come more strikingly true" than Hegel's metaphysical intuition. "The course of European literature, ever since German Romanticism, has been determined by Hegel's two extremes." On the one hand, prose writers attempted to come to terms with the rational demands of the age through realism, naturalism, psychology, irony, parody, anti-illusionism, and anti-art, strategies which Hegel would have found prosaic and untrue to art's "highest appointment." This position is most clearly illustrated by the Realism of the great nineteenth-century novel. What is remarkably new in the work of Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy is "the passion for understanding, the desire for rational appropriation, the driving force toward the expropriation of the mystery." But these novelists, after rationally conquering the human world, found that it was absolutely meaningless. Therefore, the temper of realistic writing tended toward a total pessimism, in which Flaubert saw a hatred of reality and Nietzsche the surest sign of a nihilistic age in the making.

On the other hand, poets have tried to divorce the creative imagination from the conditions, attitudes, facts, and thoughts of a rationally comprehended world, seeking ultimate realization and freedom in the Hegelian sphere of "absolute poetry"—in the pure inwardness of human subjectivity. It is this second of Hegel's extremes, in which he offered the first systematic diagnosis of the Romantic malady of his age as "a severance of mind from world, soul from circumstance, human inwardness from external condition," that interests Heller, who is by no means sanguine about its consequences for our time.

In the nineteenth century poets and philosophers made serious, if increasingly desperate, claims that literature and the arts possessed a higher degree of reality than the so-called real world. Schopenhauer reversed, in terms of Plato, the Platonic view of the arts: "the artistic creation was closer to Reality than was the world as it appeared to the uninitiated human mind." To Schopenhauer the world was worthless, art good; because life was insupportable, literature was the real thing.

Schopenhauer's disciple Nietzsche remarked, in a rather Hegelian mood, that the most characteristic quality of mod-

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ern man was "the strange contrast between an inner life to which nothing outward corresponds, and an outward existence unrelated to what is within." Anticipating Freud's theory of sublimation, Nietzsche went on to declare that "we have *Art* in order *not to perish of Truth*," for the truth is catastrophically ugly.

The belief that the only real world is the world of human inwardness emerged from German Romanticism and led through Baudelaire, Mallarmé, and Rimbaud to Valéry. But it culminated, according to Heller, in Rilke's *Sonnets to Orpheus* and *The Duino Elegies*. In orphic exaltation Rilke announced that only in song was true existence to be found: *"Gesang ist Dasein."* And in the seventh of his *Duino Elegies* he wrote: "Nowhere, my love, will be world but within." External reality had no more claims to being real. The only real world was the world of human inwardness.

This fascinating breakdown of human communication, part of the "tragically self-destructive design of European thought," is our modern predicament, one comprehensively and uncannily anticipated by Nietzsche—that most relevant seer—in *A Fragment from the History of Posterity*. The subject of this sketch is "The Last Philosopher," who, having lost faith in a communicable world, is imprisoned within his own self-consciousness. Heller observes, "Nothing speaks to him any more—except his own speech; and, deprived of any authority from a divinely ordered universe, it is only about his speech that his speech can speak with a measure of philosophical assurance."

A latter-day Hegel assuming this role, Professor Heller remarks, "would certainly not be at a loss to think of latter-day names to demonstrate the negativity of the spirit of art in its estrangement from the realities of the age." He could simply list, among others, the names of Proust, Picasso, Joyce, Eliot, Kafka, Camus, Sartre, Brecht. And "he might even mercifully suppress those of the minor manufacturers of last tapes, end games, tin drums, rhinoceroses, and other zoo stories about the desolation of the Spirit in the face of a desolate world."

This attitude is indicative of Heller's categorical hostility toward modern life and art. His point of view, which is consistently honest, desperate, and conservative, becomes somewhat annoying in his frequent jeremiads against reason and empirical science, the villains of his book.

> For we make a living, and shall make a dying, on the once triumphant Faustian spirit, now at the stage of its degeneracy. Piccolo Faustus has taken over the world of the mind. . . . He is so unsure of what *ought* to be known that he has come to embrace a preposterous superstition: everything that *can* be known is also *worth* knowing—including the manifestly worthless. . . . Galley-slaves of the free mind's aimless voyaging, we mistake our unrestrainable curiosity, the alarming symptom of spiritual tedium, for scientific passion. Most of that which flourishes in these days as "science," said Kierkegaard, is not science but indiscretion; and he and Nietzsche said that the natural sciences will engineer our destruction.

By agreeing so uncritically with Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, Heller shows us that his own critical spirit has momentarily abdicated. He is also fond of making dubious oracular remarks: "If by some miracle both European history and thought continue, then the future historians of thought will be not a little puzzled by Wittgenstein." And his treatment of Schiller—one is tempted to add *poor* Schiller—is not only thoroughly eccentric but often reads like an absurd parody of T. S. Eliot:

> Friedrich Schiller is the name of a poetical disaster in the history of German literature, a disaster, however, of great splendor. His work . . . is a striking instance of a European catastrophe of the spirit: the invasion and partial disruption of the esthetic faculty by unemployed religious impulses. He is one of the most conspicuous and most impressive figures among the host of theologically displaced persons who found a precarious refuge in the emergency camp of Art.

Despite these criticisms, it is still possible to say that Heller's is among the few authentic voices crying out for a transvaluation of values in the wilderness of our modern existence. His is a dissonant voice, sometimes strangely off key, but it is also, very often, both splendid and salutary.

Appearances in Paris

Conversations with André Gide, *by Claude Mauriac, translated from the French by Michael Lebeck (Braziller. 235 pp. $5), records the author's meetings with the famed novelist during the late 1930s. Justin O'Brien of Columbia University wrote "Portrait of André Gide" and has translated many of his writings.*

By JUSTIN O'BRIEN

THIS book unites two names to conjure with—Gide and Mauriac—which to most Frenchmen represent diametrically opposed religious attitudes, politics, and ways of life. This is because the second name still evokes the now aged but still highly articulate Academician François Mauriac, who grew up in the period of Gide's greatest influence and, despite all their differences, maintained his admiration and friendship for his elder, though always at a discreet distance.

Then in 1937 his twenty-three-year-old son (not yet the leading film critic, informed defender of *The New Literature*, and brilliant novelist he was to become) met André Gide, who at sixty-eight was a figure of prestige and mystery. Claude Mauriac, on the other hand, attracted Gide by his extreme youth, his friendship with many of the most off-beat writers, and perhaps above all the fact that he was François's son.

Already, in the best French tradition, Claude Mauriac kept a diary, in which he recorded in detail his ensuing conversations with Gide in Paris, a fortnight spent with his father and Gide at the Mauriac estate near Bordeaux in the summer of 1939, and later that year, as war was breaking out, his daily contacts with Gide during a discussion period at Pontigny. Always these notes emphasize their subject's peculiar sexual orientation and, less importantly, his thoughts on religion and his social concerns. A few letters during the war, followed by occasional meetings in Paris after the Liberation, round out this doubtlessly truthful but immensely unattractive picture of André Gide, who intrigued the younger Mauriac as he may once have intrigued his father, and now patently enjoyed playing father and son against each other as in a game of chess.

Like Roger Martin du Gard's more comprehensive *Recollections of André Gide* (Viking, 1953), also originally published in the year of Gide's death, Claude Mauriac's account is an insider's fragmentary image intended for an audience of initiates who appreciate all the details of the Paris literary scene. Even in Paris very few can go beyond the gossip and understand the complex relationship between Gide and his wife, or the long background, for instance, of Cocteau's ambivalent attitude. When presented to a far less informed public this book can only distort an already blurred image, for "no man," as Valéry wisely said, "is the same as the sum of his appearances."

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On Science and Revelation

The Study of the Synoptic Gospels: New Approaches and Outlooks, *by Augustin Cardinal Bea, edited by Joseph A. Fizmyer, S.J. (Harper & Row. 89 pp. $3.50), contains two essays that represent one of the many steps that led to the decree "On Divine Revelation." Quentin Quesnell, S.J., wrote "This Good News: An Introduction to the Catholic Theology of the New Testament."*

By QUENTIN QUESNELL, S.J.

CARDINAL BEA's public role in the Second Vatican Council is well known. Founder and head of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, first author and promoter of the Declaration on Non-Christian Religions, co-chairman of the mixed commission drafting the Decree on Divine Revelation, his name has been in or under most headlines about the Council since it began. This book, in the least sensational manner possible, gives a hint of the kind of activity the Cardinal's public role has demanded of him behind the scenes.

A first glance at the study reveals nothing but two harmless-looking essays, which, the author himself warns, the Biblical scholar will find "very elementary, even banal." Both discuss "the historicity of the synoptic gospels," the first "from a human point of view," the second "as inspired writings." Both address themselves to the extremely conservative, even fundamentalist, Catholic traditionalist point of view. They attempt to make clear to persons of such convictions that modern scientific methods in Bible study are not the work of the devil, but are perfectly consonant with the best in Church tradition. In making their point, the essays appeal to the Church Fathers, to various papal encyclicals, and to Catholic dogma.

Since an "Instruction" of the Pontifical Biblical Commission of May 1964 had largely the same purpose, Bea presents his essays as a commentary on that Instruction, and the text of the Instruction is included in an appendix.

But "commentary" was not the original form of these two essays. The references to the Instruction cluster around the beginning and end of each essay, suggesting that an earlier document has here been retouched and adapted. The preface refers to that earlier document:

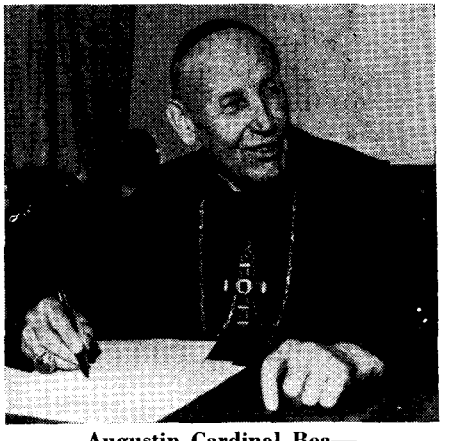
> An English version of it was distributed among the Council Fathers at the first session of the Second Vatican Council (1962). . . . My task has merely been to see that the English version prepared in 1962 conforms with that of the [latest] Italian edition.

The author speaks of it in his foreword: "In answer to this request [of many bishops] I composed a text which was mimeographed and destined for a private and restricted circulation."

The fall of 1962 was, of course, the crucial period when the Vatican Council was still seeking its own identity. Under a régime of secrecy (not lifted until the following year) Vatican press releases described ritual details of long opening ceremonies rather than the issues discussed on the floor; they named the ministers at the mass, but never the speakers of the day. Many bishops were still asking why the Council had been called at all, and the most commonly accepted answer seemed to be to discuss possible changes in the mass and to condemn the dangerous tendencies in modern exegesis.

The liturgists may have taken heart at this, but the exegetes at that time moved in an atmosphere of anxiety and desperation that is almost impossible to imagine now, only three years later. John XXIII had been Pope for three years by that time, but he was still far from being in control of his own administration, and had not yet even dared declare openly his own liberal intentions.

Instead, a "Monitum" of the Holy Office on the historicity of the gospels had been issued in 1961. Scripture professors had been silenced or forbidden to write in various countries. Some books had been pilloried in the *Osservatore Romano*; others had been put on the Index. Open attacks on the Pontifical Biblical Institute had appeared in Roman clerical and theological journals. Two professors of the Biblical Institute had recently been ordered suspended from teaching. A steady stream of semi-official warnings, threats, and knowing hints of things to come recalled nothing so much as the days preceding the Modernist crisis and condemnations of the first decade of this century. As a final touch, bishops arriving in Rome for the Council were furnished at once with official-looking literature to the same effect.



Augustin Cardinal Bea—"behind the scenes."

It was perhaps already too late, but the exegetes, organizing around the Biblical Institute, finally began a determined defense. They started their own distribution of literature to the bishops, answering attacks, explaining their work, recalling the encouragement the encyclical of 1943 had given them the right to expect. Still, the hope was small. They had only about two weeks in which to turn the tide. And that meant reassuring hundreds of bishops whose Biblical formation had been entirely according to the rigid norms of the decrees of the Biblical Commission of 1905-1914.

It was in this context that the two essays in this book first appeared. Cardinal Bea offered them to the Biblical Institute to help in the fight. In a wild rush of activity they were divided into one- and two-page segments and distributed to as many available persons as possible for immediate translation into six different languages, then reassembled, edited and printed, made ready for all the bishops within three days.

They and their sister publications seem to have achieved their purpose. There were no condemnations. Instead, in a sensational move, Pope and Council rejected the carefully prepared original schema with its suspicions, warnings, and condemnations, and with its nineteenth-century dogma-textbook exposition of doctrine. They gave Cardinal Bea himself a special responsibility in the drafting of a new schema.

Just a few weeks ago—November 18, 1965—the results of his work and the Council's were finally solemnly promulgated in the decree "On Divine Revelation." It is a completely positive, healthy document, an advance even on the 1964 Instruction, which it now supersedes. It calls for application of scientific method to the study of the Bible, including the gospels. Bea has said of it, "This is my life's work." The *New York Times* of November 19 adds that many Council theologians already predict that this document will prove over the years to have been the most significant achievement of Vatican II. The material in this little book was one of the many steps along the way to that achievement.

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Defining Our Legal Liberties

The Bill of Rights: Its Origins and Meaning, *by Irving Brant (Bobbs-Merrill. 567 pp. $7.50), holds that the first ten Amendments to the Constitution mean exactly what they say and should be so interpreted by the Supreme Court. Roger Baldwin is the founder of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

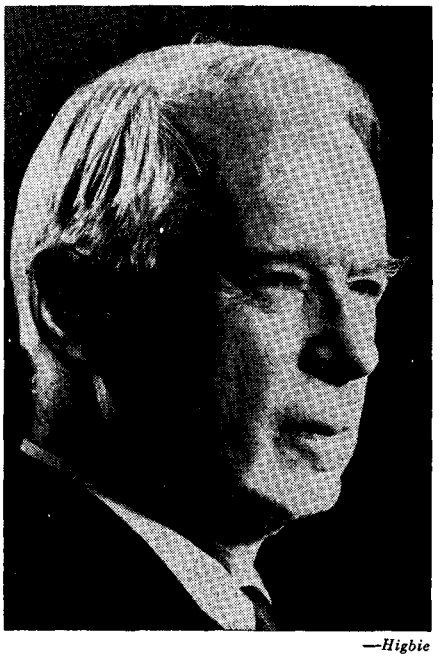
By ROGER BALDWIN

IRVING BRANT, editor and journalist by profession, is best known for his monumental six-volume life of James Madison, acclaimed as an outstanding work of scholarship. It is natural for so devoted a student of Madison and his times to turn to Madison's role as the author of the original Bill of Rights and to explore its origins in English law and its growth in later American Amendments and interpretations by the Supreme Court. Almost half the book deals with the English background; the rest with what Mr. Brant calls the American foreground.

This is not only a first-rate historical study written with anecdotal color; it is also an advocacy of the Bill of Rights as originally intended, to protect citizens from abuses of governmental power through intervention by the Supreme Court as the interpreter of the Constitution. Although Mr. Brant sustains the role of the Court as the ultimate power in our Constitutional system, he is highly critical of its record and of those justices who in recent years have subordinated the clear mandate of the Bill of Rights to consideration of national security, to deference to legislatures, and to claims asserted to be superior to rights.

Mr. Brant recognizes no superior claims. He is for the literalists on the Supreme Court who hold that the language of the Bill of Rights means exactly what it says on its face. When it commands that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech, it means no law, with no exceptions for Communists or other "subversives."

Mr. Brant is disturbed by recent tendencies in American life that the Supreme Court majority seeks to check. He writes: "This book is written at a moment when the Bill of Rights is the victim of prejudice and passion among an active minority, abetted by ignorance and passivity among the majority . . . and when the most enlightened Supreme Court in American history is moving against the blind forces of prejudice and apathy to restore our freedoms." But this is very recent. Of so short a time ago as 1950 to 1960, he writes, "the Bill of Rights went into and out of our Constitution with an ease to make one gasp, due to changes in the Supreme Court." Legally viewed, quite so; our rights are what a Supreme Court majority says they are. But in practice they rest on more or less slow acceptance depending on the resistance to one or another change. Only long-run tendencies of the Court are persuasive, and for over thirty years they have been even more favorable to expanding the Bill of Rights than Mr. Brant estimates.



—*Higbie*

Irving Brant—"in the purest libertarian tradition."

Despite his support of the present Court majority and the series of its decisions on free speech, racial equality, church and State, the rights of defendants, and one-man-one-vote, he would go further than the Court in applying the Bill of Rights. He would deny to Congress all power to investigate the political opinions and associations of citizens; he would abolish the "clear and present danger" yard-stick for penalizing speech or writings; he would not yield to any claim superior to that of the Bill of Rights. Mr. Brant is particularly caustic in scoring what he regards as the Court's frequent reversion in new forms to the ancient and discredited doctrine of seditious libel, contending that governments and their agents cannot be libeled by a free citizenry.

He answers the critics who hold that the Supreme Court in recent decisions has gone too far and too fast by stating that the "course taken by the Court has been forced on it by a hundred years of accumulated error." When Congress seeks to overturn a Supreme Court decision or restrict its jurisdiction—threatened but never yet accomplished—then the "Constitution ceases to be anything more than the gaunt skeleton of a frame of government." But our ultimate reliance, Mr. Brant holds, depends not on the courts but on the fitness of the people for self-government, and that in turn depends on the "freedom of the mind," protected by the philosophy inherent in First Amendment liberties. Thus the courts play a crucial role as guardians of self-government.

HE quotes Madison: "If we advert to the nature of republican government we shall find that the censorial power is in the people over their government, and not in the government over the people." If once accepted by the people, that "profound truth" will no longer pit people against government for the two "will be one." Acceptance of such a noble goal by the people awaits the remote day when the spirit of community transcends the concept of masters and servants.

Mr. Brant's interpretation of the American Constitutional system, the role of the Bill of Rights and the Supreme Court in it, is in the purest libertarian tradition. But the long, hard road to his goal will continue to be marked by the impact on American liberties of a disordered world threatened by the catastrophe of atomic war, yet groping for the stability of law and peace. Without the concepts of the Bill of Rights, law would fail to provide a base for those personal and minority rights by which peaceful change is achieved. Even with the concepts of the Bill of Rights, the controversial struggles to make practice fit principle will, for a long future as in the long past, tax the determination of all those who, like Mr. Brant, are devoted to protecting the rights of each as security for the rights of all.

Defenders of the Unpopular: Some years ago, when McCarthyism was a pall over the land, an enterprising reporter discovered that the man in the street would not sign a petition in favor of the first ten Amendments to the Constitution. More important, many people did not know what the Bill of

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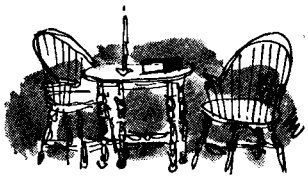
Rights contained, and some doubted the need for the "radical notions" expressed therein.

No ogre dominates the Senate and frightens the White House into silent submission today, but civil liberties are still denied. People who exercise their right to free speech and petition by demonstrating against U.S. participation in the Vietnam war are branded "Vietniks" by the anonymous *Time* magazine essayists. Fair trial, religious liberty, and the other rights are constantly questioned and misunderstood by the respectables as well as the knuckleheads.

The Noblest Cry: A History of the American Civil Liberties Union, by Charles Lam Markmann (St. Martin's, $7.95), is an invaluable account of the ACLU's defense of the unpopular, the individual, and often the minority views of people and organizations. A solid



piece of work, written with clarity and passion, the book merits a place in schools and libraries because it provides the forgotten facts about the good fight for basic liberties across the years. The parallels to today's campus revolts, pacifist revivals, and civil rights demonstrations keep leaping off the pages of yesterday's legal defenses by the ACLU.

That radical document, the Bill of Rights, remains the north star in the hundreds of cases given here of attempted civil rights blackouts. To name some: fingerprinting as a condition of employment by teachers; wiretapping and electronic eavesdropping; government aid to church-related educational institutions; restrictions on birth-control information and devices; restrictions on travel, teaching, and fair trial.

"It should be obvious from these examples," the author says, that the ACLU grinds no axe. "It does not concern itself with the merits of Communism, Fascism, homosexuality, continence, unionism, free enterprise, pacifism, militarism, racial purity, religious worship, atheism, Sunday baseball, etc. It does concern itself, and solely, with the protection of the fundamental rights of everyone to speak, meet, read, and write about these or any other subjects and, in his private life, to enjoy what the late Justice Brandeis called the greatest civil liberty of all: the right to be let alone."

The Noblest Cry (José Ortega y Gasset defined the phrase as the right which the majority accords to minorities) is a primer for those who do not understand the libertarian response—and a tribute to those who do.

—HERBERT MITGANG.

Crime and the Ultimate Punishment

***The Power of Life and Death,** by Michael V. DiSalle (Random House. 214 pp. $4.95), sets forth arguments for abolition of capital punishment. James F. Fixx, SR's feature editor, is a member of the Citizens' Advisory Committee to the New York City Department of Corrections.*

By JAMES F. FIXX

THOSE who argue that the death penalty acts as a deterrent to capital crimes might do well to ponder the case of one Charles Justice, an inmate at the Ohio State Penitentiary in the early years of this century. Assigned to duty in the death house, Justice observed that the electric chair's clamps were too loose for a small man and that the electrodes therefore made poor contact. Justice put his ingenuity to work, tinkered with the chair, and finally managed to design a new system of iron clamps that immobilized the condemned man's limbs (the clamps are still in use). If anyone ever had good reason to reflect on the death penalty, certainly it was Charles Justice. Yet only a few months after his parole he returned to the penitentiary charged with first-degree murder. He was found guilty, sentenced, and soon died in the same electric chair he had done so much to improve.

The story of Charles Justice comes, in its sadly ironical way, very close to the central theme of Michael V. DiSalle's passionate and persuasive argument against the death penalty. Those who favor its retention insist that without it crimes like rape, murder, and kidnaping would proliferate uncontrollably. Yet it is possible to cite case after case, as DiSalle does, in which knowledge of the death penalty served as no deterrent at all. (It is instructive, for example, to consider cases in which murderers chose to commit their crimes in a state having capital punishment instead of driving a few miles into one without it.) It is understandable that after a particularly loathsome crime outraged citizens—and jurors—should be tempted to demand a penalty of death, but it is nevertheless a fact that not a shred of evidence exists to show that execution fulfills any need except a desire for revenge.

DiSalle came by his thesis the hard way—by observing, during his term as Governor of Ohio (1958-63), a hundred and more men and one woman who had been sentenced either to death or to life imprisonment, and by having to pass on their appeals for clemency and parole. Often his deliberations were made in an-

"Do you promise to love, honor, and relate to one another?"

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guish, and he says there was more than one occasion when, having studied all the official reports on a condemned prisoner, he nevertheless remained dissatisfied and would drive to the penitentiary to interview the man and search for some clue to a correct decision. (A measure of his concern is suggested by the fact that his defeat in 1963 was at least partly attributable to his efforts to repeal the death penalty in Ohio.) DiSalle's conclusion, which he argues with convincing force in *The Power of Life and Death*, is that "the death penalty solves nothing. It treats symptoms, ignoring the disease, the primary causes of crime. It eliminates the possibility of rehabilitation, thus denying a second chance to a potentially useful citizen. Capital punishment becomes merely a communal expression of vengeance—a debasing passion in any society that calls itself civilized."

DiSalle's book sketches the history of the abolitionist movement in the United States from its beginnings in 1788, when Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, wrote an essay called "Inquiry Into the Justice and Policy of Punishing Murder by Death," to the present century, when state after state and nation after nation are slowly outlawing the death penalty. (So far, eight of the fifty states have abolished it.) He points out that where execution has been eliminated no increase in capital crimes has occurred, and that significant numbers of people found guilty of such crimes have been successfully rehabilitated and returned to society. In his own state, for example, out of more than 200 convicted murderers released since 1945, only eleven have been returned to prison.

What does DiSalle propose in place of capital punishment? "Death-penalty abolitionists," he says, "have never advocated the abolition of punishment. Nor have they denied that certain criminals should be permanently separated from society, nor doubted that some are not capable of being rehabilitated." What DiSalle calls for is a conscientious, long-range program to fight juvenile delinquency, relieve poverty, obtain better correction, probation, and social workers, and concentrate on true rehabilitation rather than mere punishment. Realization of his blueprint is still a woefully long way off, but his book offers a sound philosophy for an enlightened beginning.

And, lest any reader suspect that the former Governor is what he himself characterizes as a "woolly-headed do-gooder" lacking in any real experience with crime and criminals, let him only recall the men who staffed the Executive Mansion in Columbus, living side by side with DiSalle, his wife, and occasionally his grandchildren. Every last one of them was serving a life sentence as a convicted killer.

Pay Now, Justice Later

Ransom, *by Ronald Goldfarb (Harper & Row. 264 pp. $5.95), indicts the American bail system as a practice whereby pretrial imprisonment is determined solely on a financial basis. Formerly Counsel to the President, Myer Feldman is a practicing lawyer.*

By MYER FELDMAN

A CHARACTERISTIC of contemporary American life is the multitude of crusading organizations. Each society, association, brotherhood, sisterhood, club, or union represents a special interest. Anyone so inclined can join. There are people banded together to eliminate carbon-monoxide poisoning, clubs for gourmets, and groups whose primary goal is the perpetuation of the buffalo. Many of these aggregations are represented by registered lobbyists: the *Congressional Quarterly* lists them in thirty large pages of small type.

Only those who languish in prison because they cannot raise the necessary bail seem to be without either an organization or a lobbyist. However, in Ronald Goldfarb they appear to have found a spokesman.

Mr. Goldfarb's thesis is simple. Why imprison a man before he is found guilty? Why determine that some should be imprisoned but not others, solely on the basis of their financial resources? Why continue a practice uniformly condemned by every scientific criterion?

Ransom proves its thesis by citing a series of horrible examples, by pointing to the success of demonstration projects that eliminated the inequities of the bail system, and by a searching inquiry into the fundamental concepts of that system.

Within recent years a man charged with burglary was held in a local county jail for 121 days; upon trial he was found innocent. Similarly, a nineteen-year-old boy was jailed on a robbery charge for two months before being tried and found not guilty. In one horrifying case a seventeen-year-old was arrested and charged with stealing tools, but never had a chance to prove his innocence because he was placed in a cell block with eight or nine men who beat him to death.

The cases are not confined to violent crime. Recently a man was jailed because he failed to answer a summons to explain why he had not paid his water bill. In fact, the bill had been paid. But while he waited in jail for his trial his family of four children went completely unattended.

We may not agree with Mr. Goldfarb's remedies: for instance, his suggestion that the failure of a defendant to cooperate should determine pretrial imprisonment is probably unconstitutional. But we cannot disagree with the need for reform. Certainly the success of experiments in San Francisco, St. Louis, Tulsa, and New York merit thoughtful consideration. The District of Columbia announced a few weeks ago that 97 per cent of defendants released without bail under a special program kept their appointments with the court. Very few of them got into any trouble while awaiting trial. All objective tests show that accused persons can be relied upon to present themselves to trial, and that there is little reason to punish the poor prematurely by confining them.

A civilization, it has been said, can be judged by the care it devotes to the underprivileged. There is no doubt that we fail that test today, so far as poverty-stricken persons accused of crime are concerned. This book greatly advances a hitherto halting debate.

. . . THE PHILOSOPHY of the rule [of evidence] that guilt should not be prejudged or assumed should guide the whole process of criminal justice . . . .

More significant . . . is the serious and vital question whether the workings of our bail system violate the guarantees of our Constitution. The Bill of Rights mentions bail only indirectly in the Eighth Amendment, which directs that bail must not be excessive. . . . This admonition includes two implicit judgments: that there is a bail system; and that one is necessarily entitled to protection only from the excesses of bail but not necessarily from its outright denial. Yet, arguably, the denial of bail is perforce excessive. However, when the Eighth Amendment is read in the context of our jurisprudential history, and the recently invigorated due process and equal protection clauses of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, the spirit of the rules governing bail seems to demand a more expansive view of the right to pretrial release and a more restrictive view of the meaning of the Eighth Amendment. It seems more reasonable to conclude that the bail system is not mandatory but only one restricted way of treating pretrial custody.

—*From "Ransom."*

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Poor Little Self-Pitying Rich Boy

A True Story, *by Stephen Hudson (Dutton. 599 pp. $6.95), an autobiographical novel first published in sections early in this century, sees its protagonist successively as a sensitive lad in Victorian England, the victim of a predatory Baltimore belle, and finally as a discontented member of a decadent set at Lake Como. Roger B. Dooley is professor of English at the City University of New York.*

By ROGER B. DOOLEY

APPARENTLY regarded in England as a neglected masterpiece, Stephen Hudson's *A True Story* may well strike most American readers as more of a literary curio. In its present form, which accumulated over a number of years, it consists of five parts of varying length (one little more than a sketch) tracing the life of a sensitive scion of Austrian-Jewish financiers, Richard Kurt, from his childhood in Victorian England through early manhood in the American Midwest to unhappy middle age in an international social set centered around Lake Como.

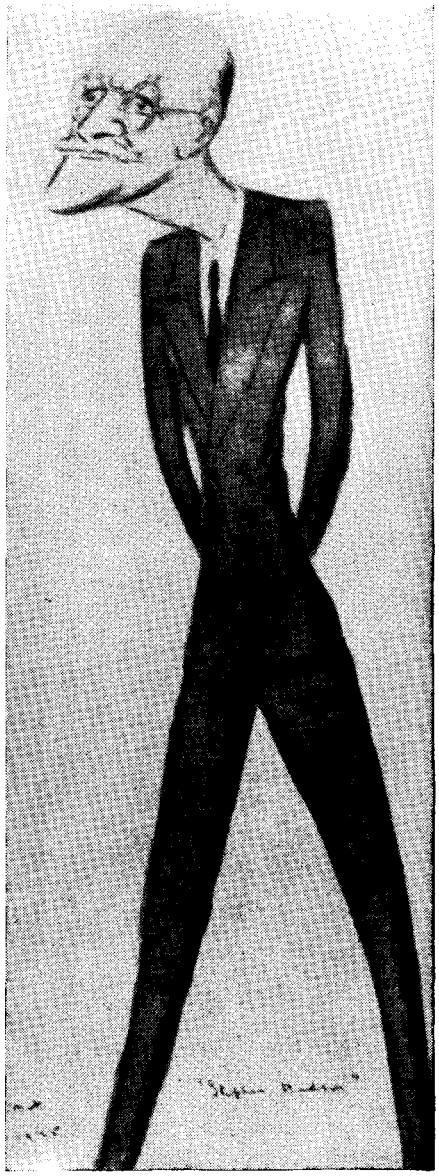
Although the author, whose real name was Sydney Schiff, remained until his death in 1944 extraordinarily reticent about his private life, it is quite clear both from internal and external evidence that this is autobiography in fictional form. As a consequence of its unusual genesis—wrtten at different times, in different styles, and never planned as an organic structure—*A True Story* inevitably leaves the impression of being a mélange of unmatched, perhaps unmatchable, parts.

The first section, "Prince Hempseed," written in the changing vocabulary and sentence structure of a growing boy, may recall Joyce in technique, but it certainly does not in intensity or subtlety of perception, still less in characterization. An endless succession of servants, schoolmates, masters, and tutors appear briefly and are never seen again. The narrator's Uncle Fred recurs just often enough to establish him as a kindly foil to the cold, insensitive father; but the beautiful mother, whom the boy idolizes, is given scarcely a line of dialogue, still less a scene. She is usually glimpsed, surrounded by admiring young men, about to take off for Deauville or Marienbad. Presumably the author meant to convey the pathos of the poor little rich boy, shunted off to strangers by indifferent parents, but surely any twentieth-century reader has lived through so many more harrowing boyhoods in English schools, real or fictional, that Richard's self-pitying loneliness is likely to leave him cold.

Since Richard has done poorly in school and shows no aptitude for any profession, his father, instead of sending him to Oxford, ships him to the States to work for Uncle Theo, president of a railroad. The U.S. of the Gilded Age seen through British eyes would indeed be a welcome novelty, but, though Richard records in "The Other Side" every new acquaintance and impression, he comprehends American society even less than his own. Did leading New York financiers and railroad tycoons of the 1880s make such constant use of the spittoon at the Union Club before being carried out dead drunk? Did any Americans, however uneducated, ever use such locutions as "Then why doesn't you stay? You'se come here for me, hasn't you?"

In the section entitled "Elinor Colhouse," apparently set a few years later (though the chronology is never clear), Richard appears as the matrimonial target of a Baltimore belle whose cold-blooded fortune hunting would make her a worthy friend (or, more likely, a deadly rival) of Edith Wharton's Undine Spragge. Here Hudson commits one of his most serious novelistic blunders: instead of letting Elinor's true motives dawn gradually on the reader through Richard's eyes, he presents this whole section from her point of view. The schemes by which Elinor tricks Richard into a secret marriage and contrives its premature disclosure are so crudely obvious that Richard, falling into every simple trap, looks more a fool than ever.

Only in the fourth section, "Richard Kurt," does Hudson seem to justify the esteem in which he is held in England. Told in the third person, but again from Richard's point of view, it is an absorbing and soundly constructed novel, with all the psychological and social nuances so lacking in the other parts. After an indeterminate number of years of luxurious international drifting, Richard and Elinor are redecorating an elaborate villa on Lake Como, where a decadent set of the rich, idle, and bored is brilliantly sketched. Presumably Hudson spent more of his time in this society than in any of the others; authenticity is evident on every page.



—*Sketch on book jacket by Max Beerbohm.*

Stephen Hudson — "a neglected masterpiece"?

Though originally published separately, "Myrtle" is a mere twenty-page appendage, in which an idealized young woman inspires Richard with the courage to make a final break with Elinor. The only question is, why did he not do so many years earlier? If he is more sinned against than sinning, he is also more acted upon than acting.

One must note that, except in these last two sections, Hudson's style is as flatly unimaginative as his titles. The fatal flaw, however, is Richard's total lack of any recollection of his own past. Though Walter Allen has called the book "the study of an Oedipus complex working like doom through a man's life," when Richard's mother dies—between novels—he almost never thinks of her again, nor of any of the experiences or

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people at one time so important to him.

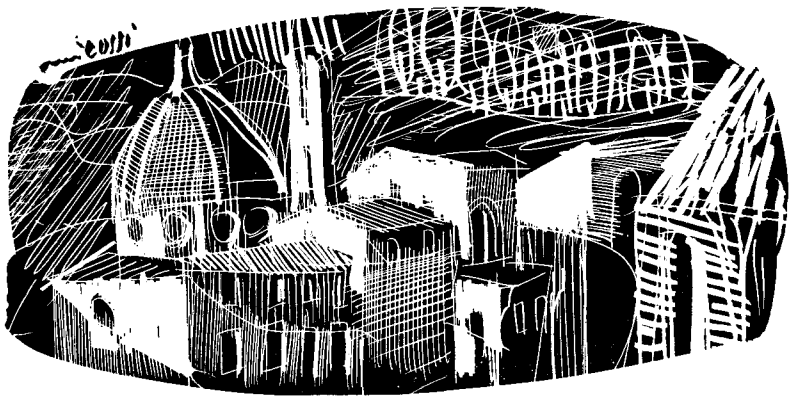
Perhaps the literary reputation of Stephen Hudson would have been better served by merely reissuing "Richard Kurt," with, instead of the excessively enthusiastic comments on the jacket, a critical introduction and account of his unusual career.

Burdened with ESP: As a straight story-spinner, Pamela Frankau is a gifted pro, and her wide popularity is honorably earned; as a mind-stretcher, however, she simply massages her readers—causing no cerebral strain—even though her intent is serious. The jacket of her seventeenth novel to appear here, *Slaves of the Lamp* (Random House, $5.95), refers to the theme as "a battle between the light of the God-haunted and the dark of the devil-haunted"—attributing to the tale a more profound joining of issues than is actually the case. The case is 400 pages of multilateral drama, set in England on the eve of World War II, involving so much activity on the part of so many characters that there is scant time for plumbing depths, haunted or otherwise.

Space proscribes a discussion here of the narrative complexities of *Slaves of the Lamp* (the second in a projected series of related novels), but the heart of the matter devolves on the intricate familial and extra-familial relationships of the highly individualistic Weston family. Central to the intricacies is twenty-one-year-old Thomas Weston, physically robust, innately religious, ingenuously candid, and burdened with psychic perceptivity. Aware since childhood of his "magic" powers, in adulthood he vows to eschew them forever, only to find himself inexorably forced to use them in behalf of a desperate, materialistic man who enters the Weston-clan orbit. It is in this connection that the good-vs.-evil theme weaves its dramatically demonstrated yet tenuous way through the commingling of destinies that ensues.

Plots and subplots abound, kept in simultaneous motion with a literary legerdemain that only a veteran practitioner such as Miss Frankau could sustain. Characters abound, too—uppercase Characters, for the most part, who are staggeringly articulate as only a certain type of British fictional folk can be, whether in board room or bed or wherever (do they *never* become tonguetied?). So incisively are they drawn, moreover, and so deftly manipulated, that you begin to believe in them until, laying down the book, you realize that they cast no shadows. For ubiquitously suspenseful action, however, larded with a generous variety of sexual encounters (including a glimpse of Lesbos), *Slaves of the Lamp* is at the front of its class.

—Patricia MacManus.



SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

The Merry Muses of Caledonia: A Collection of Unexpurgated Scottish Songs. Compiled by Robert Burns and the Crochallan Fencibles Society. Edited by G. Legman. University Books. $10.

Readings from Liberal Writers: English and French. Edited by John Plamenatz. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.75.

Art

Miro. By Manuel Gasser. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

Picasso. By Jacques Damase. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

Rembrandt. By Hans Redeker. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

Van Eyck. By L. J. Bol. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

Current Affairs

Alliance Without Allies: The Mythology of Progress in Latin America. By Víctor Alba. Praeger. $6.95.

The State of War: Essays in the Theory and Practice of International Politics. By Stanley Hoffmann. Praeger. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.25.

Fiction

The Last Man. By Mary Shelley. Edited by Hugh J. Luke, Jr. Univ. of Nebraska Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95. (Reissue.)

History

Ancient Greece at Work: An Economic History of Greece from the Homeric Period to the Roman Conquest. By Gustave Glotz. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

Ancient Rome at Work: An Economic History of Rome from the Origins to the Empire. By Paul Louis. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

Gideon's Army: The Story of the Progressive Party of 1948. By Curtis D. MacDougall. Marzani & Munsell. Vol. I, $6.50.

The Greek City and Its Institutions. By Gustave Glotz. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

History of Wyoming. By T. A. Larson. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $6.95.

The Irish in New Orleans. By Earl F. Niehaus. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $3.

Magic and Medical Science in Ancient Egypt. By Paul Ghaliungui. Barnes & Noble. $5.

Literary History, Criticism

An Apology for Poetry. By Philip Sidney. Edited by Geoffrey Shepherd. Barnes & Noble. $5.

Classical Drama and Its Influence. Edited by M. J. Anderson. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

The Early Lives of Milton. Edited by Helen Darbishire. Barnes & Noble. $8.

The English History Play in the Age of Shakespeare. By Irving Ribner. Barnes & Noble. $6.75.

Mauriac. By Cecil Jenkins. Barnes & Noble. $2.50.

On the Four Quartets of T. S. Eliot. By Constance de Masirevich. Barnes & Noble. $3.

Shakespeare's Occasional Plays: Their Origin and Transmission. By J. M. Nosworthy. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

Miscellany

American Heritage No. 67. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Double Crostics No. 55. By Doris Nash Wortman. Simon & Schuster. $1.95.

A Flora of Northeastern Minnesota. By Olga Lakela. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $10.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, 1849-1855. By Heinrich Barth with biographical note by A. H. M. Kirk-Greene. Centenary edition. Barnes & Noble. 3 vols. $75.

Victorian Oxford. By W. R. Ward. Barnes & Noble. $13.50.

Personal History

Hardy of Wessex. Second edition. By Carl J. Weber. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

Religion

Red Man's Religion: Beliefs and Practices of the Indians North of Mexico. By Ruth M. Underhill. Univ. of Chicago Press. $7.95.

Suspense

Dark Rose the Phoenix. By W. H. Murray. McKay. $3.50.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.

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Right to Defend the Wrong Reasons

The Political Economy of Slavery: Studies in the Economy and Society of the Slave South, *by Eugene D. Genovese (Pantheon. 304 pp. $6.95), in contrast to earlier studies, finds the antebellum Southern slaveholding society neither agrarian nor capitalist. David M. Potter's books include "Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis" and "People of Plenty: Economic Abundance and the American Character."*

By DAVID M. POTTER

A CONNOISSEUR of paradox might cherish the fact that Eugene D. Genovese, currently the *bête noire* of New Jersey conservatives, is also the author of the first sympathetic interpretation in many years of the conservative, slaveholding society of the antebellum South.

Genovese's view of the Old South may or may not ultimately prevail, but it is pretty certain to make a place for itself as one of the landmarks of Southern historiography. *The Political Economy of Slavery* is one of those books that rearrange basic concepts, so that even though debate continues it no longer travels over the same tracks.

Genovese moves in upon the scene of a controversy, long since protracted to the point of sterility, between two sets of writers. One group portrays the Old South as essentially an agrarian society, in which slavery was more or less incidental; the other insists that the Southern system was an agricultural capitalism, more folksy than industrial capitalism but just as exploitative, just as dependent on credit, just as oriented to a market, just as preoccupied with return on investment. Genovese boldly rejects both alternatives. The agrarian formula, he says, is too loose, for it equates the Southern society with any other society engaged in subsistence agriculture, blandly ignoring the fact that slaveholding and non-slaveholding régimes are profoundly dissimilar in their ideologies.

But the agricultural capitalism formula, in his judgment, is equally misleading, for it takes more than acquisitiveness or production for market or the use of credit to make a society capitalistic. The force of capitalism in the modern world has imposed these features on India, on Saudi Arabia, on the Old South, and on other societies which were, in their essence, far from capitalistic.

Instead of embracing either the agrarian or the capitalistic formula, says Genovese, we must recognize the Old South primarily as a slaveholding society. But this stark, determinative fact, as he sees it, is not merely economic. It does not mean simply that the labor supply was controlled as property by those who controlled the other means of production. It means instead that there was a distinctive and deeply formative relationship between the employer and the worker—the Draconian relationship of owner and owned, of master and slave. In other employer-worker relationships the exploitative potential was tempered, and the stark interdependence of the two was hidden by the impersonality of the wage nexus between them; but the slave-owner's opportunity to exploit was as naked and inescapable and as personal as his obligation to protect the slave who by law could not protect himself.

Most of the literature of slavery has dwelled upon one of these aspects to the exclusion of the other. Antislavery writers have moralistically emphasized the brutalities of the slave system; Southern apologists have sentimentalized the sense of responsibility which absolute control inspired in high-minded men. But no one has stated as clearly as Genovese the interlocking character of these contradictory aspects and the centrality of this strange relationship in shaping the qualities of a society:

> This simultaneous dependence and independence contributed to that peculiar combination of the admirable and the frightening in the slaveholder's nature: his strength, graciousness, and gentility; his impulsiveness, violence, and unsteadiness. The sense of independence and the habit of command developed his poise, grace, and dignity, but the less obvious sense of dependence on a despised other made him violently intolerant of anyone and anything threatening to expose the full nature of his relationship to his slave.

Perhaps Genovese is most controversial in claiming that Southern whites defended slavery with utter conviction, and did so only because they regarded it as a keystone in the arch of their entire social system. Some critics will retort that Southerners betrayed many signs of at least a subconscious recognition that slavery was evil; others, that slavery was defended as a specific bulwark of privileged status and not merely as an indispensable aspect of a semi-feudal, plantation society. This latter question, like many concerning the South before the Civil War, strikingly resembles the issues of a century later. It could be argued today that the South defends segregation not because of a specific commitment to the subordination of the Negro as an end in itself, but because this subordination has penetrated every aspect of the social system so pervasively that white Southerners cannot conceive of the survival of the world as they know

"Now that I know the meaning of life, I can't sleep nights."

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it if segregation should disappear. How Genovese would regard this modern parallel, of course, I do not know; but he is neither a simplifier nor a moralist. In any event, his discussion suggests a residuum of pathos in that seemingly euphemistic phrase, "the Southern way of life."

His views are consistently fresh and acute. One striking insight is his recognition that it is not quite fair to blame men for holding wrong beliefs and then to blame them over again for defending what they believe in. Thus, he seems not to blame the South at all for secession. The South was right, he argues, in foreseeing that if it waited long enough, the antislavery men would destroy the Southern system by fulfilling their objective to place slavery "on the path to ultimate extinction." For the South to have accepted a situation that would lead inevitably to this result "would have constituted moral and political suicide"—an act not required of any society.

Genovese's context is rich, his mind acute, his learning extensive. A review can hardly do justice to the many fresh contributions he makes. The enigma of the South has evoked some of the most subtle writing in American history, and Eugene Genovese's book shows that, even in 1966, it can still engage the utmost talents of a first-class intellect.

The Man in the Marble Image

***Lee**, by Clifford Dowdey (Little, Brown. 781 pp. $12.50), essays a reinterpretation of the Civil War hero whose apparent lack of human frailties and complexities has baffled generations of biographers. Frank Vandiver is professor of history at Rice University, Houston, Texas.*

By FRANK VANDIVER

ROBERT E. LEE is the most perplexing figure of the Civil War era. A military genius magnanimous in victory and noble in defeat, he appears a man unflawed by human frailties, almost, in Stephen Vincent Benét's words, "a Greek proportion—and a riddle unread." The most baffling, perhaps most irritating quality about Lee is his constant calm. Lesser mortal men find relentless calm incredible, and so Lee has his incredible side.

Another puzzling aspect is his gift for being the same man to all men. Friends, contemporaries, later biographers all find the identical Lee—courteous, kindly, reasonable, a humane and cultured product of Southern society. None find anything complex about him, anything unfinished or disproportioned or unresolved. A quiet serenity marks him in a time of tumult. In all the chaos of Civil War, in the rush of battle, the spill of blood, the last degradation of defeat, Lee remains the "marble man," aloof and utterly unsullied.

No such paragon can escape the probes of "picklock biographers," and Lee has had his share. None worked longer or to greater success than Douglas Southall Freeman, whose *R. E. Lee: A Biography* (1934-35) remains a landmark in American historical literature. Twenty years of research made Freeman an intimate of General Lee. Intimacy bred awed respect and preserved the flawless image so well known. Lee remained steadfast under the most rigorous scrutiny, so that Freeman could proclaim at the end, "There is no mystery in the coffin. . . ."

And yet that lack of mystery became a kind of legend in itself, a nagging improbable to charm writers after Freeman. His work dominated the field; he had written the best monument to Virginia's general. But history is rewritten to the needs of the present, and monuments are punctuations of honor to be revised by further insight.

A quest for further insight produced several studies during the last decade—Burke Davis's *Gray Fox* (1956), Marshall Fishwick's *Lee After the War* (1963), and now Clifford Dowdey's *Lee*.

Of these later works Dowdey's is the most comprehensive. Based on some new material (the George Bolling Lee collection in the Virginia Historical Society), it attempts a modern reinterpretation. Lee's early life is sketched carefully as background for his military career, and special emphasis is placed on the five postwar years when the general served as president of Washington College in Lexington, Virginia. This thorough "new look" promises a good deal.

Unfortunately, though, the promise becomes mired from the start in curious special pleading. Dowdey is at constant pains to deny any shred of a "Lee myth," is shrill in declaring that "there was nothing mythical about Lee at all. In living by an ideal under God, his being constituted a wholeness that permitted him to transcend all the hostilities and mutations of his time and circumstance." With so firm a conviction to build an image on, Dowdey proceeds to limn a metaphysical Lee larger than life and beyond traditional biography.

Dowdey stresses throughout the relevance of Lee's noble example to future generations. There is a truth to this which none have doubted, but Dowdey has the zeal of fresh discovery. In illustrating this point he sometimes strays pretty far afield. For example, Lee's brooding goodness is cast against a backdrop of Ku Klux Klan activities during Reconstruction. The Klan topic is extraneous, and its development will expose Dowdey to sharp disagreement. Discussion of the Lincoln myth is also out of place, especially since it casts Lee in an unreal opposition.

Other differences of interpretation are asserted by Dowdey. He emphasizes psychological studies in his bibliography, as though convinced that analysis will conjure up some new Lee. And yet the "stress" studies he mentions refer to specific military episodes, draw on earlier work by Freeman, and do not really alter the over-all image. Theological sources, too, are offered as avenues of insight into Lee's essentially deistic nature; but their exact implication escapes even close reading.

Dowdey is most at home when he discusses Lee's campaigns. With verve he shows Lee the neophyte learning to handle his army in the Seven Days, and then traces Lee's development in field competence. Most of the battles and campaigns reflect Dowdey's interpretations untainted by other views. As Lee grows in confidence, his command problems multiply, and so do his problems with President Davis. Dowdey's discussion of Lee the military politician is excellent; his analysis of Lee the strategist thwarted by the President is querulous.

When describing Lee's years in Lexington Dowdey waxes lyrical in praise of a man who sublimated ambition to honor and served as a reluctant symbol of nationalism. As president of Washington College, Lee made his finest contribution to his time and to the future. So says Dowdey, truly enough; so said Marshall Fishwick in *Lee After the War*.

The fundamental problem in Dowdey's book is Lee himself. His remoteness baffles the author and lures him to a vision of simplicity. Because he cannot quite accept Lee as a marble image, though, he is caught in a common biographical schizophrenia: he portrays the marble man but conceives him as his own. Consequently the book suffers from an uncertain and halting style. Usually a deft and scintillating writer, Dowdey slips badly in *Lee*.

Perhaps further insight will someday produce a Lee different from Freeman's, different from the monumental figure astride Traveler. Perhaps.

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He Dignified Our Political Dialogue

Portrait: Adlai E. Stevenson—Politician, Diplomat, Friend, *by Alden Whitman and the New York Times (Harper & Row. 289 pp. $5.95),* ***Adlai E. Stevenson: A Short Biography,*** *by Stuart Gerry Brown (Barron's Woodbury Press. 216 pp. $3.95), and* ***Man of Honor, Man of Peace: The Life and Works of Adlai Stevenson,*** *by the Editors of Country Beautiful (Putnam. 98 pp. $5.95), recall in pictures, his own words, and those of the world's great the late U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. Among K. Natwar-Singh's books is "The Legacy of Nehru."*

By K. NATWAR-SINGH

HOW DOES one review a book that has the *New York Times* as one of the authors? It is like trying to read the palm of a public meeting. And yet in their joint effort Alden Whitman and the *Times* have given us what is on the whole a satisfactory and satisfying portrait of Adlai E. Stevenson, although their book suffers at times from a too hurried pace and too superficial analysis of the life and work of a great and unique American statesman.

Unfortunately for them, but fortunately for the reader, the authors have had to compete with Mr. Stevenson's own prose. In their extensive quotations from his speeches and writings the Governor's natural excellence is continually evident; it is a triumph of literature over journalism, of thought over instant comment. This Mr. Whitman acknowledges. "In a sense," he writes, "the genius of Stevenson was aided and abetted by the times in which he lived. Reflective politicians were not prominent in the U.S. of the mid-Fifties; the former Governor of Illinois nearly pre-empted the field. Furthermore, the entire West, at a time when it was most challenged and most needed the gift of eloquence, lacked leaders with the energy and ability to speak and write memorable English."

It fell to Adlai Stevenson to "talk sense to the American people" and, in the words of the late President Kennedy, the Governor "during his Presidential campaigns raised the level of our national political dialogue." Nothing in the Fifties damaged the image of the United States more than the excesses of Senator McCarthy; nothing restored it more than the public expressions of Stevenson.

Two facts emerge from reading *Portrait.* One, Governor Stevenson was a late starter. He was an average student, and up to his forty-eighth year nothing really remarkable happened to him or because of him. Second, although Adlai Stevenson gave some an impression of simplicity, he was a complex man, well and widely read (Mr. Whitman's unsubstantiated opinion to the contrary). Stevenson's commitment to peace, goodwill, and understanding between men and nations was total.

He was a visionary, and visionaries seldom make practical politicians. Governor Stevenson was, of course, not incapable of ambition, but it was never his ruling passion. He always accepted office reluctantly, and the doubts that assail honest men never left him. This is well brought out by Mr. Whitman although the treatment given to the 1952, 1956, and 1960 campaigns is sketchy compared to that offered by Theodore White, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and Theodore Sorensen.

The first half of *Portrait* is readable biography and bearable reportage. However, the latter half of the book neither enlarges our knowledge of Stevenson nor sheds any fresh light on events after 1952. The impact of Governor Stevenson on the United Nations cannot be summed up in a few journalistic strokes; it is deserving of a serious and detailed study, which will no doubt be forthcoming soon.

Stuart Brown's volume is obviously a labor of love, although as a study of Adlai E. Stevenson it is inadequate and patchy. In his preface Mr. Brown states that his book is not intended to be definitive, and it certainly is not. He also says that Governor Stevenson "himself was, of course, my chief source of information," but except for two or three letters that the Governor wrote him in 1963, little additional information is made available here. Younger readers will, however, find the book useful, and it may encourage them to ask for more.

Man of Honor, Man of Peace is pure Stevenson and therefore sheer delight. Beautifully produced, the book presents the U.N. Ambassador's life through innumerable pictures and his own words. President Johnson's statement on Mr. Stevenson's death forms the preface, and the volume also carries eulogies by the United Nations Secretary-General U Thant and Vice President Hubert Humphrey, as well as extracts from tributes to the Governor from world leaders. Among the quotations from Mr. Stevenson himself is a portion of his moving eulogy to Sir Winston Churchill: "We shall hear no longer the remembered eloquence and wit, the old courage and defiance, the robust serenity of indomitable faith. Our world is thus poorer, our political dialogue is diminished and the sources of public inspiration run more thinly for all of us. There is a lonesome place against the sky." I was surprised, therefore, to notice one omission: Mr. Stevenson's tribute to Prime Minister Nehru in the Security Council on May 27, 1964. Because what he then said of Mr. Nehru in many ways applies to himself: "He was one of God's great creations in our time."

—From "Man of Honor, Man of Peace."

At the 1960 Democratic Convention, Presidential hopefuls Kennedy, Stevenson, and Johnson—"sheer delight."

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What the Leaders Believed

***The World Changers,** by Bruce Bliven (John Day. 418 pp. $6.50), recapitulates the history of the 1930s and Forties in terms of the lives of eight men who helped to shape it. Robert T. Elson is currently working on a history of Time Inc.*

By ROBERT T. ELSON

BRUCE BLIVEN was editor of the *New Republic* for thirty years at a time when that review was enjoying its greatest prestige in the intellectual community. He knew and personally interviewed Roosevelt, Churchill, and Gandhi; he traveled in Stalin's Russia, Hitler's Germany, and Mussolini's Italy. In *The World Changers,* however, he has not chosen to write a personal memoir, but through detached sketches of eight leaders, to retell the history of the Thirties and Forties. The result is a useful summary; the judgments, not surprisingly, are largely predictable.

There are, however, some surprises. Those who will remember the *New Republic* as deeply committed to supporting Mr. Roosevelt will find Mr. Bliven quite dry-eyed about the late President. He calls him a "bad administrator," and remembers John Maynard Keynes's comment that Roosevelt's attention span was "shockingly short." Furthermore, the author avoids judgment in this case, stating it is too early to arrive at one. In contrast, he says of Churchill: "It is true he had great faults by the standards of a new generation but that he had even greater virtues for which the free world owes him a boundless debt of gratitude."

"The more Hitler recedes the more terrifying he becomes," Mr. Bliven writes; on the other hand, he observes, "Mussolini is steadily being reduced to a comic opera clown." For those who have not been able to keep up with the vast and growing literature about Stalin, Mr. Bliven's chapter on him will be particularly interesting and useful.

Mr. Bliven's hero is Gandhi. In one of his few personal asides the author describes the day he spent with the Mahatma as "one of the great experiences of my life." Nevertheless, he is objective enough to picture Gandhi as something of a hypochondriac, a man who believed in mudpacks and high colonic irrigation; and he questions whether nonviolence was really decisive in the Indian struggle for independence.

The treatment of the two Far Eastern leaders is necessarily somewhat less satisfactory, since their stories are not yet completed. The author admits that Chiang Kai-shek remains a puzzle to him, though he does pay full tribute to Chiang's courage. Of Hirohito Mr. Bliven makes the trite and obvious comment that "if the Emperor had been a strong character the whole course of history might have been changed."

Mr. Bliven observes, quite correctly, that "nearly all the worst things that have happened on the international scene in the past have taken place because the leaders believed in a set of myths that have been exposed in the past." But his own pages weigh heavily against his more optimistic conclusion: "Mankind has many grave problems; but few indeed are those that cannot be ameliorated or solved by a combination of scientific advance and human goodwill." Unfortunately, the world is full of myths, and there remains a multitude of leaders who still act on them.

First or Last Victim?: Aikichi Kuboyama, a ship's radio operator who lived in the little Japanese port of Yaizu, was an ordinary man, devoted to his wife and daughters, proud of his garden, and fond of *sake.* Only his death was unique: after the ironically named fishing vessel *Lucky Dragon V* encountered a rain of mysterious gray flakes eighty-five miles from Bikini Atoll, Aikichi succumbed to H-bomb radiation poisoning. At a time when the possible casualties in an atomic war are estimated in "mega-deaths," artist Ben Shahn saw in Aikichi's story the predicament of the individual. His drawings and paintings in *Kuboyama and the Saga of the Lucky Dragon* (Yoseloff, $5.95) are accompanied by Richard Hudson's narrative, which closes with the hope that this first victim of the hydrogen age may also be the last.

"Kuboyama was a strong head of the house, but gentle and considerate of his family."

"The scientists were astounded at the fierce rattling of the Geiger counters."

The Consoler—"Throughout the night, messages of sympathy arrived at the hospital."

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The Lollipop Trap

THE MOUNTAIN behind which the Pied Piper led all the children of medieval Hamelin Town has exploded and poured its moppets into Hollywood and Madison Avenue to be sorted interminably through television's programs and commercial messages. This is the foremost impression left by the first half of the 1965-66 television season. It is the year of the child actor in the world of the small screen. The phenomenon is so pervasive that one is tempted to view it as a historic turning point, a moment of truth. The shape of advertiser-supported television—so long evolving, so long anticipated with mixed feelings—has finally been made clear. It is not education's panacea: it is not entertainment's apotheosis. It is merely a lollipop trap—a pattern of prime-time entertainment programing planned, produced, and directed primarily at the twelve- to seventeen-year-old viewer. Under this teen-age umbrella it is assumed that subteens can also be attracted, along with older viewers, particularly young adults.

Certain sponsors who manufacture geriatric products do aim at viewers over thirty-five: and all sponsors do not mind having all age groups represented in their audiences. The main thrust of television's programing, however, is delivered at the crucial teen-age center because it is the teenager who has the headiest love affair with the TV set, who starts its electricity flowing most frequently, and who sets the pace for the nation's viewing habits. Younger children generally like to watch what their teen-age brothers and sisters enjoy. Parents in one-set homes often face the triple choice of over-ruling their children's program preferences, of watching along with them, or of abdicating the TV set to them. Generally, in the permissive American manner, they abdicate. Television's descent into the lollipop trap began with an original, historic marriage between radio and children. In the early 1920s—when radio broke upon the American scene—it was the teenagers who built the first "crystal sets" in their workshops. When receivers became standardized and expensive, adults purchased them: radio listening, as an early novelty, was primarily a family affair in American homes.

The novelty of television, after World War II, brought a fresh cycle of family viewing. There were popular kiddie shows (*Howdy Doody, Kukla, Fran & Ollie*), but prime-time evening programing was adult oriented. Then a number of things combined to spring the lollipop trap. Television's novelty faded and adults cut their viewing time. Television also began to feel the impact of the rapidly growing "youth market." Consumer research, developing sophistication after the war, had already discovered it in other media. Movies had nurtured their own teen-age, cinema subculture, ranging from macabre horror to sex, sand, surfing, and how to stuff a bikini. Teenagers had become the darlings of the record industry; and their music tastes had captured radio. In the field of magazines, the editors of *Seventeen*, an outstanding success, boasted that "teenagers are the most powerful, influential, affluential chunk of the population today." Kids have always been the most important factor in entertainment; and adults have indulgently looked over their shoulders—but today's youth binge is headier, hipper, and commercially harder.

TEENS experiment with tastes; and exploiters carefully scan fan clubs for new trends; but they also shrewdly feed back stimuli into the young groups and help to develop marketable fads. Matthew S. McLaughlin, assistant general manager of the Ford Division, told members of the New York Advertising Club recently: "We live in a youth-oriented society. The young people of this country are the pace-setters, not only in society but in our economy as well. So far we have experienced only the leading edge of the youth explosion in our population. The crest of the wave is yet to come." When Leonard H. Goldenson took control of the American Broadcasting Company in 1953, his network was No. 3 to CBS and NBC. As he added affiliate stations he pursued an aggressive "counter-programing" policy, predicated on action—adventure programs aimed at the "young adult" market. They relied to an unprecedented degree in broadcasting history, on sex and violence (*The Untouchables, Maverick, Cheyenne, 77 Sunset Strip*).

ABC was so successful that CBS and NBC had to follow its lead. All three networks programed on the same "flow of audience" principle—children were served in the early evening hours: progressively, they went to bed and the programs served adults; until, presumably, in the late time-periods, there were few children left. Many parents began to express concern over the possibly harmful effects on children of TV's programs served adults; until, presumhailed network executives to Capitol Hill and made headlines with negative images. Network heads rolled; and program suppliers, in an effort to mute the criticism, turned to the situation comedy as an inoffensive, staple brand of programing. This was the penultimate trap to the lollipop trap. While all this was happening, The Beatles came along. Ed Sullivan, the dean of variety programers, found that whenever he featured the long-haired thumpers and screamers, his ratings shot up spectacularly. In radio, advertising agencies producing commercials for clients, discovered that whenever they introduced the rock-'n'-

(*Continued on page 94*)

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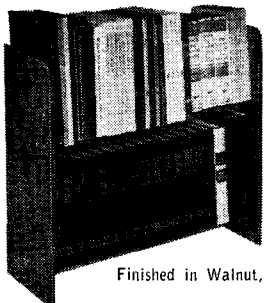

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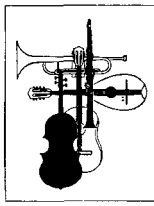

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Donizetti by Caballé and Scotto

IS Montserrat Caballé for real? The full answer to that burning question will have to wait on her performance of some other role than Elizabeth Tudor in Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* in which she made her reappearance in Carnegie Hall with the American Opera Society after her extraordinary success as an unheralded replacement last spring for Marilyn Horne.

For one who missed the earlier occasion, it was quite easy to comprehend the reasons for that success. She is, by any standard, an extraordinary technician: she performs with a steady ear for the logic and sense of what she is doing, rather than for the applause that gushes forth from such an audience that assembles for these seances. She is, in addition, pleasantly youthful in appearance, if bulky in a way that doesn't promise well for mobility as she grows older; she is reasonably unspoiled in manner. She is, in short, a rare phenomenon of an accomplished performer for one who arrived in so plain a package and with no such markings of international usage as "Fragile" or "Handle with Care."

At the first contact, the first conclusion had to be that this was not a voice notable for a vibrant richness, or caloric warmth; it is a good sound, but not much more. Quickly, however, it became apparent that the issue was not so much what she had to work with as how she worked with it. In the first act, she had a range of opportunities from florid to sustained to agitated, and responded to all of them with a fine flow of fluency, in which a C was a C was a C, no matter whether it was at the top or the bottom or the middle of her range. Outstanding, of course, is her ability to sing consistently *below* a *mezzo forte* and still be heard; to form trills, mordents, or turns with a kind of vocal sculpturing that gives instant excitement to any passage in which they appear.

However the more dramatic character of Act II began to edge the balloon-like ascent of her reputation a little bit back toward the terrain of ordinary, mortal singers, if in no way resulting in what might be called deflation. Here it becomes necessary for Elizabeth to suggest an angry sovereign as well as a jealous woman, and the combination called for something more in the way of tonal incisiveness than she commands. To her artistic credit, she was in no way loath to make the effort: she was, plainly, possessed by the music rather than possessing it to perform purposes of her own. The tendency, however, was for the sound to become tense and penetrating, rather than broader and more dramatic. However, so ready was the audience to be impressed that when she walked off stage flourishing a high note, the din not only drowned out the tone but also the fact that it was merely a solid A.

Is it then that Donizetti's Elizabeth is a role of such wide demands that it overwhelms even the exceptional voice, or is that Caballé's proper category is that of extraordinary technician with a rather ordinary voice? The answer should come clear, if not loud, when she sings Marguerite in *Faust* at her Metropolitan debut during Christmas week.

The interests of this *Roberto Devereux* were, otherwise, of a rather muted brilliance. It is a work with the elusive quality that goes with a grand manner when it is operating with less than full imaginative power. All the solos are suitable to the emotions involved, they probe the voices of the singers as such a master could, and the ensembles rise to heights of sonority rarely attained by any other pre-Verdi composer (Bellini, as always, excepted). But it is the memory of a manner that remains this time.

Among Caballé's associates there were good marks for Lili Chookasian's Sarah; less so for the experienced Juan Oncina, making a belated New York debut as Roberto (Essex) and showing the wear that years of singing have imposed on his voice; and even less for Walter Alberti, a vigorous baritone with a loud, but throaty sound for the music of Nottingham. Carlo Felice Cillario, who had not previously conducted in New York, provided business-like, sometimes even incisive leadership for Donizetti's score, but he has been heard to greater artistic advantage elsewhere.

The week's Donizetti also included a first Metropolitan *Lucia* by Renata Scotto. This pretended to no unconventional drama, but surpassed the conventional Lucia with the assurance, certainty, and vocal finish of her effort. It was especially commendable for one who sings Butterfly as well as Scotto does. She was, unfortunately, unable to add Adina in the same composer's *L'Elisir d'Amore* to her Metropolitan record later in the week. An over-realistic fall at the end of her "Mad Scene" caused a neck strain that ruled out further singing for the while.

—Irving Kolodin.

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BOOKS

Nonfiction

L.B.J.'S INNER CIRCLE, Charles Roberts. Delacorte, $5 (*SR,* Dec. 4)—While apparently resolved to see wisdom in every Presidential act, the acting chief of *Newsweek*'s Washington Bureau includes information that contradicts his own statements and reveals a willful, self-exalting Chief Executive.

KENNEDY, Theodore C. Sorensen. Harper & Row, $10 (*SR,* Oct. 9)—A solid, honest account of a President who sought new solutions to problems, and ways of living with those that could not be resolved.

A THOUSAND DAYS: JOHN F. KENNEDY IN THE WHITE HOUSE, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, $9 (*SR,* Dec. 4)—Though biased and discursive, this does provide abundant insights into the political process at the top.

SCROLL OF AGONY: THE WARSAW DIARY OF CHAIM A. KAPLAN, tr. from the Hebrew and edited by Abraham I. Katsh. Macmillan, $6.95 (*SR,* Dec 4)—This diary by a man who died in an extermination camp a few months after the last entry is probably the most coherent and realistic of all the records of that terrible event.

THE TESTAMENTS OF TIME: THE SEARCH FOR LOST MANUSCRIPTS AND RECORDS, Leo Deuel. Knopf, $8.95 (*SR,* Dec. 18)—Describes a number of discoveries as dramatic and significant as the unearthing of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

WESTVIKING: THE ANCIENT NORSE IN GREENLAND AND NORTH AMERICA, Farley Mowat. Atlantic Monthly Press — Little, Brown, $10 (*SR,* Dec. 18)—A lively reinterpretation of the sagas and other records, offering as substantiation the author's examination of the camp sites and landfalls in North America and the Arctic.

A NEW DIMENSION IN POLITICAL THINKING, William J. Thorbecke. Oceana, $6.50 (*SR,* Dec. 18)—A former diplomat and professor of political science uses de Chardin's principles of evolution to illuminate the build-up of discord, which he predicts will be dissolved by a growth of world-wide interthinking.

A LITTLE GIRL IS DEAD, Harry Golden. World, $5 (*SR,* Dec. 25)—Recreates the South of 1913 as reflected in the murder trial of a Jewish factory owner who lost his rights as an individual when he became the symbol of the exploiter.

IN SEARCH OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY, A. D. Wraight and Virginia F. Stern. Vanguard, $12.50 (*SR,* Dec. 25)—The most completely documented account to date of Marlowe, his associates, and his England, embellished with photographs of Canterbury, unfamiliar portraits of Elizabethans, and woodcuts of the period.

RE JOYCE, Anthony Burgess. Norton, $5. (*SR,* Dec. 25)—Succeeds in its stated attempt to "help the average reader who wants to know Joyce's work but has been scared off by the professors."

THE FILMS OF AKIRA KUROSAWA, Donald Richie. University of California Press, $11 (*SR,* Dec. 25)—A vivid, authoritative study of one of the world's finest film-makers.

LENINGRAD 1941: THE BLOCKADE, Dmitri V. Pavlov, tr. from the Russian by John C. Adams. University of Chicago Press, $4.50. (*SR,* Dec. 11)—The man who was in charge of food supplies for the Soviet city provides graphs and hundreds of searing facts about the greed and profiteering, selflessness and heroism that the seige produced.

MOSCOW SUMMER, Mihajlo Mihajlov. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50. (*SR,* Dec. 11)—The professor who lost his post in Yugoslavia for writing this (and is suing to get it back) offers an excellent view of today's intellectual life in the USSR and buttresses his belief that Communism is seeking a "revolution in spiritual spheres."

THE COLONIZER AND THE COLONIZED, Albert Memmi, tr. from the French by Howard Greenfeld. Orion, $4.50 (*SR,* Dec. 11)—If the reader is prepared to empathize, he can learn here of the forces that are directing the world revolution of our time.

Fiction

THE MAIAS. Eça de Queiroz, tr. from the Portuguese by Patricia McGowan and Ann Stevens. St. Martin's, $7.95 (*SR,* Dec. 18)—Saunters through three generations in the life of a Portuguese family, heaping up pleasant or amorous episodes to make, at last, one frightful and unanswerable point.

THE MAN WHO HAD HIS HAIR CUT SHORT, Johan Daisne; tr. from the Flemish by S. J. Sackett. Horizon, $4.95 (*SR,* Dec. 18)—This cogent, first-person story concerns an inmate of a mental institution who may or may not have murdered the girl he loved.

WHERE THE MUSIC WAS, Charles East. Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95 (*SR,* Dec. 25)—These fifteen short stories, set mostly in contemporary Mississippi, display a touching tenderness for erring humankind.

JOURNAL FROM ELLIPSIA, Hortense Calisher. Little, Brown, $5.95 (*SR,* Dec. 25)—Satirizes the tools of the physical anthropologists and the vocabulary of the space-fiction-ist.

FOUR NOVELS, Marguerite Duras, tr. from the French by Sonia Pitt-Rivers, Irina Morduch, Richard Seaver, and Anne Borchardt. Grove, $3.95 (*SR,* Dec. 4)—These slim narratives involve the reader, who experiences the revelation to which the characters seem blind.

POETRY

KNOCK UPON SILENCE, Carolyn Kizer. Doubleday, $2.95 (*SR,* Dec. 25)—Consists partly of translations from the eighth-century Chinese poet Tu Fu, and partly of original poems in a style apparently suggested by the translations. The whole reveals a fully developed talent in the service of an urgent perception.

IN EXCITED REVERIE: A CENTENARY TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, 1865-1939, Edited by A. Norman Jeffares and K.G.W. Cross. Macmillan, $10 (*SR,* Dec. 11)—Eighteen reminiscences, critical essays, and verse tributes, all but three of which were written for the occasion.

THEATER

CACTUS FLOWER (*SR,* Dec. 25)—Abe Burrows has brought in by far the funniest show of the current Broadway season.

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE (*SR,* Dec. 18)—John Osborne's latest in this country is an all-out theatrical statement, naked and shattering yet ultimately soaring above the desperation it so relentlessly presents.

MAN OF LA MANCHA (*SR,* Dec. 11)—This musical, based upon both *Don Quixote* and the life of its author, Cervantes, takes us, by its magic, out of our daily ordinariness into something more heartening.

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN (*SR,* Nov. 13—One of the season's most thrilling, most imaginative, and most beautiful events.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (*SR,* Dec. 11)—Nostalgia for the Depression world of the Thirties adds to the charm of this meticulously produced revival.

MOVIES

THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY (SR, Dec. 4)—Shows, movingly, the transformation of the shy and withdrawn young girl into the spokeswoman for the conscience of the world.

YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS (*SR,* Dec. 4)—Despite the inevitable touch of sorrow as we see again that dynamic frame and hear again that confident voice, this is a vivid reminder of the giant strides made by JFK in only a thousand days.

LIFE AT THE TOP (*SR,* Dec. 18)—This sequel to *Room at the Top* is a fully worthy one, and a perceptive study of a man's bleak encounter with his true image. Laurence Harvey as the protagonist, Jean Simmons as his wife, and Donald Wolfit as her father, all give memorable performances.

ART

Exhibitions

ANCIENT ART FROM AFGHANISTAN: TREASURES OF THE KABUL MUSEUM, Asia House Gallery, New York. Under the patronage of Afghanistan's King, this art exhibition surveys the many civilizations that left their imprint on the country. Early objects from 2500 B.C., Graeco-Roman bronzes, Indian ivory carvings, Grandhara sculpture—these are but a few of the cultures represented. Opens January 13.

RENE MAGRITTE, Museum of Modern Art, New York. Seventy-five paintings by the noted Belgian surrealist.

SALVADOR DALI: THE YEARS 1910-65. Gallery of Modern Art, New York. Nearly 300 works by the veteran Spanish surrealist show him at work from the age of six until today. Paintings, drawings, watercolors, collages, sculpture, and jewelry are included.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

THE SPLENDORS OF ASIA, photos by Dorothy Hales Gary, text by Robert Payne. Viking, $12.50—India, Thailand, and Japan sensitively viewed by an effective photographer—even though insensitive reproduction sometimes intrudes to mar the view and its effect.

EVEREST: THE WEST RIDGE, Thomas F. Hornbein. Sierra Club, $25—These color photos from the documentary collection of the American Mount Everest Expedition reach majestic heights of their own.

JAMES JOYCE IN PARIS, Gisèle Freund and V. B. Carleton. Harcourt, Brace & World, $8.50—Evocative photo-impressions vignette the Paris scene of the Thirties and the author's contribution to it in his final years.

A DIALOGUE WITH SOLITUDE, Dave Heath. Horizon Press, $6.50—This is a strangely haunting photographic plea for "love and concern for the human condition," but Heath's subjects reveal more of the young man's anger than his affirmation of the world's inescapable absurdities and contradictions.

POETRY CENTER

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(Readings begin at 8:30 p.m.)

Monday, January 10, Paris Leary.

Sunday, January 16—Dan Jacobson and Harvey Swados.

Monday, January 17—*In a Dark Time,* film about Theodore Roethke with introductory comments by Stanley Kunitz.

Monday, January 24—Wendell Berry and Tim Reynolds.

Monday, January 31—Edmund Wilson, reading from his poetry.

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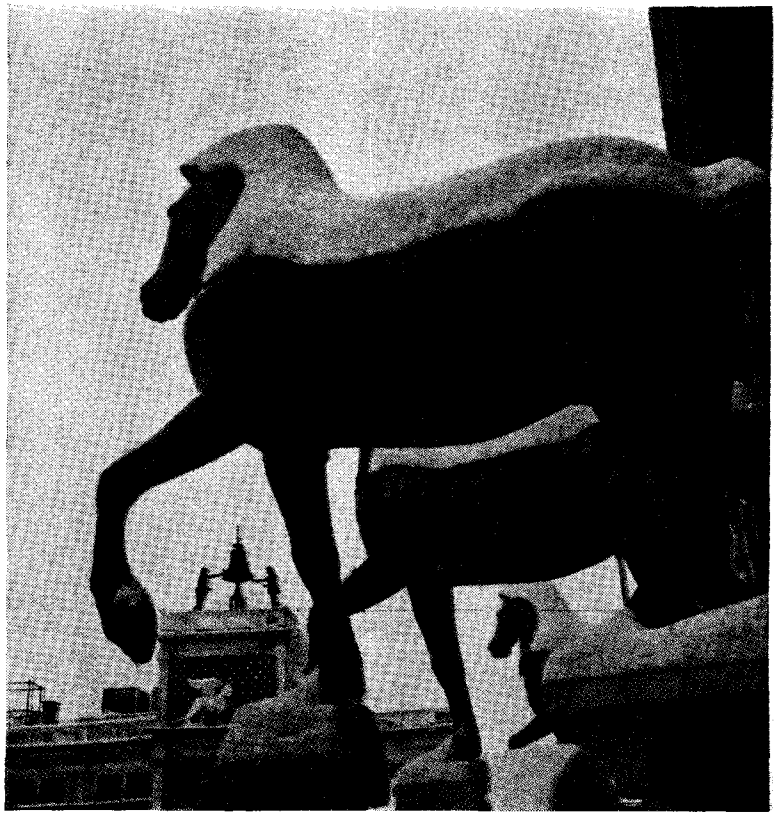
WORLD TRAVEL ISSUE 1966



—*Bernard G. Silberstein, Rapho Guillumette.*

Snow on the bronze horses in Venice's St. Mark's Piazza.

THE WORLD IN WINTER

I Remember Winter
By Horace Sutton **42**

London: Lovable Dickensian Cliche
By Gene Sherman **44**

Paris: The Cisco Kid Speaks French
By Thomas Quinn Curtiss **46**

Venice: No One Asks "Gondola?"
By Herbert R. Lottman **47**

Moscow: Tolstoy and Troika Rides
By Aline Mosby **51**

Mexico City: Roses on the Reforma
By David Weber **52**

Rio de Janeiro: Carnival and Beach
By Joseph Sims **86**

FROM LONDON in the frosty fog to Rio-sur-plage, the cities in winter have a certain pleasure, each startlingly different from the other and denied to the summer tourist who can come only when the sun is less modest. Is it Zurich with the rail station crowded with the beautiful people off to the Austrian Alplands? Or Vienna where the *schlag* is as heavy as a snowdrift and Strauss still rings from the rafters? Some of the winter mystique as it affects London is explained by Gene Sherman, Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist for the Los Angeles *Times*, who opened his paper's first bureau in England. Thomas Quinn Curtiss, who has patrolled the Paris scene of culture and the night, first for the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* and now similarly for the *New York Times*, has a few words to say about that city. Herbert Lottman has watched Venice turn blue and recites the mood of a city rarely visited in the deep off-season. The quintessence of winter is Moscow in the snow, here recorded by the UPI's Aline Mosby. That other world, far down in Rio, in this very season experiencing summer, is described by Joseph Sims, a former wire-service editor and a five-year resident of Brazil. And Mexico City, somewhere in between, with a climate and a life all its own, is the province of David Weber, a free-lancer who divides his time between NBC and *Newsweek*. Some recollections of winter interludes passed somewhere between Angkor Wat and Zanzibar are summoned from his leafy subconscious by the local caretaker. —H.S.

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I REMEMBER WINTER

By HORACE SUTTON

AGENT who labors on behalf of the daily newspaper called the Chicago *Tribune* accosted me recently, as the seasonal flurries were almost upon us, and asked me where in the world I would like to go, or go back to, now that it was about to be unthinkable to stay in town. I passed along a few notions to him that mainly had to do with the Caribbean beaches and Hawaii, and retreats in the desert, some winter stations in the Swiss Alps, and the Austrian ones, and even, because it was the city that made winter famous, with Moscow, the mother of all the Russias. When I lived in New York, as I once recorded for posterity, home may have been where the hearth was, but the feet were always where the slush was, and in the head there was always the cold. In Hawaii, where I have sought sanctuary through the last of the Wagner years, the feet are frequently where the plumeria blossoms are, and in the head there is frequently perfume. That, by anybody's odds, is an improvement, but one's calling being what it is, it hasn't precluded explorations in winter or, for that matter, in any other season. Twenty years as a part-time gypsy have produced a veritable gazetteer of recollections of winters past, and even the coldest place—which was probably the heated outdoor swimming pool in Moscow into which I plunged one January day—I remember with warmth. Force me and coerce me and I would return to:

► Agra on a January day, where the green parrots come at dusk to prepare their bedrolls in the goldpiece trees, and the pitchmen patrol the lush, green lawn to sell you snakeskins. The bird trainer waits to send his yellow-dyed sparrows into barrel rolls and Immelmans at your command. And the snake charmer will pit a cobra against a mongoose as soon as the spectators have agreed upon a price. But all that is a prelude to the evenings when the Taj glows by moonlight and the guides can be persuaded to light their kerosene lanterns and take you off to the marble wonders of the Mumtaz that floats in midnight blue.

► The Algarve of Southern Portugal, where the fig trees may be bare but the oranges glow in the groves alongside the white Moorish walls and the roses grow like pink cabbages. The sad, reedy wailings spawned across the sea in Morocco come over the radios and the villas wait for takers at $60 a winter's month. The sardines are hauled in at Portimao by fishermen done up in slickers who sing as they pull in the black nets, and if the Algarve beaches are bare of tourists, the sun against the white houses cheers the gray soul and the wind out of Africa chases the chill from winter bones.

► Australia, where it is summer in the winter and the cops, who are called constables, wear white pith helmets, and boats cruise the Yarra, which is considered a silty river by anyone who does not live in Melbourne. It is comfortable to cuddle a koala and a little unsettling to visit the wallabies, the dingoes, the wombats, and wallaroos, which are what pass for animals Down Under. Let no man go hungry down there when the hotels send in a sirloin for breakfast with an egg on the side, a curl of ham on top, and an Alp of potatoes to help the landscape of the morning blue plate. Great pageantry attends the life-savers' carnivals on the Sydney beaches, where the men brave the waves in bathing caps and parade the sands behind snapping banners, and the beaches are otherwise patrolled by lissome sheilas, which is the word for lovely ladies in the curious language of Australia.

► Rome, where winter would pass for spring almost anywhere else. The azaleas burn with a pink flame in front of the Excelsior and you can sit without a topcoat at Doney's and Rosati's. The street-corner stands along the via Veneto are perfumed with freesia and white lilacs down from Holland, and bright with pink tulips, mimosa up from the Riviera, and anemones. Rome has little patience with winter, and on a January day it can be a warm delight to walk under the umbrella pines of the Villa Borghese and watch the horsemen in the filtered sunlight practicing the jumps with an eye on the horse show that will be played on these grounds far off in May.

► Samarkand, which was captured by Ghengis Khan, stormed by Alexander the Great, held by Tamerlane, and invaded by me one year in the middle of an Uzbek winter. I do not count Samarkand a resort, but I have never promenaded in a more fascinating bazaar; it looks, in winter, like a biblical scene, the Uzbeks in drooping mustaches and quilted coats with sleeves long enough to shelter a chilled hand, women in white sheets, their faces still covered by horsehair veils. Giants from the mountains come down in their rough sheepskin coats and Uzbeks jounce through the market on donkeyback, dragging feet and dealing in melons, spices, pickled tomatoes, and onions and Jerusalem artichokes.

► Punta del Este, the chic retreat of Uruguay, where winter life in a little French country inn called La Cigale is little more than $10 including meals.

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and it is only a short ride to Mariskonea, one of the best seafood restaurants in the world. Octopus, squid, and ocean shrimp come from Brazil, but clams, oysters, and mussels are cultivated in the restaurant's own beds, then served on the open terrace with the South Atlantic splashing on the rocks below. The huge sprawling Cantegril is spread under the pines, has two golf courses, a pool, tennis courts, and a polo field in case you take the horses. Forty bungalows are spread along the needle-strewn paths and there are at least 2,000 villas in the pines or on the sea. About $15 will carry the day in the hotels during the high season, which is January and February in Punta del Este, so far undiscovered by North Americans except for the movie colony.

► Madrid, where the mid-winter is the time to hunt for old madonnas in the Rastro. The bargains are better since the tourists are few. There is no wait for a table at the lively bar in the Palace, where you can sip pale sherry and nibble almonds and be the only Americans in the room. And in the hotel grills the waiters march and countermarch, performing great feats of dexterity by peeling shrimp and undressing a pear without ever allowing finger to touch food, vaudeville acts which they have scant time to perform in the busy season. It is the time to saunter down the aisles at the Prado, where the best of Velásquez and Goya can be seen in their entirety without the heads of a tour group from Great Falls fringing the foreground.

► Round Hill, on a modest beach some miles from Montego Bay, where on a day that is dusted with frost in other climes, one can kiss the hand of Countess Crespi and, backing away, tread on the toes of the Prince Borghese, who himself was kissing the hand of Countess Grabau. But the sun shines on everybody, on the Princess Schaumberg Lippe of Austria and some schlepper from Syosset. The luncheon is a gorgeous display of delectables laid in state by a premier collection of chefs on sabbatical from the palaces of Europe, and one night a week all the house guests rough it in silk slacks for a picnic on the beach, the three-star chefs broiling prime steaks flown from Miami and a donkey pressed into service as a portable bar.

► The Isola di San Pietro, which no one has found yet except the Italo-Americans who return home to retire and know a good value. It is a subsidiary island to Sardinia, which is maybe far enough, but Sardinia has lately attracted the swells and nothing of the sort can be said of the Isola di San Pietro. Here the islanders speak a dialect of Genoa, for they came from there nearly five centuries ago to mine coral on an island near Tunisia and decided, on the way

(*Continued on page* 78)

1. Angkor; 2. Switzerland; 3. Samarkand; 4. Agra; 5. Punta del Este.

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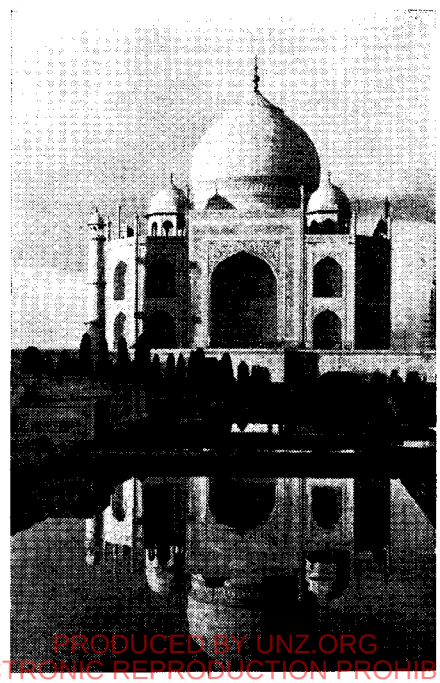

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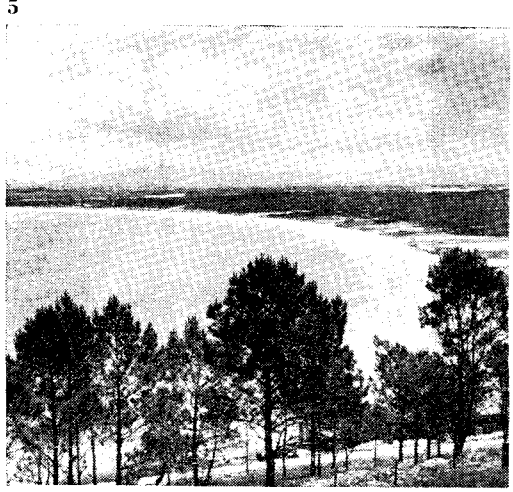

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THE WINTER CITIES

London: Lovable Dickensian Cliché

By GENE SHERMAN

NOBODY comes to London to enjoy the weather any time, with the exception of a limited number of devotees of severity.

People who are bothered by drizzle, fog, damp chill, snow, or uncertain slate skies should not come to London at all, except possibly for spring. Certainly they should not come in the winter that prevails from solstice to equinox if they are concerned with the temperature of their marrow or the crease in their clothes.

But, on the other hand, if they revel in the elements, if they are stimulated by a little outdoor unease, if they refuse to limit their interest to barometric pressure and have the romantic grace to look upon London in the winter as a lovable Dickensian cliché, then their senses will soar and they will become subjects of incredulous wonder for those Londoners who have not fled the city for the Costa del Sol.

—*Hurok Attractions.*

Derek Rencher and Margot Fonteyn in *Romeo and Juliet.*

Winter or Wednesday, London today is unquestionably the most exciting and varied capital in the world, not excluding New York. It is not a matter of odious comparison but simply that in a world now jet-knit and Telstar-tied the city's greatness has burgeoned.

No small part of the attraction is the awareness that London is not only a cultural, financial, and trading center but, unlike New York, is the seat of government and therefore inevitably a cauldron of politics and ideas spiced by the world's most cosmopolitan population. It is to the winter visitor's advantage that the cauldron is at its bubbliest right after the long Christmas holidays.

For the politically curious intrigued by Harold Wilson's tightrope act ("See the Prime Minister keep a Labor government in power with only a two-seat majority!") it is a far more propitious time to queue up at the St. Stephen's entrance to Westminster for a chance at the Stranger's Gallery in the House of Commons. It may be chillier, but chances for a seat are better.

That is not to say the seats are any warmer. The state buildings are no warmer in the winter than at any other time of year, although they are no colder, either. But it is heartening to record that Englishmen famed in fable for going out elsewhere in the mid-day sun are beginning to consider warmth at home less a sin than they did.

Along with ads extolling the balminess of the Canary Islands and Majorca, the winter editions of the national newspapers thrill with the discovery of domestic heating systems. The idea that comfort is unhealthy is slowly fading and the West End mind-benders who are intent on modernizing Britain are plugging for "centralheatsmanship." For the winter visitor that means there's always some nearby place to thaw out, including all first-class hotel rooms, pubs, restaurants and the new luxury loos at Victoria Station.

While Londoners may feel that winter should be spent behind drawn curtains beside a glowing coal fire sipping ruby port or Bristol Cream sherry, the visitor may find the "local" more convenient. For one thing the pubs seem cheerier and the bitter seems colder. It's the time of the year for which pubs were made.

It also is the time when London's incomparably varied theatrical and music season is in full bravura, keeping the city's half a hundred theaters and five symphony orchestras pulsating. Controversy, as always in England, treads the boards, centering this season on the theater of cruelty ("See a baby tortured to death in its pram in Edward Bond's play!"). There's a great deal of public hullabaloo over just how far a play should go for shock, particularly after Kenneth Tynan's pronouncement on the BBC that he saw nothing amiss in staging sexual intercourse.

This point still is very much in the realm of discussion and even in London, whose mores often dismay Paris postcard peddlers, there is some hesitancy in testing the proposition. All is by no means sex and sadism, however. *Robert and Elizabeth*, a musical about Browning and Barrett, is now in its second year and people still are beating a path to Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* after fourteen years.

Two of London's three repertory theaters have announced their winter offerings to January 29, 1966—the National Theatre at the Old Vic and the new Royal Court. Among those at the former are *The Crucible*, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, and a tremendously popular version of *Trelawny of the Wells*, which is due to become a musical soon. Among those at the Royal Court are *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* and *Saved*, Bond's despairing autopsy of poverty. The Royal Shakespeare Company's Christmas production of *The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew*, mainly for children, will be performed daily until January 11 at the Aldwych.

When David Merrick was in town last month for the opening of *Hello, Dolly!* at the Drury Lane, he told interviewers that the West End and Broad-

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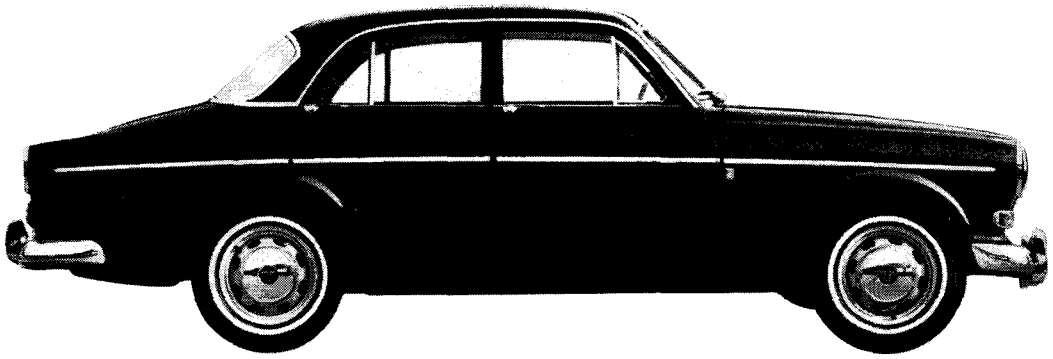

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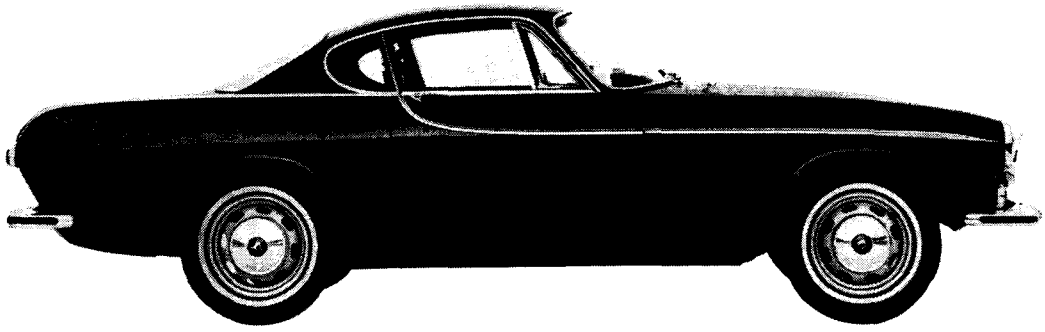

Road & Track magazine said it best. "The 1800 S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."

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way are becoming virtually interchangeable, an observation that provoked as many wistful as enthusiastic nods. But the proof is on the marquees, here and in New York. While London got *Dolly!* and *Barefoot in the Park*, Broadway beckoned *Maggie May*, the lilting Liverpudlian lady of leisure, and *Wait a Minim*, a rollicking satire of South African politics. Merrick himself took *The Marat/Sade* home with him to join *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*. It depends on where you want to see a lot of plays this season.

Musically, the winter welkin will resound to a full season of concerts at Royal Festival Hall, which is usually much warmer than the House of Commons and more harmonious. The London Symphony, oldest of the five permanent orchestras in the capital, will have Istvan Kertesz as its principal conductor with Colin Davis, Lorin Maazel, and Georg Solti as guest conductors. Leonard Bernstein makes his first appearance with a British orchestra in twenty-one years, but not until April 14. The LSO will share a full season with the London Philharmonic, the New Philharmonia, and the BBC Symphony. The full Festival Ballet Company of 100 is presenting *The Nutcracker* until January 15.

"Weather permitting" being a futile phrase during the London winter, whether one can be lured along Bond Street and Cork Street by the glow from the endless galleries depends entirely on the intensity for art that warms one's heart. The auction hammers banging away at Christie's and Sotheby's beat a multimillion-dollar cultural crescendo and have made London the art market of the world. So steady has been the sale of treasures that Parliament is beginning to wonder if something can't be done to plug it.

A gallery gallop (as opposed to a pub crawl) is well worth it if the spirit moves one outside. But for king-sized culture on rainy days the big permanent exhibitions at, say, the National Gallery, which is generally agreed to be more historic than artistic, or the Tate, would be drier going if not quite as in. Fortunately, there's an in reason to concentrate on the Tate – an exhibition of Gaugin and the Pont-Aven Group to February 13. Its national collection of British artists from 1500—especially the Turners, Constables, and Blakes—interspersed with modern continental and American work could easily make a summer day of it, even to lunch in the gallery restaurant decorated by Rex Whistler.

Another way to stay indoors is to gamble, and London by now may be the gambling center of the world as well. Since the Betting and Gaming Act legalized it in 1960, nearly 100 gambling clubs have opened in the city along with hundreds of licensed bookies called "turf accountants." Some of the clubs, like Crockford's, Aspinall's, and Curzon House, are far too exclusive to admit tourists. But the Victoria Sporting Club at Marble Arch brings chartered planeloads of loaded Americans over to unload them, hopefully, at fourteen gaming tables in a neo-Las Vegas atmosphere. The main difference is a man must wear a tie while losing his shirt.

What one foregoes in London in the winter is a boat ride on the Thames, paddling on the Serpentine, listening at Speaker's Corner, the Chelsea Flower Show—things like that. But what one gains is a coziness against the weather and perhaps a sniffle or two, small price to pay for seeing Mr. Cheap-and-Nasty still raucously hawking his genuine antique silver on a rain-spangled Portobello Road of a Saturday morning bundled in an enormous patchy fur coat.

The kinky parade of boys and girls along the King's Road is muffled in overgear, but the jazz at Annie's Room off Drury Lane swings even hotter. One's fingers may be too numb to manage the sixpenny bag of roasted chestnuts from Covent Garden, but the large ten-shilling martini at Tiberio will unlimber them in time.

The main thing is that one shouldn't let the weather bother him in London in the winter, because it really isn't all that bad. And the rest is essential.

Paris: The Cisco Kid Speaks French

By THOMAS QUINN CURTISS

PARIS is battling a harsh winter of fog, rain, high gales, early snow, and the rising Seine, but, being Paris, is offering more than enough indoor activities to make one forgetful of the whooping cough.

Though guests arrive windblown and drenched—or both—at all functions, mentioning the weather is *de trop*, rather like bringing up the hopeless Parisian traffic situation, complaining about the scarcity of taxis, or speculating on the longevity of politicians.

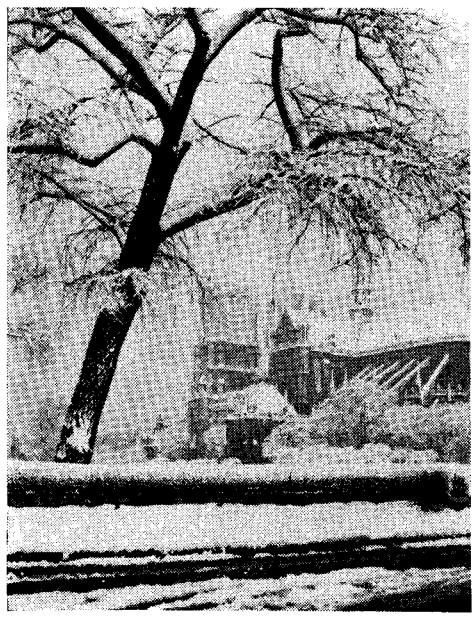
This winter, somewhat belatedly, Paris has discovered television. It kept home fires burning, cutting cinema attendance and clearing the nightclubs during the pre-election weeks, and at long last it appears destined to become a part of French life.

Hitherto, the two-channel Radio-Diffusion-Télévision Française (RTF), which is government-controlled, has devoted itself chiefly to news summaries, children's bedtime programs, American Westerns dubbed into French (Duncan Renaldo as the Cisco Kid speaks with an impeccable Parisian accent), and revivals of old movies that no longer look or sound the same. There are no commercials, but there has been little intelligent entertainment. At midnight the screens go blank.

The election campaign brought a revolution. Rentals of sets—the practical French prefer to rent rather than buy them—rose 120 per cent after October 15. General de Gaulle, being informed that some 12,000,000 spectators were listening to his rivals, announced that he would make two extra television appearances during the week before the election. A comic magazine summed up the situation with a cartoon of Madame de Gaulle seated before a TV set and calling to her husband: "Charles, they're talking about you."

It has been politics that has drawn a vast new audience to French television, and the network executives are determined to hold the public that has been at least temporarily captured. There is, for example, an active effort to improve the fare. A TV production of Molière's *Don Juan*, performed uncut and in an unorthodox fashion with Michel Piccoli, a leading young actor of stage and screen, as the Seville love-cheat, has brought favorable response from spectators and praise from the critics.

Mary Poppins is another of the winter's discoveries. The success of the Walt Disney film has resulted in the reissue of the Poppins books in French translation, and Mary Poppins dolls sit among the



—*Rapho Guillumette.*

Notre-Dame in winter—mentioning the weather is *de trop*.

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electric railroad train tracks in toyshop windows. Père Noël has been the recipient of countless letters requesting that he deliver the transforming M.P. skip-rope with which can hop from the everyday world into one of fantasy.

Meanwhile, Fernand Nathan's "Lotto Quartets," a series of children's games, memory tests, puzzles, and spelling matches has been so attractively designed and colored that elders are confiscating them.

A third winter discovery—a negative one—is the news that Parisian audiences resist the more modern musical comedy. Robert Laffont, the alert publisher who lured Jean LeCarré away from Gallimard, made his debut as a theatrical producer—and lost a fortune—with a French version of *The Boy Friend*, a New York and London hit, which only mystified the French and disappeared after a very brief run. It is the American musicals of forty or even sixty years ago —*The Belle of New York* (1898), for example—that the French prefer. Vincent Youmans's *No, No, Nanette* is in rehearsal at the moment and *Rose Marie* has just closed a most successful resurrection at the Mogador.

Nor is the streamlined operetta of Continental brew apt to please here. *Two Angels Arrive*, a musical based on the popular comedy *My Three Angels* and embellished with a Katharine Dunham ballet, proved an expensive failure, while even the presence of the screen star Annie Girardot could not keep the charming *Day of the Turtle*, imported from Rome, on the boards for more than a few weeks.

Georges Auric, the celebrated composer who was appointed administrator of the Paris Opéra by André Malraux, has in large measure won the battle for modernity there. He has dusted the cobwebs from the classics and set them to glitter again in some polished, vivid, and novel productions: Callas in *Tosca*, Gluck's rarely heard *Iphigenia*, a festive restaging of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann* at the Opéra-Comique. In addition he has made some additions to the standard repertory, giving Berg's *Wozzeck* its first performance at the Paris Opéra. This season his triumph is a ballet program for which Roland Petit, returning to the Opéra after twenty years, has done the choreography, an evening composed of two ballets: Poulenc's *Adages et Variations* and the spectacular *Hunchback of Notre-Dame* with music by Maurice Jarre, costumes by Yves Saint-Laurent, and Petit dancing Quasimodo.

Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, coming to Paris with the Australian ballet as an odd background, enjoyed such acclaim at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées during a two-week engagement that they returned for additional per-

(*Continued on page* 88)

—*Silberstein (Monkmeyer)*

Gondolas in winter—forgotten sports cars in an automobile graveyard.

Venice: No One Asks "Gondola?"

By HERBERT R. LOTTMAN

IT IS harder to find a place to read now, let alone to write, where friends are unlikely to drop in. But I think I know such a place, one that is not in immediate danger of being spoiled by you-all.

Venice in winter is unlikely to change in our time. The difficulty of getting there, the hardships in staying there, continue to discourage all those without sufficient motivation. Snobs enjoy travel to out-of-the-way places, but they don't like to suffer when they get there, at least after the color movies have been filmed. Yet this city, for me, has just the proper dosage of quietude and distraction the writer needs, the reader appreciates. Cultural life is discreet; if the Fenice Opera is there, American movies dubbed into Italian are unlikely to tempt even those whose Italian is expert. One can try to see without understanding them a play in Venetian dialect at the Ridotto theater, a revival of Pirandello, even a reading of Goldoni—but one is unlikely to do any of these things a second time. It is as easy to refrain from attending the reading with commentary of Canto XI of Dante's *Paradise* at the Ateneo Veneto, or the literary Saturday at the Cini Foundation on the Isola di San Giorgio (and there is equal merit if one does go).

The rich museums and churches are empty. International bookshops and generously supplied newsstands take care of communications with the outside world. Florian and Quadri, the traditional cafés on the Piazza San Marco, which sponsor maddening concerts of syrupy music night and day in tourist time, are silent now; indeed they are among the emptiest cafés in Italy and on all the earth in the winter months. A man can read his *Corriere della Sera* for hours in happy silence (or a sizable section of *Wings of the Dove*).

It is a small town in winter, where the local daily, one of the best in a nation with several outstanding newspapers, must make news of a grass fire in a vacant lot (no damage, but worth a photograph nevertheless). Behind San Marco, before the shuttered hotels on back canals, twenty black gondolas in two rows wait in still water, forgotten sports cars in an automobile graveyard. No one asks, "Gondola?," "Glass factory?," or "Lace school?" In Rome it is no longer possible to hear Italian voices on the streets (I am speaking of "live" ones), but in winter Venice when the sickening music from the Piazza is silenced the people sing again, behind high walls on Giudecca Island, at upstairs windows; the songs echo down narrow alleys, across empty squares and resonant canals.

When the fog comes in, the city sleeps. Even in clear weather there is a charm in Venice's dependence on water transportation, for those of us who suffer every hour spent in our through-way-oriented universe. With fog, even the boats providing public transportation slow down; the ticket-taker leaves his post at the railing, hushes the cluster

(*Continued on page* 51)

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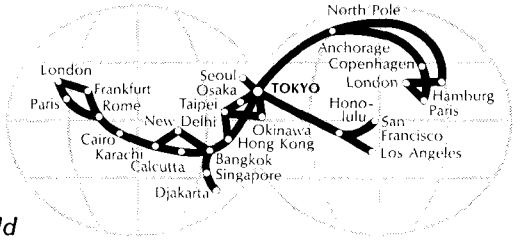

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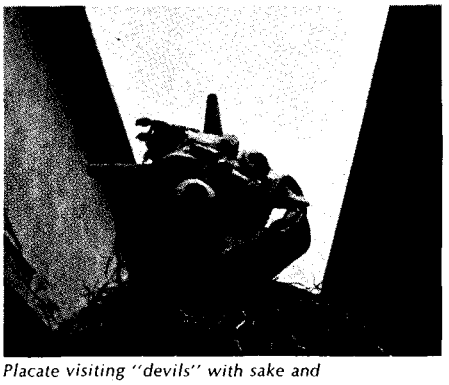

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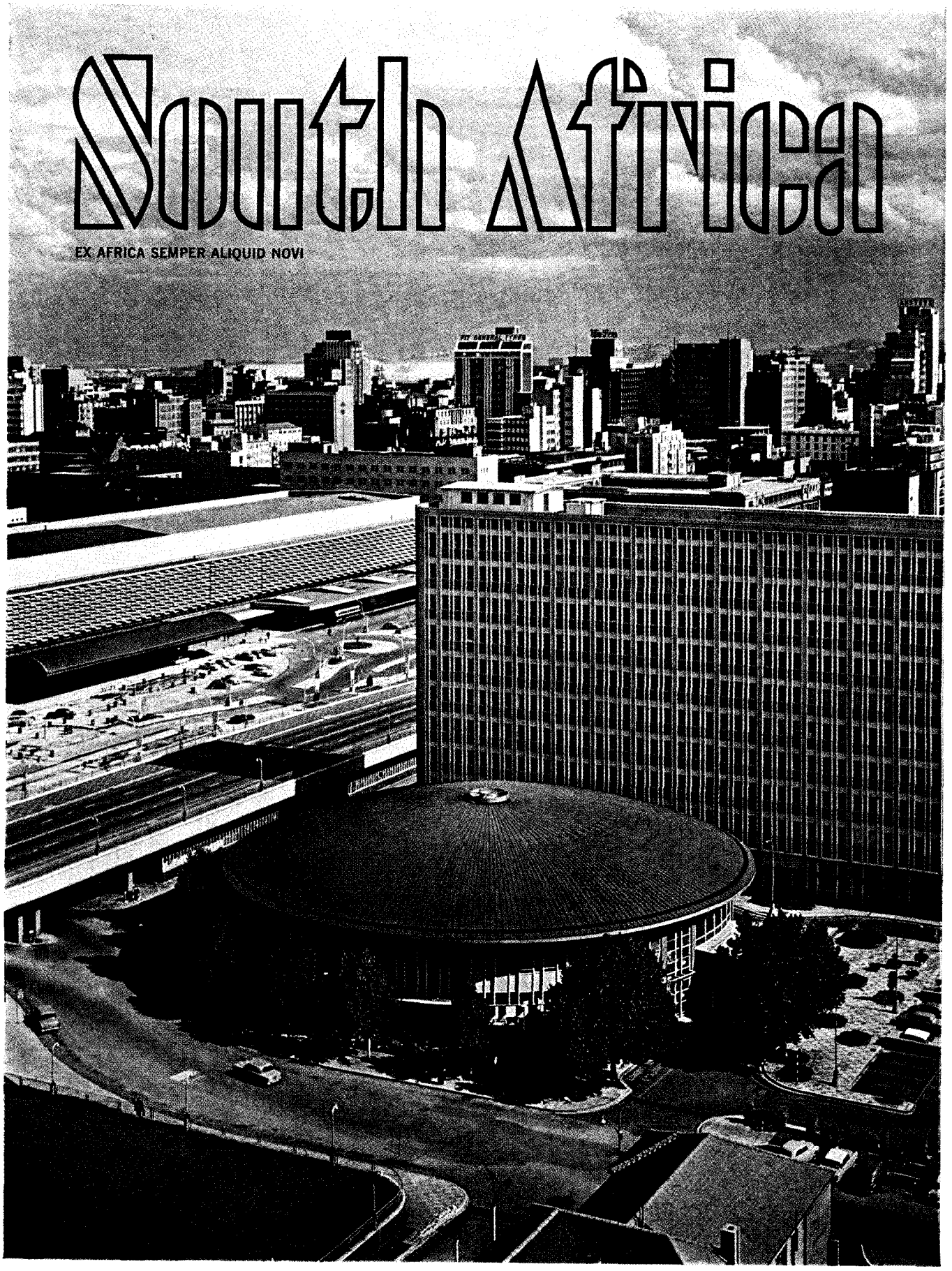

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Continued from page 47

of chattering passengers, to stand at the prow and peer into the depths ahead, crying *Che cosa?* at the slightest movement of waters, calling back his observations to the pilot.

We are on board at the magical moment when visibility is zero, the boat is moored, and we and all Venice are on foot. The shuffling of feet, the mute sounds of city life without machines, the confusion of waters as the two-man gondola ferries continue to shuttle passengers from one bank of the Grand Canal to the other—this is all until tomorrow morning. Since yesterday one small boat has been "lost" in the lagoon, another ran aground; only the radar ship used for travel to the outlying lagoon ports remains in service. We cannot see across the Grand Canal; it is possible to stand in the center of San Marco square and not see the basilica or the Ducal Palace, the world's most beautiful governmental building when visible. Later that night, we have the experience of viewing the dome of the Salute Church floodlit by the moon, while all the rest of the building down to the water line is hidden in fog.

Everyone wonders when they will be surprised in their sleep by the *acqua alta,* the high tide that once or twice each year floods the square, washes up gondolas along the embankment, ruins silk and leather souvenirs on the lower shelves of tourist shops; we woke up one October morning to the highest such water in a decade, and couldn't descend to our hotel lobby until noon.

Robust health is essential; there are sunny days, but the winter damp is treacherous. Our boat glides by the Ca' Rezzonico, where an inscribed plaque reminds us that Robert Browning died in this palace; he caught cold in Venice-in-winter, and expired on a December day. Still, writers have not stopped coming, attracted by the legends of Byron and Shelley. Ezra Pound and his family have an apartment near the Salute, and he roams anonymously among Venetians when all the world thinks he is in the inaccessible Dolomite region. Pound is here, but the American Consulate has been closed, and Peggy Guggenheim has removed her modern art collection to London, temporarily or forever. The best-known local writer is the poet-critic Diego Valeri, but the eighteenth-century playwright Carlo Goldoni is very much alive to Venetians, who move among a street, a statue, and a theater dedicated to him. Indeed, Goldoni becomes more alive every minute; his house is now open as a museum and for theater exhibitions and readings; when I was there recently Valeri introduced a reading of a Goldoni play in Venetian dialect with the exclamation, "How moving to speak of Goldoni in Goldoni's house!"

Offshore from the Ducal Palace, there is only blackness and a bell. It is time to go back to the library, if we can find it, or across to the old monastery now converted into reading rooms and research libraries by the Fondazione Giorgio Cini, if the boats are running again. Or we can simply sit alone in a café, scribbling, wondering where Henry James sat.

Moscow: Tolstoy and Troika Rides

By ALINE MOSBY

THE SOVIET Ministry of Culture announced recently that this winter troika rides would be made available to tourists.

Troika rides! It has been nearly four years since I last lived in the Soviet capital, and the changes one sees in the city are dizzying. The proposal that tourists can spin across the snow in those traditional horse-drawn sleighs out of Tolstoy or Chekhov is one of the most bizarre differences of all.

During my first tour in Moscow for United Press International in 1959, 1960, and 1961, we foreigners used to suggest slyly to Intourist guides that troika rides and maybe a picturesque restaurant in an old log *izba* (cabin) with gypsy violins and decent food would be worth a tourist trip to Moscow. But the guides would indignantly maintain that tourists were invited to the first socialist country to view the application of the principles of Marxism-Leninism, etc., etc.

Troika rides, if not the quaint restaurants, have been rehabilitated because the Soviet Union needs that foreign cash from tourists. Tourism is being promoted heavily. Soviet press conferences used to be devoted to oil production and other weighty subjects, but this fall the foreign press was summoned to hear about the new "winter festivals."

You can have your choice of five days or ten days in Moscow at $55 to $80 or $96 to $150, depending upon whether you take tourist or first-class meals and hotel rooms (of course there are classes here!). The price includes trips to museums, Tolstoy's home, an old palace, the Kremlin, old monastaries and churches (kept as works of art, not as "working" churches), and tickets to the Moiseyev and Beryoska dance groups, the Bolshoi ballet, concerts by David Oistrakh and Sviatoslav Richter, plus a New Year's Eve party with all the vodka you can drink.

In my view, wintertime is the best time to come to Moscow. Somehow the Russians look more Russian in their fur caps, heavy coats, and boots. Tourists must bring these to wear, too, including woolen underwear (don't count on buying them here), for the weather varies

(*Continued on page 90*)

—*Pix.*

Well bundled up, this young Muscovite sees to it that the pigeons do not go hungry in the snow in Red Square.

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Mexico City: Roses on the Reforma

By DAVID WEBER

SOME FOREIGN RESIDENTS complain that the only thing wrong with winter in Mexico City is that it is not winter. Grass is green, the tall elms in Chapultepec Park are in full leaf. The dahlias and roses are in exuberant bloom all up and down the Paseo de la Reforma.

These cheerful contradictions to accepted definitions of winter are, of course, far from distressing to visitors. They don't spend enough time here to become annoyed by the sameness that bothers the resident visitor who thinks his year should be divided into proper seasons. Here, there are two seasons only. One is wet and the other is dry. Winter, being dry, is therefore warm. On occasion, it is also dusty. Once in a while the afternoon breeze blows the wrong way and transports part of the powdery Texcoco lake bed clear in to downtown Mexico City.

When these *tolvaneras* hit town, the city seems to wilt and darken. On the buildings, the bright mosaics that normally seem so correctly gay are reduced to foolishness; pedestrians don't walk, they scurry, with eyes downcast and handkerchiefs held to their mouths; a glumness falls over the city, and it seems all the more profound for being such a rare and unnatural condition. Mexico City is made of outlandish shapes and colors that are meant to be seen in bright sunshine, not through a haze of dust.

But the sparkling hours are still in the vast majority, and winter visitors to Mexico City need not concern themselves over inclemencies. Days are warm, verging on hot; nights are cool and approaching chilliness. There is such regularity to the weather people hardly ever talk about it.

—*Marilu Pease (Monkmeyer).*

Patio at Hotel Cortes which occupies a colonial palace.

Besides, there are other things to talk about. Having to come to something of a dead center occasioned by the Christmas holidays, the city now begins swinging into fresh movement.

In some ways, normalcy is almost a pity, for it means that truck and ladder crews have pulled down the mat of overhead, multicolored lights that perked up the downtown streets all during December and well into January (The Christmas season in Mexico doesn't conclude until Epiphany on January 6, when the shoes of good little children are left outside the bedroom door and magically filled with the things Santa Claus failed to bring). Municipal Christmas decorations in Mexico City have developed over the years into a high form of art, with authorities seemingly bent on superseding even their wildest efforts of the year before. This year, they installed thousands and thousands of colored bulbs in the highest branches of the old trees in Alameda Park so that at night the entire square appeared steered by gently swaying, illuminated clouds. Below, lifesize nursery-style soldiers beat their drums and whirled in and out of guard houses while captivated children watched, big eyed. The "glorietas," or traffic roundabouts, on the Paseo de la Reforma featured different themes in lighted, animated tableaux, each one a literal traffic-stopper. Unconcerned at the din of horns behind them, motoring families would stop right where they were to goggle at the displays.

Now that the holiday lights are down, stop and go signs can be seen again, and the huge blinking signs advertising Corona Extra and Madero brandy are once more visible along Avenida Juárez. Traffic is moving smoothly, and once again it is almost possible to find an empty taxi, and—at certain slack hours of the day—to have a choice between a Crocodile (green and black, with jagged white teeth painted on the side), a Parakeet (green and orange, with a zigzagging white stripe) or a "pesero," which is an ordinary red or yellow jitney taxi. It makes up for the mundane markings by giving you the wildest ride of your life to any place along a given route, for one peso, or eight cents.

Culturally, the city stretches itself after its holiday hibernation and gets down to the business at hand, this being revamped shows in the art galleries, the start of the opera and symphony season at Bellas Artes, and new titles to hang on the theater marquees.

In Mexico City this year, there are two big cultural upthrusts, both worthy of watching, both born of doldrums. One is the Mexican cinema. The other is Mexican painting.

Moviemaking in Mexico had fallen on sad days indeed. Once a thriving industry that supplied the vast Latin American market with more than two new pictures a week, it made the mistake of feeding on its own success. Year after year, the studios ground out the same old formula plots with the same old actors. As the market fell off, the government Film Bank, which finances practically every production, began insisting more and more on tried-and-true successes in order to get its money back. The circle tightened, and if it hadn't been for foreign producers (mainly of U.S. Westerns who discovered lower costs) the industry would have buckled entirely.

New blood, new ideas—and new financing—were needed, and they were supplied by the movie workers' union itself last spring with a bold plan: an Experimental Film Contest. The only proviso for entrance was that actors, directors, writers, and cameramen be newcomers. The contest completely captivated the creative element of the city; writers, newspaper columnists, newsreel makers, political cartoonists, painters, theater directors and university students threw themselves into the task of making movies. In most cases, the union arranged private financing and certain technical assistance. For weeks, you could hardly stroll through the cobbled streets of San Angel, visit a church, or make your way down the Reforma without stumbling over a camera crew. One unforgettable Wednesday afternoon, terrified pedestrians scattered like pigeons as a car careened around the Zocalo, a camera suspended at hubcap level, to film a dizzyingly surrealistic title strip segment for one of the entries.

The result of all this frenzied motion was a selection of ten films, two of them composites of short stories. By prior agreement, they were untouched by the government censor, so that some remarkable love scenes and love themes came through. Critically, it could be said that the entries suffered from under-editing, which is understandable when you consider that they were almost all first—and therefore very precious—efforts. Too, there was a strong derivative coloration to almost all the films; the fine Italian hands of Antonioni and Fellini could be clearly distinguished, as well as the strong influence of Jean-Luc Godard.

But what was important about the

(*Continued on page* 80)

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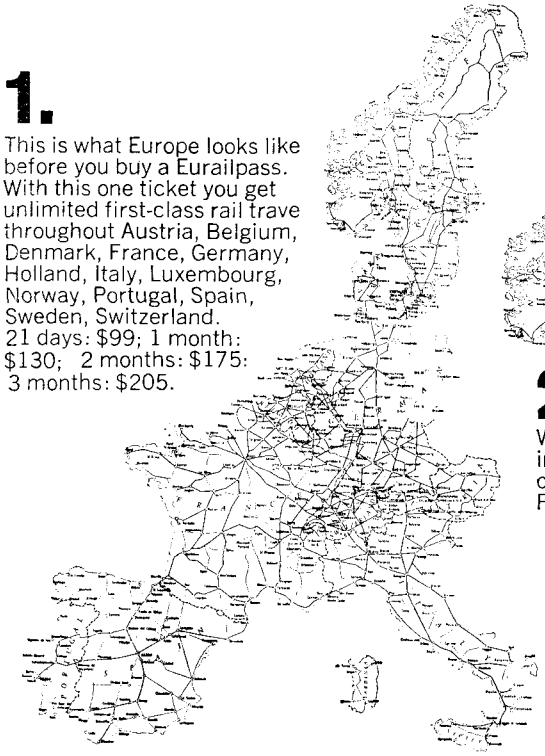

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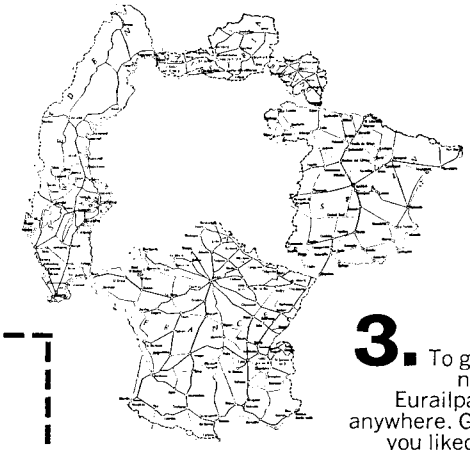

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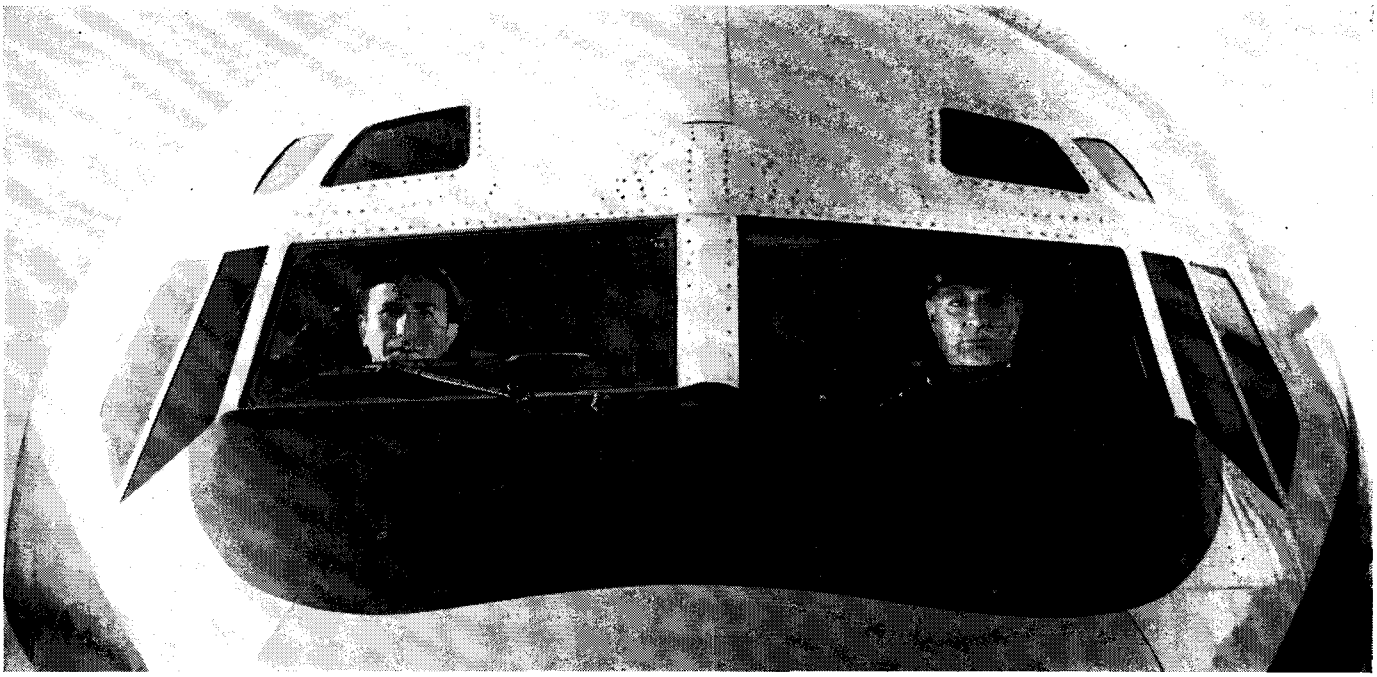

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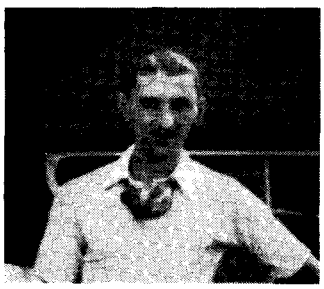

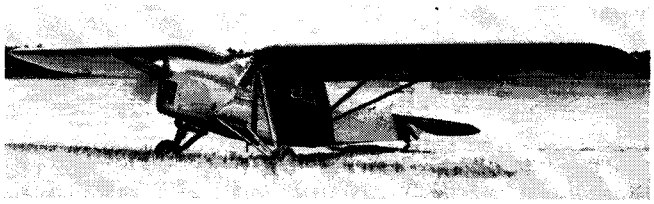

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BY ROBERT MEYER, JR.

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 Bowl games: Dallas, Miami, Pasadena, New Orleans.
2 Come Home Year. Throughout Newfoundland during 1966.	**3** Narcissus Festival, Hawaii. Chinese New Year. Through Jan. 26.	**4** Tennis Tournament, Hamilton, Bermuda. Through Jan. 8.	**5** Befana, Piazza Navona, Rome, Italy. Epiphany party. Also Jan. 6.	**6** Epiphany: Tarpon Springs, Fla.; Athens, Greece. Dive for crosses.	**7** Carnival festivities: Cologne, Duesseldorf, Munich. To Feb. 22.	**8** International Boat Show, London, England. Through Jan. 15.
9 Monolith Ski Race, Oslo, Norway.	**10** 1st All-Breed Dog Show, Nassau, Bahamas. Through Jan. 20.	**11** Honor King Prithvi Narayan Shah, in Katmandu, Nepal. Birthday.	**12** Festival of Pines, New Plymouth, N.Z. Through Feb. 26.	**13** "Vogel Gryff," folk festival, Basel, Switzerland.	**14** International Winter Festival, Niagara Falls, N.Y. and Ontario.	**15** International Ski Competition, Porrassalmi, Finland. Also Jan. 16.
16 River Festival, Lumbang, Philippines. Also Jan. 17.	**17** Feast of St. Anton, Obidos, Portugal. Fair, festival.	**18** Winter Festival, Malaga, Spain. Through Feb. 15.	**19** Swedish Trade Fair, Gothenburg, Sweden. Through Jan. 23.	**20** Alacitas Fair, La Paz, Bolivia. Through Jan. 25.	**21** Swiss Ice-Racing Championship, Davos, Switzerland. Also Jan. 22.	**22** Hahnenkamm Ski Race, Kitzbuhel, Austria. Also Jan. 23.
23 Highland Auto Rally. Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Jan. 21-23.	**24** Culinary Fortnight, Grindelwald, Switzerland. Through Jan. 30.	**25** Fire Festival, Lerwick, Shetland Isles.	**26** Republic Day, India. Major celebration in New Delhi. Through Jan. 29.	**27** Chinese New Year, S. F. and New York. Jan. 22-29.	**28** Italian Song Festival, San Remo, Italy. Also Jan. 29.	**29** Festival des Neiges, Ste-Agathe, Quebec. Also Jan. 30.
30 Green Week, Berlin, Germany. Jan. 28-Feb. 6.	**31** Winter Carnival, St. Paul, Minn. Parades, contests. Through Feb. 6.					

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1 Norwegian Ski Championship, Rena, Norway. Jan. 29-Feb. 6.	**2** Little Drinking Mugs Festival, Evora, Portugal. Also Feb. 3.	**3** Winter Carnival, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Through Feb. 5.	**4** Roch Cup Skiing, Aspen, Colo. Through Feb. 6.	**5** Semi-finals, World Skiing Championship, Kuopio, Finland. Also Feb. 6.
6 Four-man Bobs Championship, Cortina, Italy. Feb. 5-6.	**7** Gasparilla Festival, Tampa, Fla. Through Feb. 11. Parade Feb. 7.	**8** Almond Blossom Festival, Agrigento, Sicily. Feb. 4-13.	**9** Winter Carnival, Vernon, British Columbia. Feb. 4-12.	**10** German Nordic Championship, Willingen/Sauerland, Germany. Feb. 10-13.	**11** Winter Carnival, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H. Also Feb. 12.	**12** Gornergrat Ski Derby, Zermatt, Switzerland. Feb. 11-13.
13 World Speed-Skating Championship, Trondheim, Norway. Feb. 12-13.	**14** Religious Pilgrimage, Lourdes, France. Feb. 11-18.	**15** Winter Carnival, Quebec City. Parades, dances. Feb. 10-22.	**16** Mardi Gras: Mobile, Nice, Viareggio, Binche, New Orleans, Rio. To Feb. 22.	**17** Opera Ball, Vienna, Austria. A major social event.	**18** National Dairy Show, Glasgow, Scotland. Feb. 15-19.	**19** Horse Show, Delray Beach, Fla. Feb. 16-20.
20 Fasching Parade, Munich, Germany. Carnival celebration.	**21** World Skiing Championship, Oslo, Norway. Feb. 17-27.	**22** Fur Rendezvous, Anchorage, Alaska. Feb. 18-27. Snow events.	**23** Ash Wednesday. Solemn religious observances in Italy, Spain.	**24** Flag Day, Mexico City, Mexico. Parade, patriotic ceremonies.	**25** World's Sled Dog Championships, Laconia, N.H. Through Feb. 27.	**26** German Alpine Championship, Garmich-Partenkirchen. Feb. 25-27.
27 Alpine Disciplines, Jahorina, Yugoslavia. Feb. 25-28.	**28** "La Passio." Sundays in Lent at Arbo, Cervera, Spain. Feb. 27-Apr. 3.					

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MARCH

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1 International Spring Fair, Frankfurt, Germany. Feb. 27-Mar. 3.	2 "Moomba" Festival, Melbourne, Australia. Feb. 25-Mar. 7.	3 Arts Festival, London, England. Feb. 25-Mar. 26.	4 XXII Sport, Film Festival, Cortina, Italy. Mar. 1-6.	5 Canadian Alpine Championship, Rossland, B.C. Mar. 4-6.
6 Latin American Fiesta, Tampa, Fla. Mar. 5-12.	7 Household Arts Show, Paris, France. Mar. 6-12.	8 World Ice-hockey Championship, Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Mar. 3-13.	9 National Hunt Gold Cup, Cheltenham, Germany. Mar. 8-10.	10 Camellia Festival, Sacramento, Calif. Mar. 4-13.	11 North American Alpine Championship, Franconia, N.H. Through Mar. 13.	12 Norwegian Jr. Skiing Championship, Oslo, Norway. Mar. 11-13.
13 International Spring Fair, Utrecht, Netherlands. Mar. 7-15.	14 Fallas de San Jose, Valencia, Spain. Mar. 12-19.	15 International Auto Show, Geneva, Switzerland. Mar. 10-20.	16 4th Adelaide Festival, Adelaide, Australia. Mar. 10-26.	17 St. Patrick's Day, Dublin, Ireland; Boston, New York City.	18 International Trade Fair, Vienna, Austria. Mar. 13-20.	19 Music Festival, Port of Spain, Trinidad. Mar. 10-26.
20 College Weeks, Bermuda. Dances, parties. Mar. 20-April 23.	21 Winter Fair, Regina, Sask. Through Mar. 26.	22 Festival of States, St. Petersburg, Fla. Mar. 21-April 3.	23 Sun Pageant, Rjukan, Norway. Welcome return of the sun.	24 Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree, England. Meet Mar. 24-26.	25 Independence Day, throughout Greece. March celebration in Athens.	26 Oxford - Cambridge Boat Race, on the Thames, England.
27 Holmenkollen Ski Race, Oslo, Norway. Mar. 26-27.	28 Daffodil Festival, Puyallup, Wash. Mar. 26-Apr. 3.	29 Wine Fair, Wellenstein, Luxembourg.	30 South African Tennis Championship, Johannesburg. Through Apr. 11.	31 Anniversary transfer of Virgin Islands from Denmark to U.S.A.		

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1 27th Game Fishing Tournament, P.R. Through Sept. 30.	2 Coastal Empire Arts Festival, Savannah, Ga. Through Apr. 9.
3 Gaelic Games, Dublin, Ireland. Also Apr. 10, 17, 24.	4 Holy Week Celebrations, Seville, Spain. Apr. 3-10.	5 Easter Week Religious Festival, Oslo, Norway. Apr. 3-11.	6 Masters Golf Championship, Augusta, Ga. Apr. 3-10.	7 Winter Fair, Brandon, Manitoba. Apr. 4-9.	8 Spring Fair, Marseille, France. Apr. 1-12.	9 Drama Festival, Pitlochry, Scotland. Through Oct. 8.
10 Explosion of the Cart. Traditional fireworks. Florence, Italy.	11 50th Anniversary of 1916 Rising, Dublin, Ireland. Through Apr. 16.	12 Cherry Festival, Seoul, Korea. Apr. 10-17.	13 National Cherry Blossom Festival, Wash., D.C. Apr. 12-17.	14 Festival of Sailors, Alcochete, Portugal.	15 Tucson Festival, Tucson, Ariz. Apr. 14-19.	16 Fair of the Miracle, Santarem, Portugal. Apr. 12-24.
17 Spring Fair, Seville, Spain. Through Apr. 22.	18 San Antonio Fiesta. San Antonio, Texas. Apr. 16-24.	19 Spring Fair, Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Apr. 16-24.	20 50th Industries Fair, Basel, Switzerland. Apr. 16-26.	21 Dogwood Festival, Knoxville, Tenn. Apr. 15-28.	22 Spring Fiesta, New Orleans, La. Apr. 17-30.	23 Historic Garden Week, Richmond, Va. Through Apr. 30.
24 International Music Festival, Osaka, Japan. Apr. 15-May 15.	25 Shakespeare Festival, Stratford-on-Avon, England. Apr. 23-Nov. 30.	26 Nebi Schu'eib, near Lake Kinneret, Israel. Apr. 25-28.	27 7th International Trade Fair, Osaka, Japan. Apr. 19-29.	28 International Handicraft Show, Florence, Italy. Apr. 23-May 13.	29 Cherry Dance, Kyoto, Japan. Apr. 15-May 20.	30 Flowerland Procession, Lisse, Netherlands.

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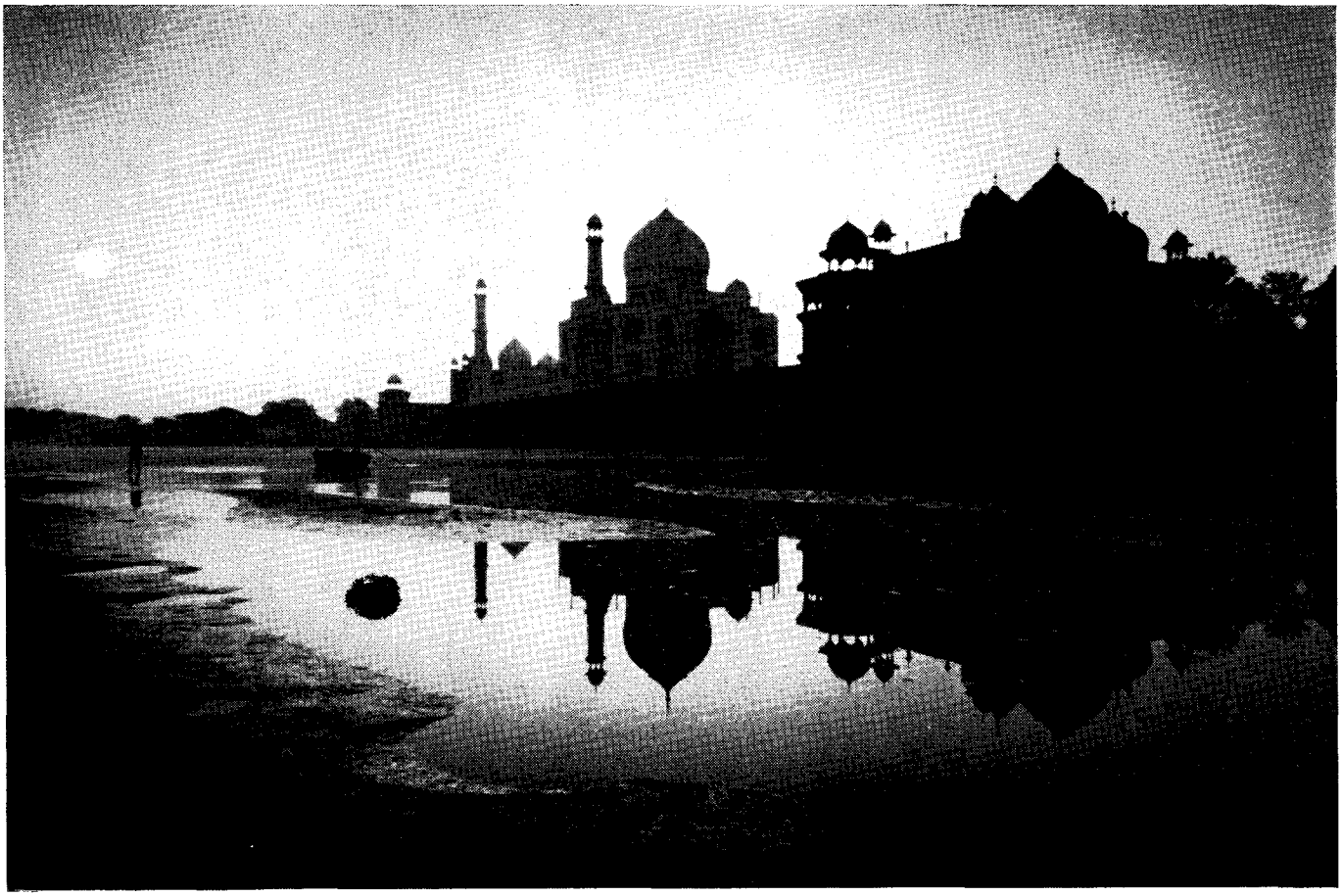

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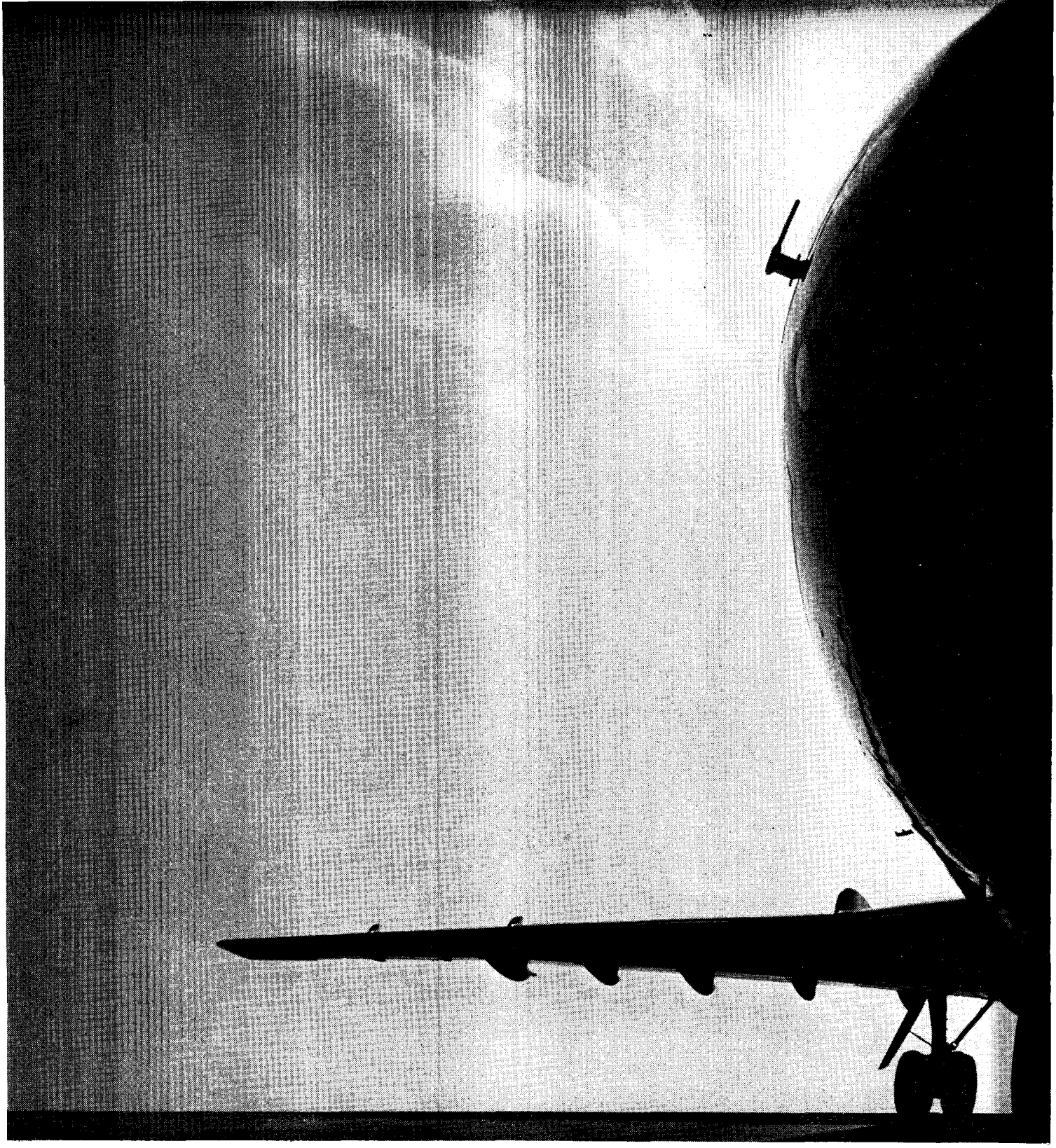

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MAY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 International Trade Fair, Hanover, Germany. Apr. 30-May 8.	**2** British Fair, Oslo, Norway. Apr. 29-May 15.	**3** Industries Fair, Dublin, Ireland. Through May 7.	**4** Battle of Coral Sea Week, major cities in Australia. May 1-15.	**5** Choral Festival, Cork, Ireland. May 4-8.	**6** Independence Day, throughout Israel. Major celebration Tel Aviv.	**7** 39th Trade Fair, Brussels, Belgium. Apr. 30-May 11.
8 44th Trade Fair, Valencia, Spain. May 1-15.	**9** International Film Festival, Cannes, France. May 5-20.	**10** Cotton Carnival, Memphis, Tenn. Through May 14.	**11** May Festival, Wiesbaden, Germany. May 1-30.	**12** Our Lady of Fatima Observance, Fatima, Portugal. Also May 13.	**13** Horse Show, Windsor, England. May 12-14.	**14** St. Isidro Fair, Madrid, Spain. May 10-26.
15 Religious Pilgrimage, Luxembourg City, Lux.	**16** Danish Ballet, Music Festival, Copenhagen, Denmark. May 15-31.	**17** Constitution Day, throughout Norway. Parade in Oslo.	**18** Veteran Car Rally, Dublin, Ireland. Through May 22.	**19** Opera Festival, Glyndebourne, England. May-August.	**20** Petroleum Exposition, Tulsa, Okla. May 12-21.	**21** Feast of St. Constantine, throughout Greece.
22 Beer Festival, Kilkenny, Ireland. Through May 29.	**23** Vienna Festival, Vienna, Austria. May 21-June 19.	**24** Flag, Independence Days, throughout Jordan. Also May 25.	**25** The Derby, Epsom, England.	**26** Flower Show, Chelsea, London, England. May 25-27.	**27** Blossom Festival, Kentville-Grand Pre, N.S. May 25-30.	**28** Musical Spring, Salzburg, Austria. Through June 5.
29 "500" Festival, Indianapolis, Ind. May 26-30.	**30** Space Exposition, Paris, France. May 26-June 5.	**31** Grieg Festival, Bergen, Norway. May 26-June 12.				

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 XVI Film Festival, Berlin, Germany. June-July.	**2** La Biennale, art show, Venice, Italy. June-Oct.	**3** May Music Festival, Florence, Italy. May 15-June 15.	**4** Fiesta of Five Flags, Pensacola, Fla. Through June 12.
5 Sibelius Festival, Helsinki, Finland. Through June 12.	**6** International Trade Fair, Barcelona, Spain. June 1-20.	**7** Arts Festival, Aldeburgh, England. Through June 19.	**8** Antique Fair, London, England. Through June 23.	**9** Mystery Plays, York, England. Through July 3.	**10** American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn. June 8-Sept. 11.	**11** Trooping the Colour, London, England.
12 Philippines Independence Day. Major celebration in Manila.	**13** College Baseball Championship, Omaha, Neb. Through June 17.	**14** Horse racing, Ascot, England. Through June 17.	**15** Jazz Festival, Molde, Norway. June 14-19.	**16** Corpus Christi, processions at Cadiz, Toledo, Spain.	**17** Music Festival, Anchorage, Alaska. June 15-21.	**18** USGA Open, San Francisco. June 16-19.
19 Music Festival, Bath, England. June 15-26.	**20** South Pacific Bowl Championship, Suva, Fiji. June 18-July 2.	**21** Midnight Sun Baseball, Fairbanks, Alaska.	**22** San Juan Bautista Carnival, San Juan, P.R. Through July 4.	**23** Midnight Cup Golf, Trondheim, Norway.	**24** Alaska Boating Festival, Petersburg, Alaska. Through June 26.	**25** Music at Vineyards, Saratoga, Calif. Last Sat., Sun., June, July, Aug.
26 Gymnastics Festival, Zurich, Switzerland. June 25-26.	**27** Viking Festival, Frederikssund, Denmark. June 18-July 3.	**28** Lawn Tennis Championship, Wimbledon, London, England. June 20-July 2.	**29** Barnum Festival, Bridgeport, Conn. June 25-July 5.	**30** Trout Festival, Flin Flon, Manitoba. Through July 3.		

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JULY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1 USGA Women's Open, Minneapolis, Minn. June 30-July 3.	**2** Palio of the Contrade, Sienna, Italy. Also Aug. 16.
3 Old Milwaukee Days, Milwaukee, Wis. June 30-July 4.	**4** U.S. Independence Day, Oslo, Norway; Rebild, Denmark.	**5** International Peace Festival, Detroit, Mich.-Windsor, Ont. From June 29.	**6** Festival of the Arts, Stanford, Calif. June 21-Aug. 13.	**7** Eisteddfod, Llangollen, Wales. July 5-10.	**8** 7 Arts Festival, Lake Tarleton, N.H. July 7-25.	**9** Livestock Exhibition, Buenos Aires. July 2-Aug. 2.
10 Arts Festival, Saratoga, N.Y. July 9-Aug. 24.	**11** USGA Public Links Championship, Milwaukee, Wis. Through July 16.	**12** Run of the Bulls, Pamplona, Spain. July 6-14.	**13** La Fete du 14 Juillet, Papeete, Tahiti. July 13-20.	**14** Bastille Day, throughout France. Parade in Paris.	**15** Pageant of Arts, Laguna Beach, Calif. July 10-Aug. 15.	**16** Religious Festival, Taboga, Panama. Through July 18.
17 Feast of the Redeemer, Venice, Italy.	**18** Gion Festival, Kyoto, Japan. July 17-24.	**19** Early Music Festival, Haslemere, England. July 15-23.	**20** 7th Cotton Pageant, Buga, Colombia.	**21** Opera Festival, Munich, Germany. July 16-Aug. 14.	**22** Bregenz Festival, Bregenz, Austria. Through Aug. 21.	**23** Irish Oakes, The Curragh, County Kildare, Ireland.
24 Wagner Opera Festival, Bayreuth, Germany. Through Aug. 28.	**25** 19th Film Festival, Locarno, Switzerland.	**26** Salzburg Festival, Salzburg, Austria. Through Aug. 31.	**27** Berkshire Music Festival, Lenox, Mass. July 2-Aug. 21.	**28** Summer Festival, Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. July 10-Aug. 24.	**29** Aspen Music Festival, Aspen, Colo. June 27-Aug. 28.	**30** Oregon Shakespearean Festival, Ashland, Ore. July 23-Sept. 11.
31 Homecoming Day, Stockholm, Sweden.						

AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	1 Seattle Seafair, Seattle, Wash. July 29-Aug. 7.	**2** Royal Eisteddfod, Llandudno, Wales. Aug. 1-6.	**3** Annual Regatta, St. John's, Newfoundland.	**4** Horse Show, Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 2-6.	**5** National Folk Dance Contest, La Paz, Bolivia. Aug. 4-6.	**6** International Jazz Festival, Molde, Norway. Aug. 4-7.
7 Independence Celebration, throughout Bolivia. Aug. 5-7.	**8** 7th Petroleum Festival, Barrancabermeja, Colombia. Aug. 7-12.	**9** Aqua Festival, Austin, Texas. Aug. 5-14.	**10** 60th Annual Regatta, Kelowna, B.C. Through Aug. 13.	**11** Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremony, Gallup, New Mexico. Through Aug. 14.	**12** USGA Women's Amateur Championship, Sewickley, Pa. Aug. 8-13.	**13** Festival of Nations, Red Lodge, Montana. Through Aug. 21.
14 Ski Carnival, Portillo, Chile. Through Aug. 22.	**15** Salmon Derby, Seward, Alaska. Aug. 13-21.	**16** Sea-Fishing Festival, Stavanger, Norway. Aug. 15-20.	**17** Cracker Barrel Americana, Lake Tarleton, N.H. Aug. 10-29.	**18** Royal National Show, Brisbane, Australia. Aug. 11-26.	**19** Music Festival, Interlochen, Mich. Aug. 18-26.	**20** Feast of Hungry Ghosts, Hong Kong. Aug. 16-30.
21 Edinburgh Festival, Edinburgh, Scotland. Through Sept. 10.	**22** St. Bartholomew Festival, Cuzco, Peru. Through Aug. 26.	**23** National Trade Fair, Bilbao, Spain. Aug. 11-31.	**24** 28th Music Festival, Lucerne, Switzerland. Aug. 13-Sept. 7.	**25** XIV Stockholm Festival, Stockholm, Sweden. Through Sept. 10.	**26** National Film Festival, Pula, Yugoslavia. Aug. 25-Sept. 5.	**27** International Fair, Bogota, Colombia. Aug. 26-Sept. 13.
28 Festival, Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland. Aug. 27-Sept. 1.	**29** State Fair, Columbus, O. Aug. 25-Sept. 5.	**30** Bon Odori Season, Okinawa. Aug. 20-30.	**31** *William Tell*, open-air performance, Interlaken, Switzerland. July-Sept.			

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Surprise! Amsterdam is now one of the 4 most popular cities in Europe.

Here–from reliable KLM–are some surprising reasons why.

Amsterdam has 636 picturesque bridges—and twice as many miles of canals as Venice.

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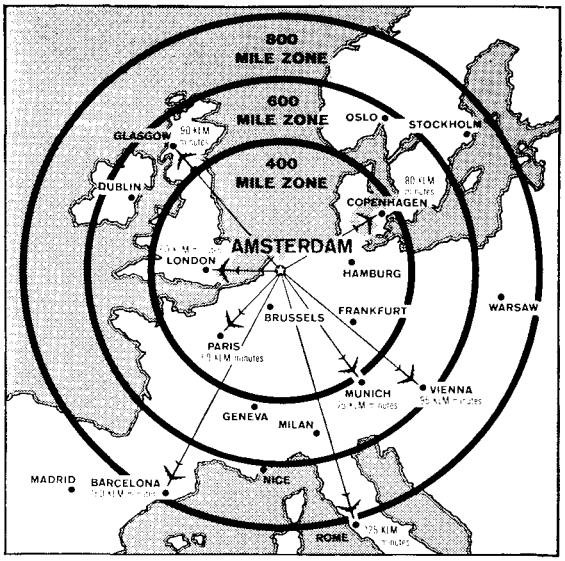

Surprising Amsterdam—the hub of Europe.

LONDON. Paris, Rome—and now, by George, none other than Surprising Amsterdam.

Each of these cities attracts over a million visitors annually.

Why is KLM's hometown suddenly "in"? One reason: more and more *Europeans* are beginning to take their own vacations there.

Amsterdam—one of a kind

Amsterdam has the same appeal for Europeans that New Orleans, San Francisco and New York have for Americans. It is one of a kind. Fascinatingly different. Indeed, it is surprisingly unlike any other city in Europe.

Amsterdam *looks* different. Many European cities have plunged headlong into the 20th century in recent years. But Amsterdammers are a sentimental lot. They refuse to allow one brick in the central part of town to be moved without permission.

The heart of Amsterdam is still a picturesque blend of tree-lined canals, graceful, arching bridges, and ornately gabled patrician houses. It looks virtually the same today as it did to Rembrandt in the 17th century.

This is why Arthur Frommer, the popular travel writer, calls Amsterdam "the most intensely European of all cities." Amsterdam is brimming with the old-world flavor that so many American tourists *expect* to find everywhere they go in Europe—but no longer can.

A lively city of bargains

Beneath the surface, Amsterdam is anything but old-fashioned. In fact, it offers some of Europe's highest living—at some of Europe's *lowest* prices.

A "night on the town" needn't cost you over $6.50. This includes a *rijsttafel* banquet of *twenty-one* dishes, drinks, and floor shows with Amsterdam's sultry ecdysiasts (see sample ecdysiast at right).

Surprising Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs—many of them with surprising ecdysiasts (above).

Incidentally, Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs and 300 fine restaurants. There are even 200 *sidewalk cafés.*

You can rent a car in Amsterdam for just $3.75 a day, plus 6½ cents a mile. A glass of Dutch jenever gin costs about 25 cents. A good seat at the orchestra: $2. A good hotel room: under $8.

A city of music

Amsterdam *sounds* different from other European cities, too. You hear the put-put of motor scooters and the cheerful jingling of bicycle bells. (Amsterdam has more bikes than any other city.)

Street bands play. Giant barrel organs serenade you with Puccini, Verdi, Strauss—Cole Porter. And, on the half hour, Amsterdam's famous carillons chime in. Music is everywhere.

Best of all, Amsterdammers *smile* at you. The Dutch are friendly people who value their visitors. If you like, you can even spend an evening with an Amsterdam family at home. Simply ask your travel agent about the free "Get in Touch with the Dutch" program.

A final, and very welcome, surprise: nearly all Amsterdammers can speak *English.*

A place to start your trip

This year, thousands of Americans are starting their vacations in Amsterdam. It's an ideal first stop. As Arthur Frommer puts it, "there is no letdown when you arrive, no feeling that you have yet to reach the 'real' Europe."

Amsterdam is also a *convenient* place to begin. Glance at the map. Amsterdam is the hub of Europe. *Fourteen* capitals are within KLM's 800-mile circle.

Full-length book—free

You'll find more facts on Amsterdam's surprises in reliable KLM's 208-page guidebook, "Surprising Amsterdam."

To get a free copy, stop in at your travel agent's office and ask for one. Or use the coupon below to have a copy mailed to your home.

Then, on your trip to Europe, discover the sophistication of London, the glamour of Paris, and the grandeur of Rome. But, first, let KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch give you the *exhilaration* of Surprising Amsterdam.

KLM's 208-page Amsterdam guidebook

☐ Please send me KLM's *illustrated* book, "Surprising Amsterdam." I enclose 25¢ in coin to cover mailing costs. (Note: get a *free* copy from your travel agent.)

KLM's new, low "touring fares"* and bargain tours.

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SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 USGA Amateur Championship, Ardmore, Pa. Aug. 31-Sept. 3.	**2** St. Erik's Fair, Stockholm, Sweden. Through Sept. 12.	**3** Flower Parade, Aalsmeer, Netherlands.
4 Wine, Grape Festival, Schwebsingen, Luxembourg.	**5** Swedish Trotting Derby, Stockholm, Sweden.	**6** Manx Grand Prix, Isle of Man. Also Sept. 8.	**7** Feast of the Piedigrotta, Naples, Italy. Through Sept. 9.	**8** Royal Highland Gathering Braemar, Scotland.	**9** "Quinzaine Gastronomique," Interlaken, Switzerland. Sept. 3-18.	**10** Autumn Fair, Utrecht, Netherlands. Sept. 5-13.
11 Our Lady of Nazare Festivities, Nazare, Port. Sept. 7-13.	**12** Vintage Festival, Jerez de la Frontera, Port. Sept. 9-13.	**13** Light Opera Festival, Waterford, Ireland. Sept. 9-16.	**14** Film Festival, Cork, Ireland. Sept. 11-18.	**15** Autumn Fair, Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Sept. 8-18.	**16** International Jazz Festival, Lugano, Switzerland. Sept. 15-16.	**17** Irish St. Leger, The Curragh, Ireland.
18 Wine Festival, Daphni, near Athens, Greece. Sept. 17-18.	**19** Feast of San Gennaro, Naples, Italy; New York City. Sept. 19-21.	**20** Trade Fair, Thessaloniki, Greece. Sept. 6-27.	**21** Hibiscus Festival, Suva, Fiji. Sept. 17-24.	**22** Royal Melbourne Show, Melbourne, Australia. Sept. 15-24.	**23** Sugar Cane Festival, New Iberia, La. Through Sept. 25.	**24** Comptoir Suisse, Lausanne, Switzerland. Sept. 10-25.
25 Oktoberfest, Munich, Germany. Sept. 17-Oct. 2.	**26** Ticino Wine Festival, Locarno, Switzerland. Sept. 24-26.	**27** Mejorana Festival, Guarare, Panama. Sept. 23-27.	**28** Michaelmas Fair, Seville, Spain. Sept. 26-29.	**29** USGA Senior Amateur, Tucson, Ariz. Sept. 26-Oct. 1.	**30** International Music Competition, Geneva, Switzerland. Sept. 18-Oct. 2.	

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 International Film Festival, Vancouver, B.C. Sept. 23-Oct. 8.
2 Wine Growers Procession, Neuchatel, Switzerland.	**3** Theatre Festival, Dublin, Ireland. Sept. 19-Oct. 22.	**4** Great Barrier Reef Festival, North Queensland, Australia. Oct. 1-17.	**5** USGA Senior Women's Amateur, New Orleans, La. Through Oct. 7.	**6** International Fair, Graz, Austria. Oct. 1-9.	**7** National Athletic Meet, Seoul, Korea. Oct. 5-10.	**8** Historic Tour, Natchitoches, La. Oct. 9.
9 Speed Weekend, Mosport, Ont. Through Oct. 11.	**10** Our Lady of the Pilar, Zaragoza, Spain. Oct. 5-13.	**11** Italian Opera Festival, Lausanne, Switzerland. Oct. 6-15.	**12** Religious Pilgrimage, Fatima, Portugal. Also Oct. 13.	**13** International Auto Show, Paris, France. Oct. 6-16.	**14** International Plowing Match, Milliken, Ont. Oct. 13-16.	**15** Harvest Festival, Kelowna, B.C. Also Oct. 16.
16 Double Nine Festival, Singapore. Oct. 14-22.	**17** Stockholm Cup, flat racing. Stockholm.	**18** Fashion Fair, Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Oct. 15-23.	**19** International Motor Show, London, England. Oct. 19-29.	**20** World Amateur Golf Championship, Mexico City. Through Oct. 30.	**21** National Arts Exhibit, Seoul, Korea. Oct. 16-Nov. 15.	**22** Irish Cesarewitch, The Curragh, Ireland.
23 Cross - country Championship, Ottawa, Ont.	**24** Scandinavian Design Cavalcade, Oslo, Norway. Oct. 1-30.	**25** Autumn Fair, Basel, Switzerland. Oct. 22-Nov. 6.	**26** Festival of Opera, Wexford, Ireland. Oct. 22-30.	**27** Worcester Music Festival, Worcester, Mass. Oct. 24-29.	**28** National Day, Athens, Greece.	**29** Inventors' Fair, Nuernberg, Germany. Through Nov. 6.
30 Atlantic Winter Fair, Halifax, N.S. Through Nov. 6.	**31** German Industries Fair, Berlin. Sept. 28-Oct. 9.					

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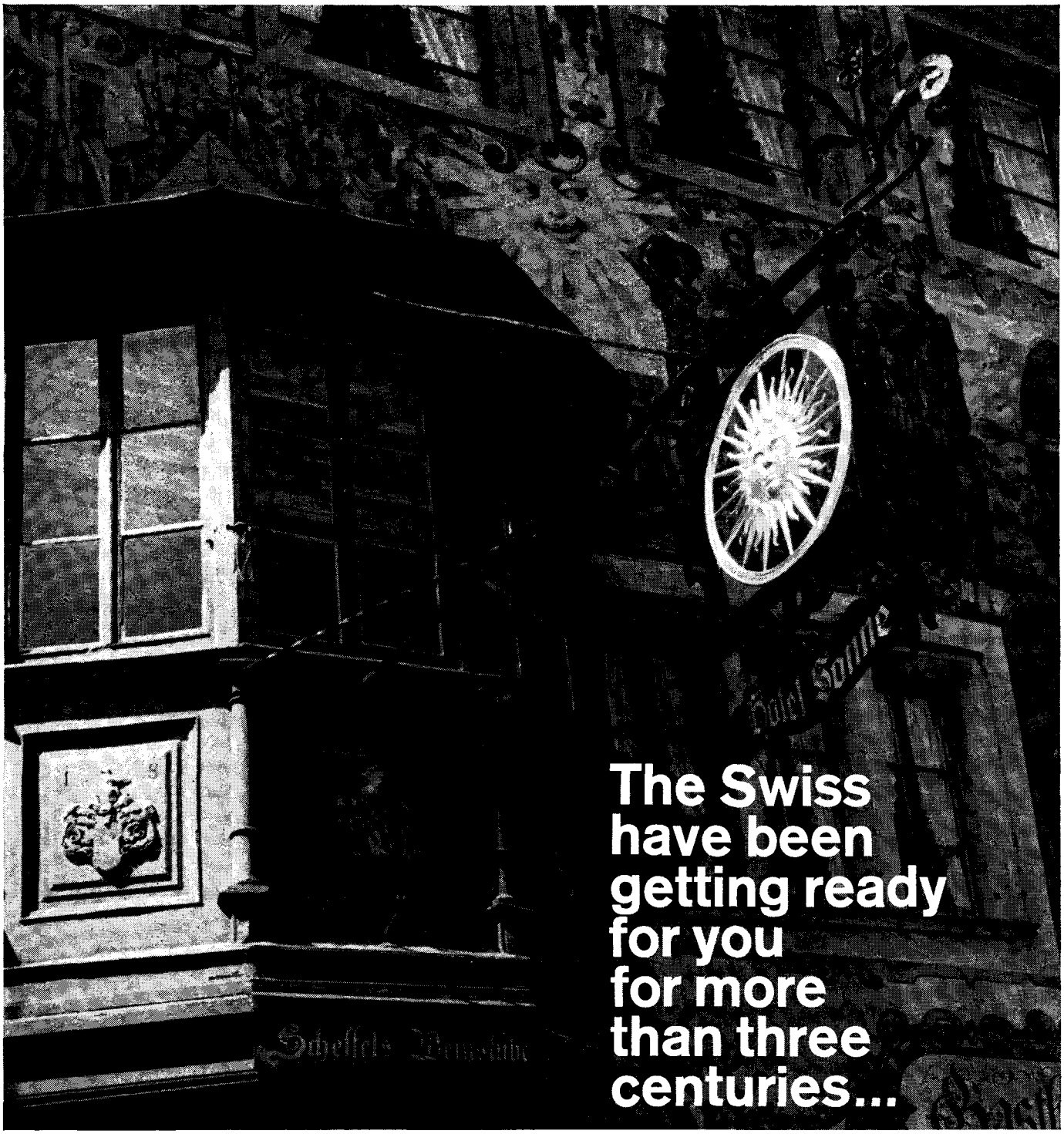

Stay a week.

So many generations of Swiss have looked after so many visitors, that it's now become an instinct. In fact, if you did nothing but eat, sleep, and lounge around for a week, you'd have the time of your life. But there's something more important in Switzerland.

Go into the mountains and you'll spend a lot of time looking into the valleys. Go into the valleys and you'll spend a lot of time looking up into the mountains.

Either way, the looking won't be a waste of time. Because you'll be looking at more than breathtaking scenery. You'll be looking at time and space and infinity.

The experience can be frightening at first. But look a little longer and you can find your own speck of time and space in infinity. And suddenly you feel quiet and unhurried. That's what Switzerland is all about. And why people say, "Travel in Europe. Vacation in Switzerland."

Visit your travel agent now, for your copy of the "Unique World of Switzerland"—12 delightful journeys by rail, boat, and bus—fascinating travel ideas to fill your Swiss vacation with excitement—or write the Swiss National Tourist Office, 10 West 49th Street, New York, New York 10020 and 661 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94105. Today.

THE UNIQUE WORLD OF SWITZERLAND

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NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1 Litany of St. Spyridon, Corfu, Greece.	**2** 42nd Gastronomic Fair, Dijon, France. Nov. 1-11.	**3** Cross Harbor Swim Races. Hong Kong.	**4** International Auto Show, Turin, Italy. Through Nov. 14.	**5** International Book Fair, Berlin, Germany. Through Nov. 21.
6 Whaling Spree, Lahaina, Hawaii. Through Nov. 9.	**7** Nordic Trotting Prize Race, Gothenburg, Sweden.	**8** Candlelight Procession, Scherpenheuvel, Belgium.	**9** Ballet Festival, Paris, France. Through Dec. 11.	**10** Martin's Procession, Duesseldorf, Germany.	**11** Festival of Lights, Hindu festival, India. Also Nov. 12.	**12** Lord Mayor's Show, London, England.
13 17th Tour de Belgique, Chaudfontaine, Belgium. Nov. 12-13.	**14** 11th Book Fair, Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Nov. 1-15.	**15** Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, Ont. Nov. 12-20.	**16** Japanese wrestling, seasonal tournament, Fukuoka, Japan. Nov. 16-30.	**17** 1st Asian Trade Fair, Bangkok, Thailand. Through Dec. 10.	**18** Holiday Folk Fair, Milwaukee, Wis. Nov. 18-20.	**19** National Holiday, Monte Carlo, Monaco.
20 Three Glorious Days, Beaune, France. Through Nov. 22.	**21** Carolina Carousal, Charlotte, N.C. Through Nov. 26.	**22** Folk Festival, Berne, Switzerland.	**23** Film Festival, Acapulco, Mexico. Nov. 20-Dec. 3.	**24** Art Show, Munich, Germany. Nov. 15-Dec. 10.	**25** Dutch Billiard Championship, Bergen op Zoom, Netherlands. Nov. 16-Dec. 20.	**26** Speed Weeks, Nassau, Bahamas. Nov. 26-Dec. 5.
27 St. Martin Fair, Golega, Portugal. Nov. 10-30.	**28** Skansen Christmas Fair, Stockholm, Sweden. Through Dec. 5.	**29** 14th Goodwill Golf Tournament, Bermuda. Through Dec. 3.	**30** St. Andrew's Day, Patras, Greece; Salamanca, Spain.			

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 Lovers' Fair, Arlon, Belgium.	**2** Kabuki Plays, Kyoto, Japan. Dec. 1-26.	**3** Organ Concerts, Antwerp, Belgium. Also Dec. 10, 17, 24.
4 Christmas Mart, Berlin and Nuernberg, Germany. Through Dec. 24.	**5** St. Nicholas Festival, Fribourg, Switzerland.	**6** Festival of Boy Bishop, Montserrat, Spain.	**7** Smithfield Agricultural Show, London, England. Dec. 5-9.	**8** Citrus Fruit Fair, Reggio Calabria, Italy.	**9** Feast of Immaculate Conception, Seville, Spain. Dec. 8-15.	**10** Nobel Prizes, Stockholm, Sweden; Oslo, Norway.
11 St. Spyridon's Day, Corfu, Greece. Through Dec. 13.	**12** 5th Asian Games, Bangkok, Thailand. Dec. 9-20.	**13** St. Lucia's Day, Beek, Netherlands; Sweden.	**14** Religious Procession, Oberndorf, Austria. Nov. 30-Dec. 24.	**15** "On Matsuri," Nara, Japan. Through Dec. 18.	**16** Artists' Exhibition, Oslo, Norway. Dec. 5-23.	**17** Santon Fair, Marseille, France. Dec. 10-31.
18 Feast of St. Thomas, San Sebastian, Spain. Dec. 17-24.	**19** Trotting Grand Prix, Stockholm, Sweden.	**20** Nuts Fair, Bastogne, Belgium.	**21** Historic Star Walking, Oberammergau, Germany.	**22** Orange Festival, Jericho, Jordan.	**23** Harvest, Square Dance, Regina, Sask.	**24** Midnight Mass: Paris, Aix-en-Provence, France.
25 Pilgrimage, Bethlehem, Jordan. Dec. 24-25.	**26** Midwinter Sports Carnival, New Orleans, La. Dec. 26-Jan. 1.	**27** Junkanoo Parades, Nassau, Bahamas. Dec. 27 and Jan. 1.	**28** Festival of the Sounds, Picton, N.Z. Through Jan. 6.	**29** International Chess Tournament, Rome, Italy. Dec. 26-Jan. 6.	**30** East-West Football Game, San Francisco.	**31** Festival of St. Sylvester, Funchal, Madeira.

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The nicest thing about riding a bicycle is that everyone who rides bicycles talks to everyone else who rides bicycles. In Holland, everyone rides bicycles.

Everyone. Grandmothers, students, executives, nuns, doctors, lovers with their arms around each other, farmers—even Her Majesty the Queen.

Cycling is more than just a convenient way to get from one place to another. It's a whole attitude about life.

First of all, it's pretty hard to be stuffy or pompous or pretentious pedaling down to the corner for a beer. And bicycles are people-sized. They won't let you roar through life at sixty miles an hour ignoring everything in your way. Which might be why the Dutch insist on being surrounded with lovely houses, sparkling canals, and billions of flowers.

Cycling makes sure you don't get too big for your britches, too. And in more ways than one. It not only keeps your figure in shape, but it helps to keep you thinking young. Holland is an old country but the Dutch have about the youngest ideas in the world. (Look at Holland's avant-garde painters, listen to Dutch jazz.)

Being on a bicycle also teaches a healthy respect for economy. The Dutch insist on value. You'll appreciate that the first time you stop in a broodjeswinkel for lunch. Broodjes, Dutch for delicious sandwiches, is hard to say, but all you'll have to do is point at what you want from the tempting display of cheeses, meats, fish and salads. Two incredibly thick sandwiches and a glass of great Dutch beer will run about 60c.

But the nicest thing about riding a bicycle is that everyone who rides bicycles talks to everyone else who rides bicycles. But don't take our word for it. Join Holland's bicycle brigade (75c a day to rent a bike—we *told* you the Dutch were thrifty) and find out for yourself.

Find out how traveling in luxurious Dutch style aboard a KLM jet or Holland-America Line flagship can start you off on a better European Holiday by starting you in Holland, Europe's hospitable entrance. Clip the coupon for a free copy of "Welcome To Holland."

S-1

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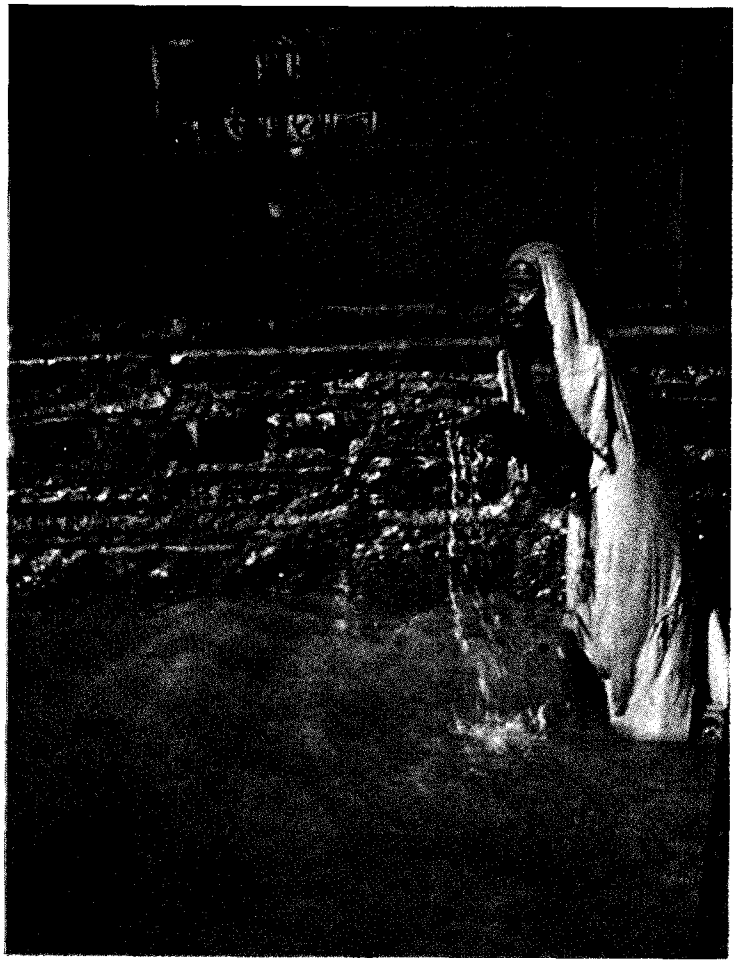
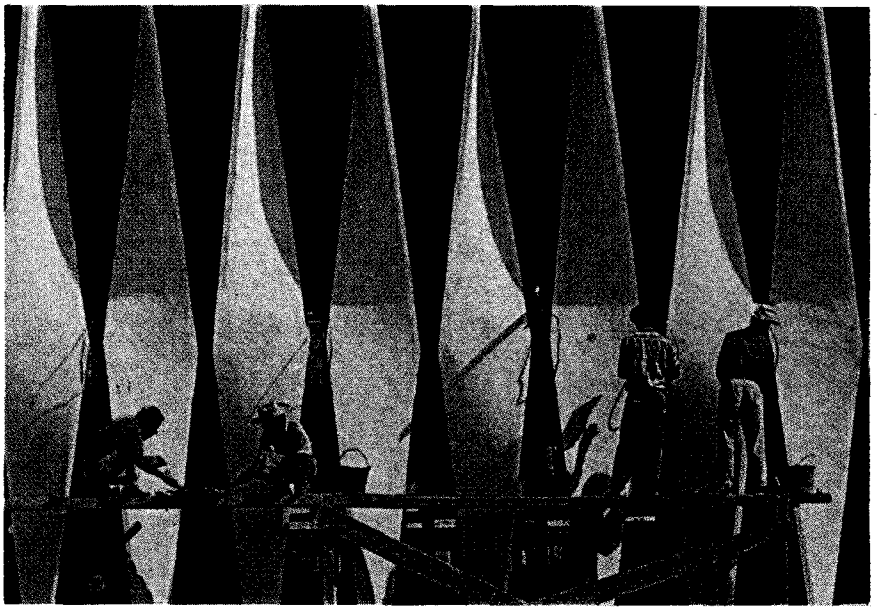


Grand Prize in Color—Arthur J. Heiser, Lantana, Fla. Benares, India. Exakta; Kodachrome II.



Third Prize in Color—Morton Strauss, New York, N.Y. Monterey, Mexico. Pentacon; Kodachrome II.

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1965 PHOTO PRIZEWINNERS

A Gallery

Lasting Impressions

"WHY IS IT," asked a worried speaker addressing the National Association of Travel Organizations, "that only half of the nation's population has ever been more than 200 miles away from home? Why is it that only 20 per cent of the residents of this country have ever been on an airplane? Why is it that more than half of our population has never spent a night in a hotel or motel, or did not take a vacation trip last year?"

Having just finished helping out with the judging of *SR*'s thirteenth annual World Travel Photo Contest, we are certain that the speaker's statistics do not apply to our peripatetic, picture-taking readers. In 1965 the number of contest entries was more than triple last year's total; in fact, the number represents the largest response in the competition's entire history. Armed with this data, but without benefit of digital computer or research analyst, we have processed a few statistics of our own that might interest travelers, inspire non-travelers, and tranquilize nervous travel-organization spokesmen.

While 1,500,000 Americans have visited Europe in the last twelve months, many of their fellow citizens must have been discovering America, for one-third

(*Continued on page* 76)

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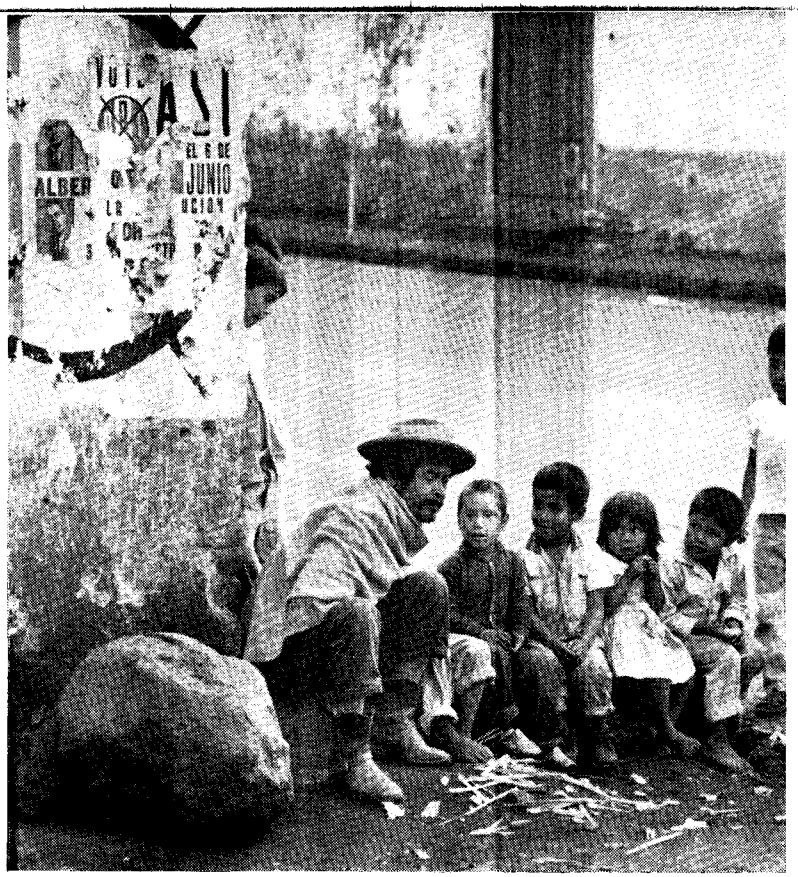
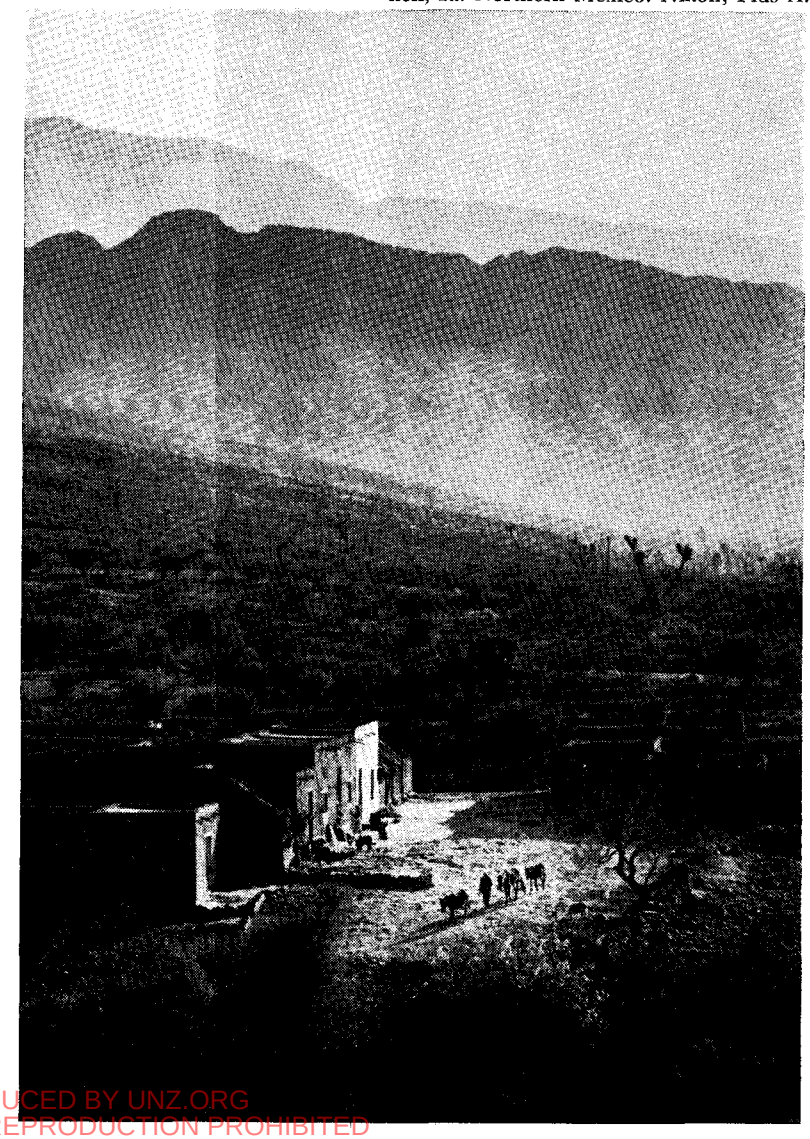


No. 2 B & W—Paul Petroff, Great Neck, N.Y. Tzintzuntzan, Mexico. Nikon; Ilford.

No. 3 B & W—Henry Wilhelm, Grinnell, Ia. Northern Mexico. Nikon; Plus X.



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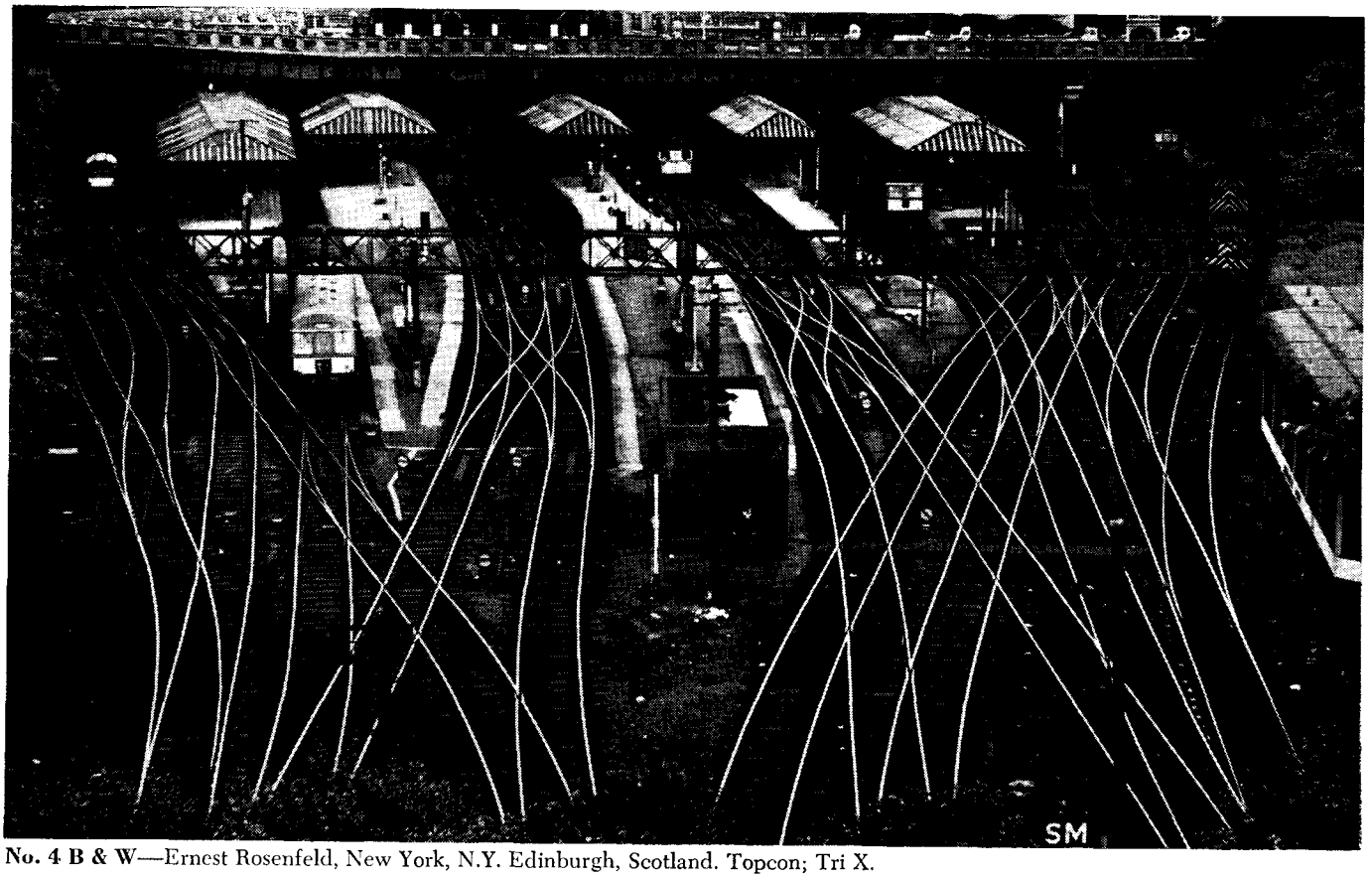

No. 4 B & W—Ernest Rosenfeld, New York, N.Y. Edinburgh, Scotland. Topcon; Tri X.

No. 5 B & W—Burton Zelner, Rye, N.Y. Cesares, Spain. Rolleiflex; Tri X.

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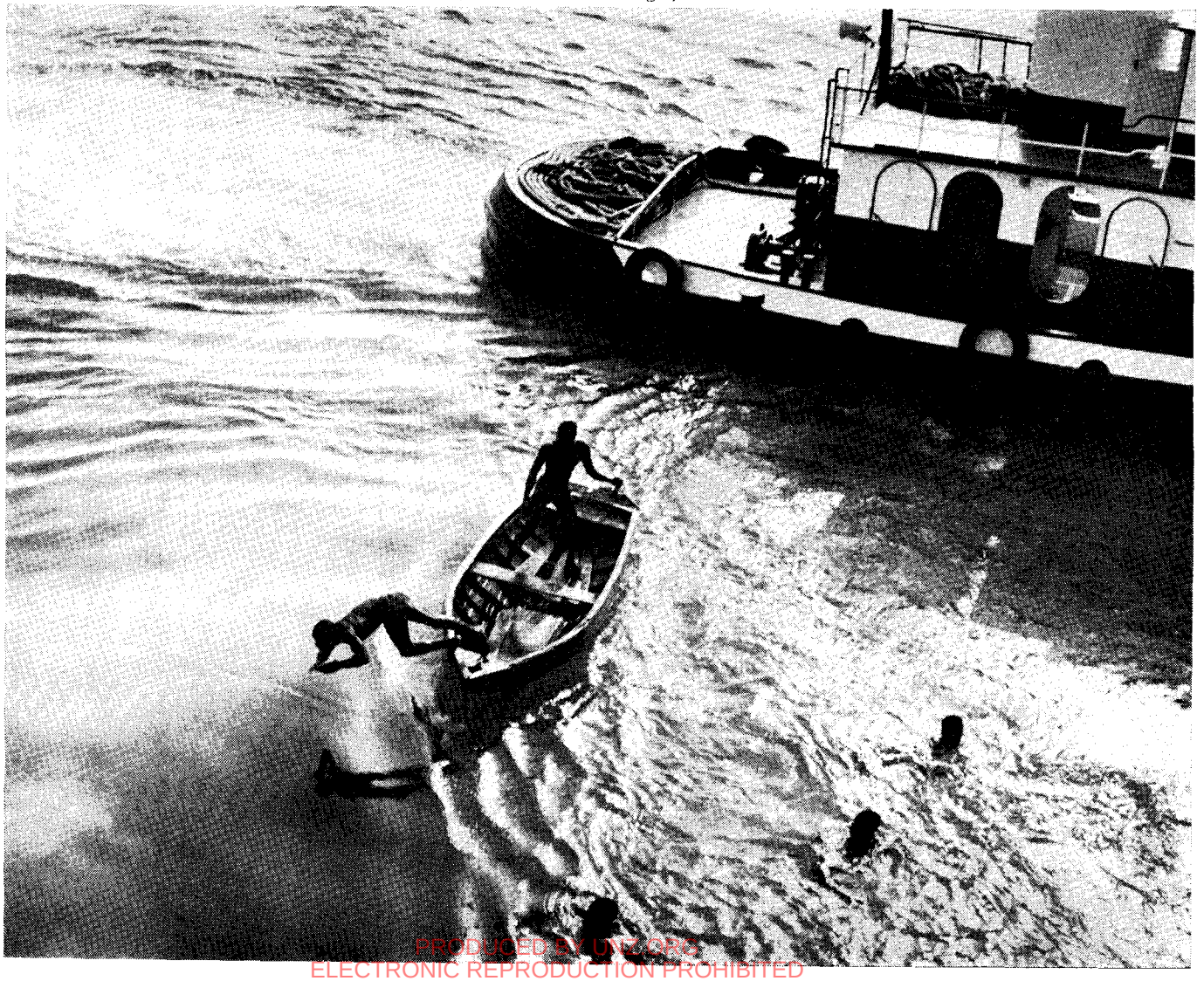
No. 8 B & W—Bernard Gorson, Forest Hills, N.Y. San Juan, Puerto Rico. Mamiyaflex; Plus X.

No. 6 B & W—Robert E. Pike, Miami, Fla. Nassau, Bahamas. Rollei-Magic; Kodak 120.



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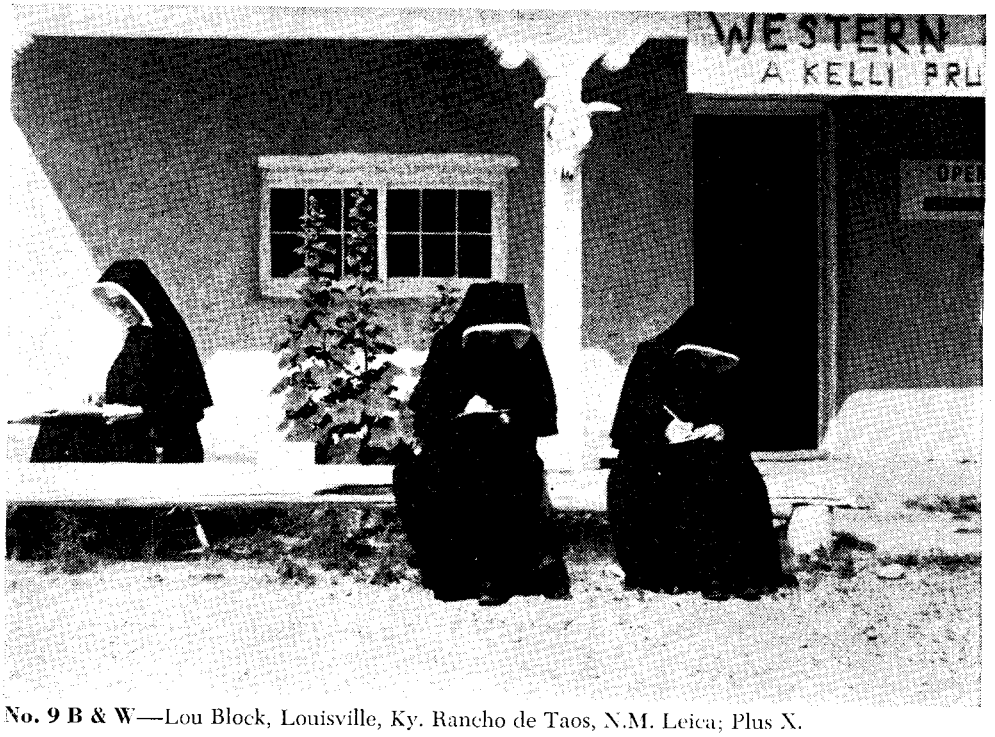
No. 7 B & W—D. H. Cooper, Summit, N.J. Cape Cod, Mass. Hasselblad; Plus X.



No. 9 B & W—Lou Block, Louisville, Ky. Rancho de Taos, N.M. Leica; Plus X.

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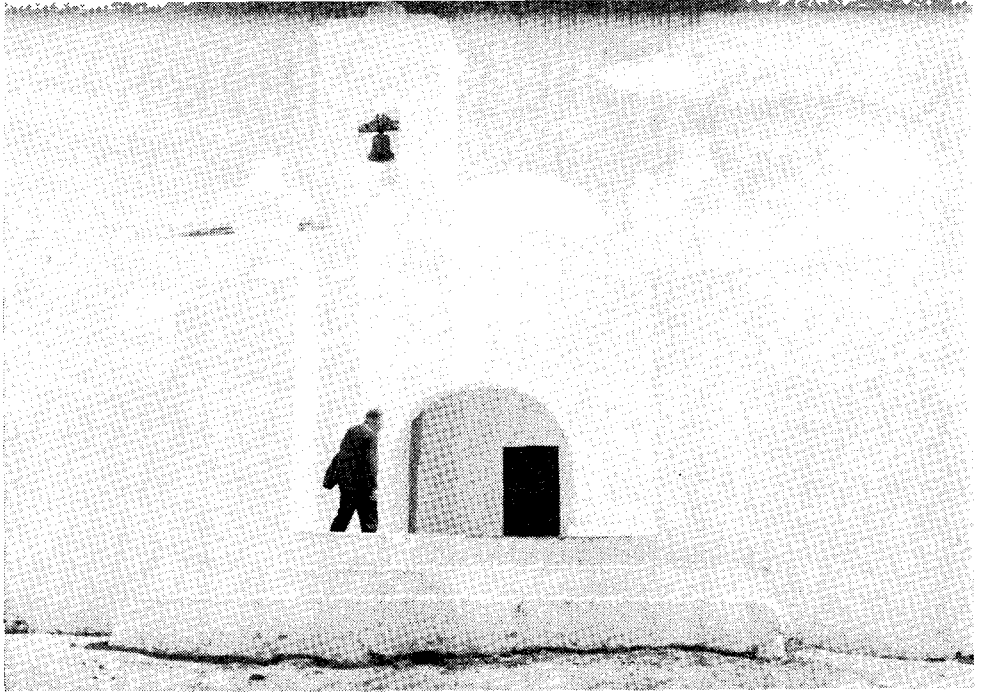

No. 10 B & W—Rhyna Goldsmith, Flushing, N.Y. Serpa, Portugal. Rolleiflex; Plus X.

ARTHUR J. HEISER, grand prize winner in the color category, has been actively pursuing the Heisers' two favorite hobbies—travel and photography—ever since his retirement in 1952. That was the year he left New York City and the vice presidency of a manufacturing decorative design company for the tropical haven of Hypoluxo Island, a photogenic strip of land less than a half-mile wide and a mile and a half long immediately south of Palm Beach in the Intra-Coastal Waterway.

Now *Illustrated Travel Talks by Arthur J. and Clare Heiser* is a billing that attracts audiences of 500 to 750 people to theaters and civic auditoriums in the Lake Worth-Palm Beach area any Sunday afternoon or Thursday evening during the winter season. "This we do as a public service with no compensation. Our sponsors are the museums and cultural organizations, and admission is always free. We feel that a better understanding of other people—how they live, work and play—might make a better world."

India, Russia, Eastern Europe, the Greek Islands and Turkey, Hong Kong, Macao and Taipei, Japan, Scandinavia—all these have been on the Heiser travel-with-camera itinerary and are currently represented in their repertory of slide-illustrated lectures. With that round-trip flight to London in the offing, it's safe to assume a "Let's-Look-at-the-British-Isles" travelogue will be a highlight of next season's program.

GAYLORD A. MORRISON, whose entry took top honors in the black-and-white classification, credits a vintage Voigtländer purchased shortly after World War II with launching him on his present hobby—even though the camera lay virtually unused until about six years ago when his wife decided to study black-and-white photography at a local camera club. "Watching Ruth do 'homework' for her Cleveland Photographic Society course is really what sparked my interest in the pleasures of picture-taking," Mr. Morrison reports. "And now I also enjoy doing my own developing and printing in our cellar darkroom."

As service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery, he has piled up vast mileage in Brazil, India, Syria, Poland, and Mexico. It was the last-mentioned country that provided site and subject for his prize-winning picture. Finding himself with a free weekend in the middle of one of his business trips, he picked up his camera, laid down "$37—all expenses included," and set out to see the sights of Taxco. ("I usually take a camera with me when I travel because I like to take pictures in the mills I visit and then enclose prints in my follow-up correspondence.")

Noting that this was the first time he had entered SR's contest, Mr. Morrison remarked, "There's another 'first' involved, too. The prize trip will be the first real traveling I've ever done for pleasure and not business!"

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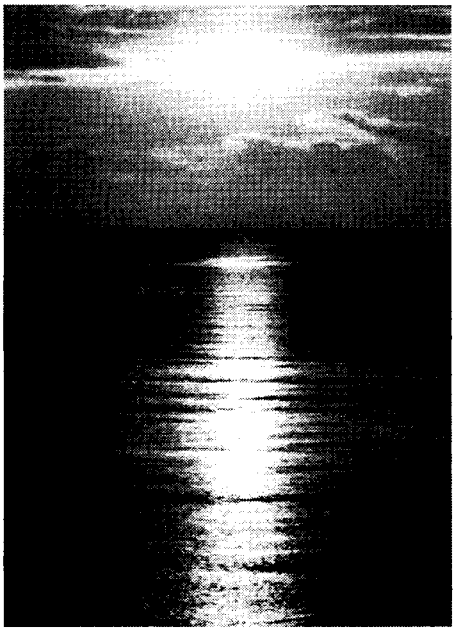
Can you name the 5 oceans of the world?

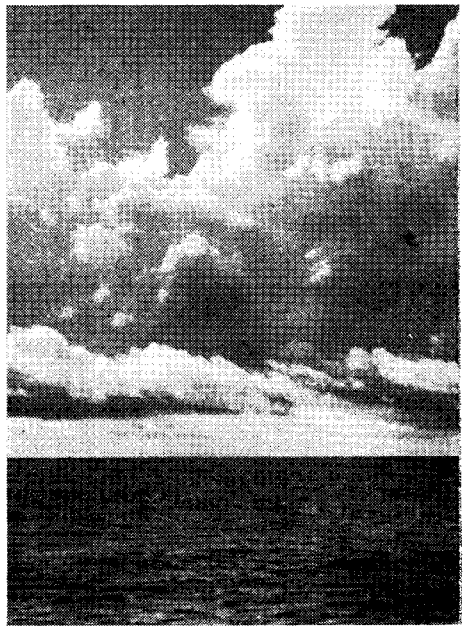
1. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

2. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _



3. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

4. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _



5. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

You can cross 4 of them on Lufthansa

Hint: Lufthansa serves 40 countries in 6 continents: North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia.

Now for the oceans. To fly between North America and Europe, and South America and Africa, Lufthansa crosses the Atlantic Ocean, of course. That's one. The Pacific Ocean is two—we jet over a section of it flying between Tokyo and Alaska. Then, there's the Arctic Ocean, for three. Our flights between Anchorage and the European continent take us over the top of the world. And Lufthansa passengers glimpse the Indian Ocean between the Near East and India, and Singapore and Australia. That's four. The fifth is between nowhere and nowhere, so naturally no airline goes there. Its name is the Antarctic—and that's just about the only place in the world we wouldn't recommend seeing your Travel Agent about getting to.

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Picture Gallery

Continued from page 69

of the travel photos submitted featured native sites. Away from home soil, entrants aimed their cameras most often at Italy, with the Mexican scene coming in as a close third-place favorite.

Our geographical tally showed France, Canada, England, Greece, Spain, India, and Japan following in that order to round out the ten most frequently depicted locales. Peru (in sixteenth place) easily outranked all other South American landscapes as a source of photographic inspiration. The lands of Asia, Africa, and Australia, too, were widely represented in views that captured remote outposts as often as the more obvious tourist spots. In all, our travel shooters tripped shutters from Antarctica to Zanzibar, with Malawi, Manhattan, and the Marquesas in between, to record 142 countries and islands.

As for the impression this year's entries made on the judges, we submit a note written on our own memo pad during the closing hours of the three-day judging marathon: "Amateur picture-takers are becoming far more sophisticated in their approach to what they see, what they want on film, and how they put it there." Coffee-break discussion and the inevitable post-mortem brought out such comments as these: "Print quality in both color and black-and-white is appreciably better"; "there's a notable increase in color prints, and for the first time one is taking the top color award"; "much more emphasis on people and how they live, and less concern with the purely scenic landscape or strictly architectural view"; "visually, too, there's a big difference . . . greater selectivity . . . more effort made to distinguish between the traditional and the trite, the classic and the cliché."

The jury (this season debuting as a "quartet," with your reporter's soprano added to the baritones of Ivan Dmitri, Leopold Godowsky, and Norris Harkness) followed our established screening procedure. Each judge first individually examined all entries to make preliminary "one-man, one-vote" selections. These were then reviewed and appraised by the other judges, and only those pictures receiving at least two votes qualified for the next round of screening. Still another viewing narrowed the field by requiring that an entry earn a majority vote to remain in the running. Finally, multiple thousands pared to mere dozens, the pictures were ranked for grand prize, cash awards, and honorable mentions.

What was our ultimate criterion in evaluating these photos? As in any other esthetic judgment, the yardstick defies precise definition, residing as it does in an everyman's land of "the eye and I." Exactly where eye-measures capitulate to the I-measures of individual tastes and preferences eludes analysis. But this much we know: The eye is invariably caught by pleasing composition, contrast, proportion, perspective—the dynamic symmetry of visual elements capable of arousing emotional and intellectual responses. Similarly, the mind's eye is captivated by a camera subject that capsules story content and communicates the picture-taker's idea or feeling.

In his day Montaigne could properly confess, "When I travel, I have only myself and the use of my money to think about." Today's traveler would doubtless be thinking about the use of a camera, too. Some of the pleasurable uses to which our current prize-winners put their roving cameras are exemplified on the cover and in the accompanying picture gallery. —MARGARET R. WEISS.

Photo Prizewinners

GRAND PRIZE IN COLOR
(Round-trip flight to London)

ARTHUR J. HEISER, Lantana, Fla. Benares, India. Exakta; Kodachrome II.

GRAND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Round-trip flight to Hawaii)

GAYLORD A. MORRISON, Cleveland, O. Taxco, Mexico. Leica; Plus X.

SECOND PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize - $200)

GEORGE ZARIN, Forest Hills, N.Y. Barcelona, Spain. Bronica; Agfachrome.

SECOND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prize - $200)

PAUL PETROFF, Great Neck, N.Y. Tzintzuntzan, Mexico. Nikon; Ilford.

THIRD PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize - $100)

MORTON STRAUSS, New York, N.Y. Monterey, Mexico. Pentacon; Kodachrome II.

THIRD PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prize - $100)

HENRY WILHELM, Grinnell, Ia. Northern Mexico. Nikon; Plus X.

FINALISTS IN COLOR
(Cash Prizes - $50)

EUGENE SOMKIN, M.D., New York, N.Y. Agra, India. Nikon; Kodachrome.
W. B. HAMILTON, Denver, Colo. Coulman Island, Antarctica. Asahi Pentax; Kodachrome II.
E. F. WILDER, Newtonville, Mass. Hydra, Greece. Minolta; Agfachrome.
F. BRADWAY, Sausalito, Calif. Udaipur, India. Minolta; Kodachrome II.
ALLAN BERNHARDT, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. Ferry Point Park, N.Y. Leica; Ektachrome.
JENNIFER TURAN, Brewster, N.Y. Hyderabad, India. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodachrome II.
H. TED GRACE, JR., Agana, Guam. Nara, Japan. Canon Canonet; Kodachrome II.

FINALISTS IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prizes - $50)

ERNEST ROSENFELD, New York, N.Y. Edinburgh, Scotland. Topcon; Tri X.
BURTON ZELNER, Rye, N.Y. Cesares, Spain. Rolleiflex; Tri X.
ROBERT E. PIKE, Miami, Fla. Nassau, Bahamas. Rollei-Magic; Kodak 120.
D. H. COOPER, Summit, N.J. Cape Cod, Mass. Hasselblad; Plus X.
BERNARD GORSON, Forest Hills, N.Y. San Juan, Puerto Rico. Mamiyaflex; Plus X.
LOU BLOCK, Louisville, Ky. Rancho de Taos, N.M. Leica; Plus X.
RHYNA GOLDSMITH, Flushing, N.Y. Serpa, Portugal. Rolleiflex; Plus X.

HONORABLE MENTION

MARIA C. CHURCHILL, Geneva, Ill. San Miguel de Allende, Mex. Kodak Pony; Kodachrome II.
DONALD W. DAVIS, Milwaukee, Wis. Kashmir. Leica; Panatomic X.
THEODORE DELEVORYAS, New Haven, Conn. Whitby Harbor, England. Praktica; Kodachrome II.
FRANCES W. EASTMAN, Newton Center, Mass. Wolcott, N.Y. Pentax; Agfachrome.
DONALD F. EBRIGHT, Altadena, Calif. San Blas, Mexico. Leica; Kodachrome.
JAMES GIANELOS, S. Euclid, O. Mt. Vernon, Va. Pentax; Panatomic X.
JACK A. GOLDSACK, Great Neck, N.Y. New York, N.Y. Pentax; Tri X.
CHRISTIAN HANSEN, Corte Madera, Calif. Copenhagen, Den. Minolta; Adox.
RICHARD IRONMONGER, Orange, Calif. Santa Barbara, Calif. Argus; Kodachrome.
RICHARD W. JOHNSTON, Norfolk, Va. Tours, France. Nikon; Tri X.
GRANT D. JONES, Watertown, Mass. British Honduras. Canon; Plus X.
DR. WALTER W. JONES, McPherson, Kan. Hong Kong. Kodak; Kodachrome.
SOPHIA KAMENY, Forest Hills, N.Y. Barcelona, Spain. Canonflex; Kodachrome II.
DR. PAUL A. KIRSCHNER, Riverdale, N.Y. Mexico City, Mexico. Olympus; Plus X.
WHITMAN E. KNAPP, Wallingford, Conn. Fez, Morocco. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome II.
HERBERT A. LADWIG, Wausau, Wis. Portland, Ore. Tower; Kodachrome II.
WALTER LANGSDORF, Scarsdale, N.Y. Egypt. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodachrome.
ROBERT W. MACFARLAND, Canal Zone. Darien, Panama. Nikon; Plus X.
W. D. MCELROY, Philadelphia, Pa. Athens, Greece. Voigtlander; Ektachrome.
MARY AGNES MCGRAIL, Kalamazoo, Mich. Tipperary, Ireland. Pentax; Ektachrome.
BETTY MILLARD, New York, N.Y. Georgetown, British Guiana. Nikon; Plus X.
RUTH MORRISON, Cleveland, O. Pemaquid Pt., Me. Exakta; Plus X.
WALTER NESS, JR., Cambridge, Mass. Cameroons, Africa. Miranda; Kodachrome II.
JERRY PERVINICH, Astoria, N.Y. Bermuda. Exakta; Kodachrome II.
HARRY W. PIKE, Madison, Wis. Everglades, Fla. Rolleiflex; Kodacolor.
MRS. JOHN J. PRINDIVILLE, South Sudbury, Mass. Hong Kong. Canon; Kodachrome.
WILLIAM RIGGAN, Hartford, Conn. Hydra, Greece. Petri; Ektachrome.
LEONA R. SCAFIRE, San Francisco, Calif. Hong Kong. Exakta; Kodachrome II.
EVELYN I. SEITZ, New York, N.Y. Flushing, N.Y. Miranda; Ektachrome.
IDA SOMKIN, New York, N.Y. Luxor, Egypt. Nikon; Kodachrome.
SUZY J. SONENBERG, Flushing, N.Y. St. Paul de Vence, France. Nikon; Ektachrome.
CHARLES H. STEELE, Annapolis, Md. Colorado Springs, Colo. Grand Canyon, Ariz. Minolta; Tri X.
DR. ROBERT TANNENBAUM, North Hollywood, Calif. Acre, Israel. Honeywell Pentax; Agfachrome.
ALFRED TURCO, Cranston, R.I. Nassau, Bahamas. Voigtlander; Ektachrome.
K. J. WINTER, Scarsdale, N.Y. Lugano, Switzerland. Rolleiflex; Ektachrome.
BERNARD P. WOLFF, New York, N.Y. Uxmal, Mexico. Nikon; Plus X.
SAMUEL M. WOLFSON, New York, N.Y. Flushing, N.Y. Exakta; Kodachrome II

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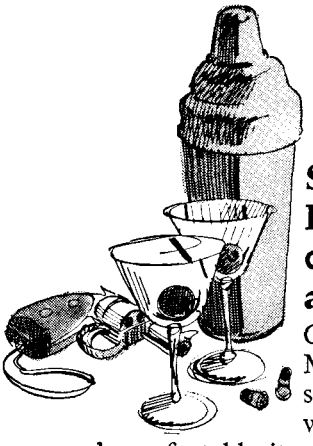
Hilton hotels are un-American

(They're very British, Dutch, German or French)

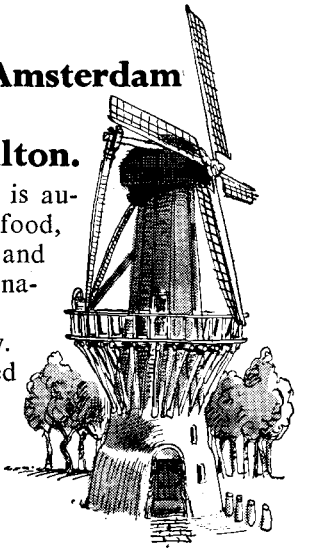


Steal into the London Hilton's 007 Room for a vodka martini.

Or if you'd rather, have Manager Louis Blouet send it to your room . . . which will be so spacious and comfortable it will be more like having your own apartment on Hyde Park.

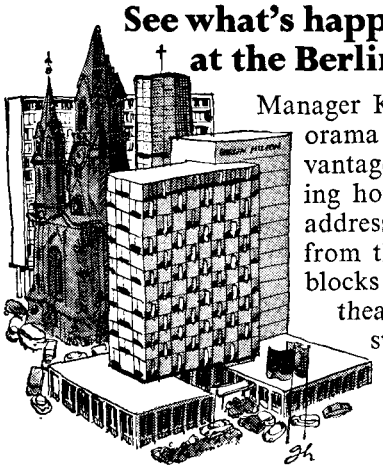
Go Dutch at the Amsterdam Hilton and the Rotterdam Hilton.

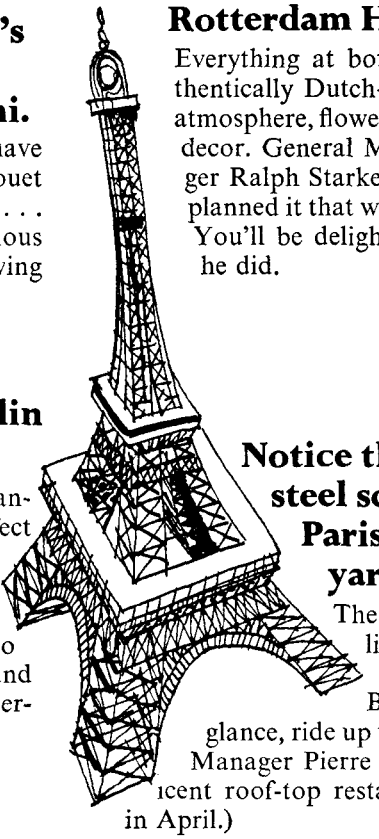
Everything at both is authentically Dutch—food, atmosphere, flowers and decor. General Manager Ralph Starke planned it that way. You'll be delighted he did.



See what's happening in Berlin at the Berlin Hilton.

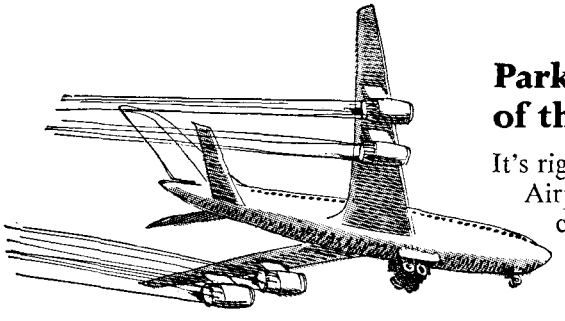
Manager Klaus Winkler's Panorama Room is the perfect vantage point. His exciting hotel—the perfect address: Just two steps from the Tiergarten. Two blocks from the shops and theatres of the Kurfuerstendamm.





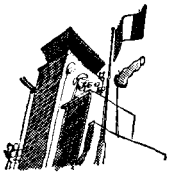
Notice the rather large steel sculpture in the Paris Hilton's front yard.

The Seine, shops and tree-lined boulevards aren't much further away. But to see Paris in one glance, ride up to "Le Toit de Paris," Manager Pierre Jacquillard's magnificent roof-top restaurant. (Hotel opens in April.)



Park your plane outside la door of the Orly Hilton.

It's right on the doorstep of Paris . . . at Orly Airport. Manager Andre Charriere has excellent business and meeting facilities, marvelous food and wine, and an atmosphere that's pure French.



Go international—with all the comforts of Hilton.

For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

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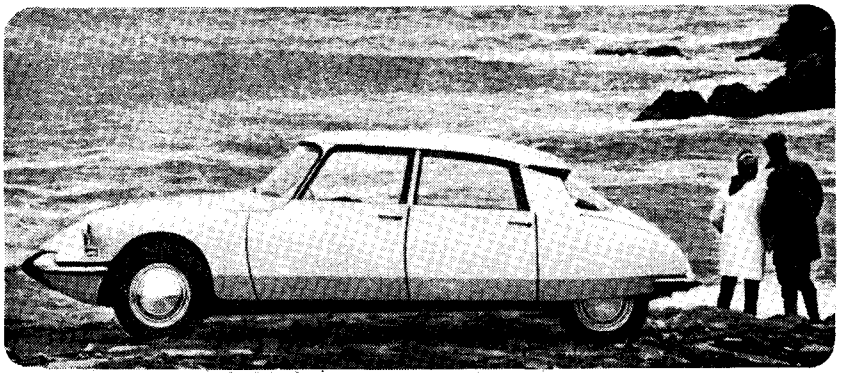

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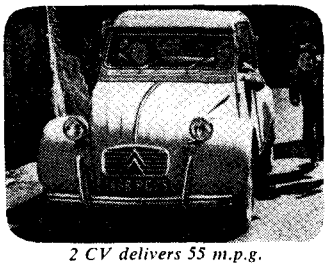

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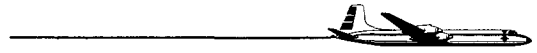

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I Remember Winter

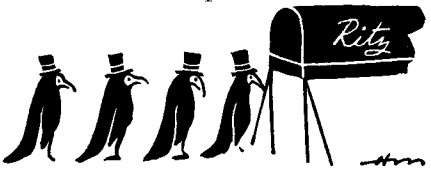
Continued from page 43

home, to settle in San Pietro. The winter days I spent there were spiced with visits from homesick Italo-Americans who came down to see a countryman, or at least half a countryman, and the nights were full of fiesta, such as the dinner party when they cooked an entire pig inside an entire sheep and rolled the whole thing to the table. There is a new little hotel there now, and maybe even a tourist.

► The ruins of Angkor, which is the best that Sihanouk has to offer, and what he has to offer is not currently being offered to us. But it is a warm nest in winter and an exciting one, and it was the greatest of the world's experiences in other days to engage quarters at the Auberge des Temples facing the splendor of Angkor and to spend days combing the jungles to the sixty temples left by the Khmers. Some can be visited by foot, some by bicycle ricksha, but the best of all is the elephant ride down the dusty road, past the saffron-robed priests, and getting off right at the upper level of the temples. And always at night there was the return to the Auberge, a bath in the water ladled from the huge stone jar, and dinner there in the far-off jungle in the manner of the *cuisine française*.

All those are winters I remember, and also the times in the snug doll-house villages of Zürs and Lech in the snowdrifts of Austria, the days with the bird-watchers in the flats of the Florida keys, and others with the flower sniffers in the bloomlands of Goleta in California. And what of winter baking biscuits in a Dutch oven in the desertlands near Wickenburg, and the days in the flossy desert at Palm Springs? And Curaçao, where the great liners slip past your bathroom window in the hotel and startle a man in the shower? And Leningrad, where I once landed in the deepness of December, the snow swirling, as it was supposed to, in great rolling flurries and the black figures bent against it carrying home their New Year's trees? Or Carmel, where the hardy ones rush the season and lie in the shallow of the dunes under the wind-blown cypresses? Or Barbuda in the West Indies, where even the cattle are wild, and the beach stretches into the forever and the lobsters are plucked from the sea and plopped into pots and boiled over beach fires?

Enough, enough! It's beginning to sound better than spring.



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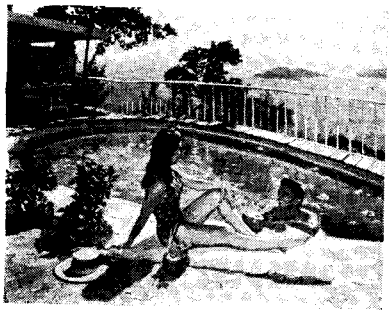

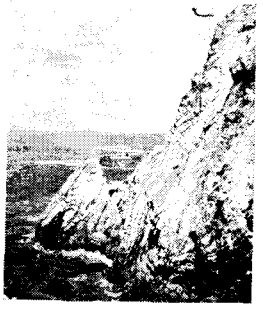

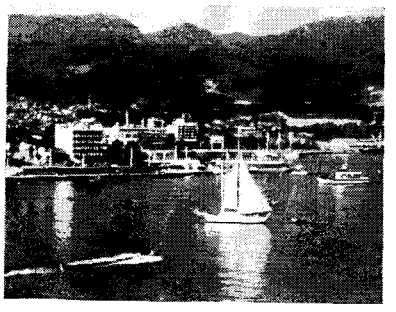

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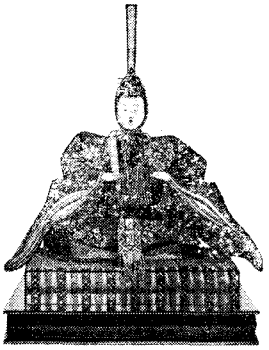

IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO
T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

Mexico City

Continued from page 52

contest was that Mexican cinema had broken the old self-destructive circle. A new spirit was allowed to try its wings. With this salubrious experience behind them, Mexico's new young film-makers are certain to settle down to something really solid this year, with tighter editing, better planning, less copycatting. There could well be a *nueva ola mexicana* in the works.

In painting, where another breakthrough may be forthcoming, the doldrums were caused not by deadly mediocrity, as with films, but in greatness. So intimidating was the slashing, oversize, overvivid influence of the Mexican School of Orozco, Rivera, and Siqueiros that successive Mexican artists could only bow to it or defiantly choose other gods, European or American, as guides. The result was a dreary imitative parade of canvases and murals.

There have been maverick movements that pretended to be nationalistic, such as the "interioristas" (insiders) who made a lot of noise last winter and more or less drew the line between figurative and abstract art but then watched balefully as the whole thing fizzled. Mexican art had grown both inside and outside of its own individualist standards; it had negated itself into a great big round zero. One of the leading insiders, Arnold Belkin, perhaps realized the limitations of the zero, with himself in context, and packed up his paints and moved to New York.

There have been stylistic individualists force themselves through the imposing Mexican art legacy over the years. But, technically, they are limited. José Luis Cuevas is exciting and daring, but he is a draftsman, not a painter. The same could be said for Pedro Friedeberg, whose ironic imagination knows no limits but who, like Cuevas, stops short of being the complete artist. There is Gironella, who turns assemblages to native use and does it extraordinarily well. But he chooses to limit himself in his medium, therefore pulling himself up short before the big hurdle. Pedro Coronel held great promise for several years, and then fell into non-production.

Oddly enough, it is Coronel's younger brother, Rafael, who is carrying the torch for a new Mexican art. He is charting his own course despite the double handicap of being a Coronel and being married to Ruth Rivera, daughter of Diego.

The very young, very sensitive Alfredo Coen, whose work carries the hope of an individual unfettered by the looming past or the foreign giants may very well emerge as a formidable talent. Gunther Gurzo is another. He is the current darling of the official artistic line; he authored every one of the forty Mexican entries in last fall's Bienale at São Paolo. He works unpretentiously, on small canvases, and cannot paint fast enough to fill the demand.

These are the bright pinpoints of something truly new coming out of Mexico. The quiet tides are at work also, but it is ironic that, at the moment, they consist of two non-Mexicans, by birth at any rate. One is Toby Joysmith, the Englishman, who achieves a kind of sculpture, or *haut* relief, in his low-keyed, earth-colored, pre-Hispanic-inspired creations. The other is Vlady, a Russian-Mexican whose purer abstract works in delicate sea colors manage to put together both calm and excitement.

There we must stop. Tamayo has been inactive of late; Carlos Merida is still turning out his 1920s cubism, presently encased in 1960s plastic. David Alfaro Siqueiros, now seventy and shaken by nearly four years in jail as a political agitator, is marshaling a crew of students and turning out nothing less than the Largest Mural in the World, a heroic spread on the history of mankind that is destined to cover the entire sidewalls and ceiling of a new convention hall in nearby Cuernavaca. The mural measures more than one square mile and is being put together from amplifications of 200 sketches Siqueiros made in his jail cell.

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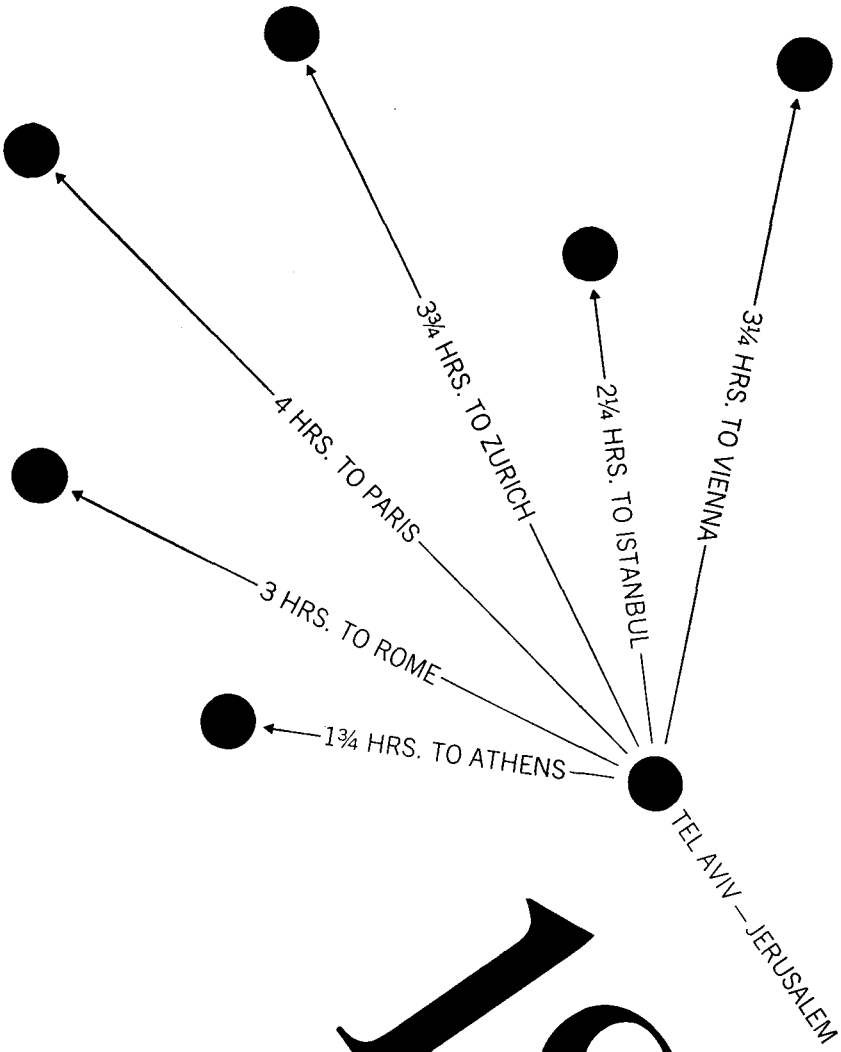

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Siqueiros has been having trouble finding student assistants. "Mural painting is bad business these days," he says, sadly. It's a fact that in the first year of the administration of President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, for the first time in the long memory of Mexican artists, no government mural commissions have been handed out.

Whether it reflected the official viewpoint or simply the pinch that came from the government's cautious first year in office, there was no immediate money available even for basic maintenance of museums. The breathtaking new Museum of Anthropology in Chapultepec Park, rushed to completion just before the old administration went out of office, staggered along in the early part of its first year without enough money in the budget to replace burned-out light bulbs. This oversight, if that's what it was, has been remedied, but, illuminated or not, the museum still remains the foremost city attraction for both Mexicans and tourists from abroad.

In that same first year, nothing much has happened at Bellas Artes. It inherited the hastily constructed, badly designed circular Museum of Modern Art in Chapultepec but has been undecided about what to do with it. Therefore, exhibitions there have been desultory. Coming up are a Diego Rivera memorial exhibition, a show of German expressionist engravings, and a collection of contemporary Italian art. There are standing permanent collections of Mexican modern art, including many works from the Treasury Department which are income tax payments under Mexico's "barter" system of taxing artists.

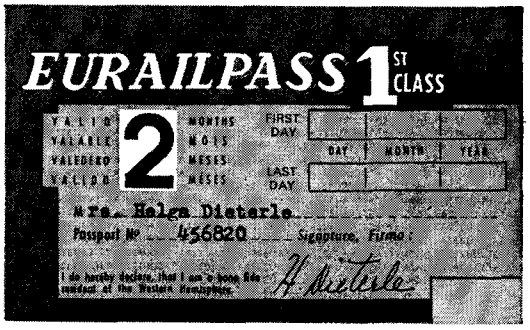
A happier legacy of the ambitious administration just past is the reconstructed pyramid city of Teotihuacán, now linked to Mexico City by a fast expressway that cuts the trip down to about thirty-five minutes. The pyramids have been a sight to see for more than a generation, but now most of the great religious city has been bared, the Pyramid of the Moon has been put back as it was 1,000 years ago, and excavation crews have unearthed and rebuilt one of the high priest's private palaces. In addition, the complex includes a first-class restaurant overlooking the Ciudadela and a small museum that gives a succinct idea of what Teotihuacán was all about.

IT would be unfair to accuse the present Mexican administration of turning a totally deaf ear to the arts. It has followed precedent by appointing men of letters to high political posts. Agustín Yáñez, the minister of education, is a superb novelist and short-story writer. Octavio Paz, the country's foremost poet, has been continued as Mexico's ambassador to India. Jaime García Terrés, a critic and head of the cultural program at the National University, was recently named Mexico's ambassador to Greece.

But other writers in Mexico—in all of Latin America, for that matter—don't usually fare so well economically. They don't have the advantage of artists, whose works have no language barrier to hurdle. A successful writer in Mexico will do well to clear $30 for a locally-published short story. A best-selling novel will net him perhaps $500. This leads to moonlighting, and on a grand scale. Writers may hold as many as three or four jobs, teaching, editing, lecturing, sitting in as cultural advisers to corporations and government ministries. It's a wonder they find any time at all for writing.

Yet they do. Vicente Leñero, whose *Los Albañiles* won him the Premio Breve last year (the first time it has gone to a Mexican), is a thirty-two-year-old civil engineer who makes his living writing television soap operas. Homero Aridjis, twenty-five, an outstanding poet in his spare time, teaches at the National University and also edits a small magazine.

The single exception to the rule is Carlos Fuentes, whose facility in English has earned him the name Charlie Fountains, and whose novels have had more success in foreign translations than in their original Spanish. Fuentes is cur-



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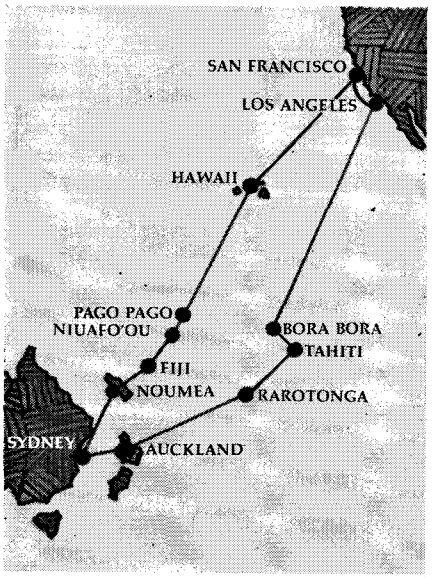

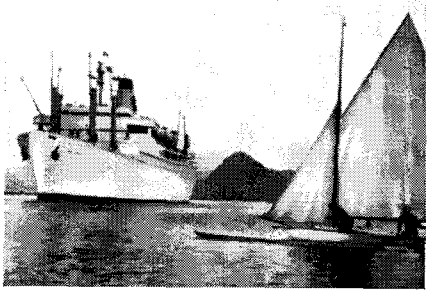

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rently in Italy, adapting his novelette *Aura* to a movie by Carlo Ponti.

Mexico City, in the past thirteen years, has become synonymous with the name Ernesto P. Uruchurtu, its mayor. He is an autocratic, hawknosed man who is praised for bringing order to traffic, planting flowers, making the fountains flow, and building modern markets to replace the old sidewalk tents. He is also cursed for putting a damper on the city's fun. Anyone on the business end of entertainment—nightclub operators, theater owners, saloonkeepers and bordello managers—has a special unprintable vocabulary for the good mayor. In his zealous pursuit of law and order, Uruchurtu has arbitrarily closed hundreds of houses of ill fame and bistros who used to whoop it up all night long. He has clamped rigid closing hours on night clubs, he has abolished cover charges, he has put a ceiling on all entertainment at four pesos (12 cents) for movies and 12 pesos (96 cents) for theaters.

It was the fervent hope of impresarios that Uruchurtu would be retired when the new administration took over last winter, but, lo and behold, he was appointed for an unprecedented third term. Immediately thereafter, several nightclub owners folded for good. They just couldn't take another six Uruchurtu years.

Those who have remained in business have learned the fine art of making a profit and still living with the regime. They cut corners on entertainment and instruct their waiters to hustle exorbitantly priced, watered-down drinks. Night life in Mexico City (with a population pushing 6,000,000) is just about on a par with Santa Fe, New Mexico.

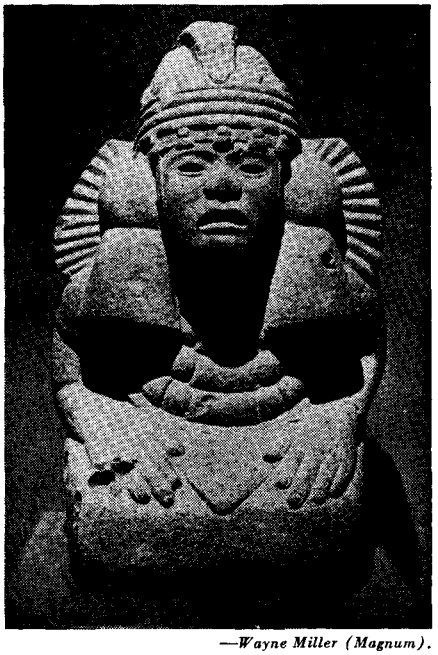
Some joints swing, however, as the Quid and Terrazza Cassino and La Fuente and Los Globos. They are all big, brassy, pushy, and lively. There is the Can-Can, a supper club, and the Rincón de Goya, which has a solid Flamenco show. Some of the world's darkest corners are to be found in La Roca and the bar of the El Diplomatico Hotel. You wouldn't recognize your next-door neighbor if he were sitting at the next table. One of the few straightforward places in town is the Camichin, in the Hotel Alameda, where the music is good and the drinks, at this writing, are honest.

It took some time for the idea to get across, but Mexico City is finally joining other world capitals with discothèques. One is opening at the rejuvenated Fontana Rosa and the other is on the mezzanine of the Hotel Reforma.

For pure spectacle, the Ballet Folklórico would be difficult to surpass anywhere in the world. This much-decorated troupe is back home after a tour of Scandinavia and the Iron Curtain countries, and is to be seen every Wednesday and Sunday at Bellas Artes. Uruchurtu's ceilings do not apply here; tickets run up to $3 and $4. The big, white marble palace is scheduling Robert Joeffrey's modern dance group in January, José Greco and Company in early February, and the Ballet of Canada (classical) in late February.

The most spectacular of spectacles in Mexico, the bullfight, holds great promise this year. The owner of Plaza México, which is the largest bull ring in the world, has hired five top Spanish matadors, Santiago Martín, "El Viti"; Jaime Ostos; Fermín Murillo; Manolo Amador, and Manuel Cano, "El Pireo." Nationalistic aficionados provide the crowd support for a good card of Mexicans against these awesome but nevertheless foreign fighters. Manuel Capetillo is in there, along with Gabino Aguilar, Antonio del Olivar, Alfredo Leal, Raul Garcia and Jaime Rangel. Carlos Arruza is providing the fine spectacle of fighting a bull from a highly trained horse, and Alfonso Ramírez, better known as "Calesero" will bring forth a nostalgic tear or two this year by formally retiring. His place is more than taken; there are two newcomers, both showing promise: Manolo Espinosa and Efren Adame, who wears his hair in the Beatle style of El Cordobés but doesn't have the same verve when he is face to face with a bull.

El Cordobés, it appears, will skip his winter in Mexico this year. There are vast negotiations going on, but it seems he is asking too great a price even for the biggest bull ring in the world. Oddly enough, one of the smallest rings in the world, the old El Toreo on the outskirts of Mexico City, may get him for at least a couple of fights, in which case aficionados here would consider this a fine vintage bullfighting year, indeed.



—Wayne Miller (Magnum).

Head from National Museum of Anthropology, Mexico City.

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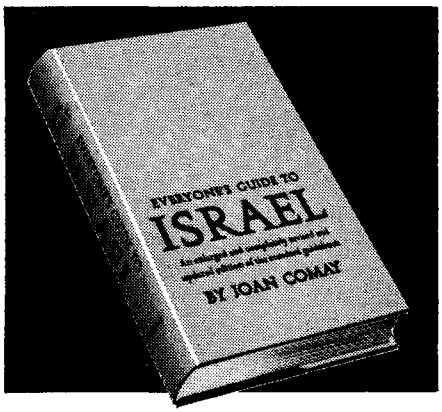

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Rio de Janeiro: Carnival and Beach

By JOSEPH SIMS

SUMMER in the Southern Hemisphere is well under way now, and the recent political agitation has done nothing to dim the pleasures Rio offers during the hot months. Even though Brasilia, built out on the hinterland plains five years ago, has taken over as the capital, Rio remains the nerve center and the place most affected by political spasms of the type common in Latin America. In the spring of last October, the twenty-one-month-old government of President Humberto Castelo Branco felt itself forced to enlarge its powers because the minions of former President Juscelino Kubitschek won gubernatorial elections in Brazil's two most populous states—Minas Gerais and Guanabara, the old federal district made up mostly of Rio. The press carried big headlines, but the "Cariocas" scarcely paid attention to the fuss. Housewives have been more concerned about a meat shortage, and the menfolk had the USSR-Brazil soccer match to worry about. There have been no angry crowds on street corners, no tanks rumbling through the streets.

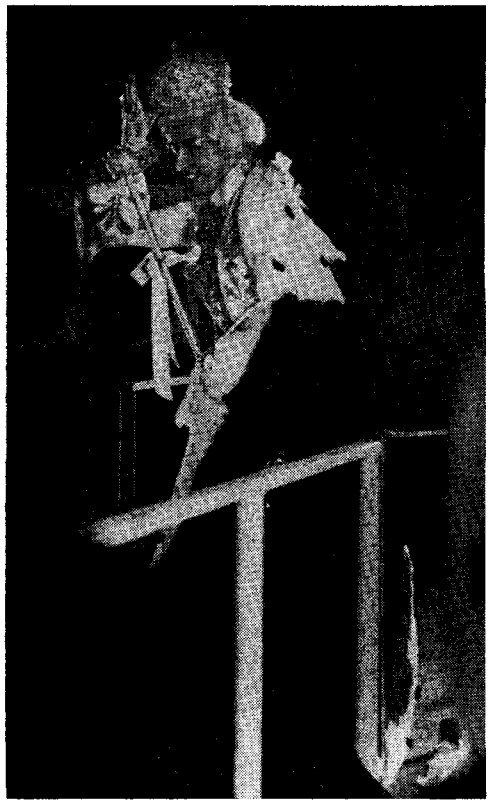
The two big attractions of Rio's summer for visitors and for natives remain Carnival and the beach. Carnival opens Saturday, February 19, and goes until the early-morning hours of Ash Wednesday, February 23. Tourists who dislike noise, color, samba, pretty girls, and all-night street dancing should avoid Brazil until March. But for intrepid souls there is very little physical danger during Carnival. In Peru the natives dump sacks of flour on each other; in Brazil they merely squirt perfumed ether in each other's eyes.

Carnival all but blots out culture for the first three months of the year. Workers scurry around the old Teatro Municipal, where most of the city's concerts and ballets are staged, putting up extravagant decorations for the Gala Ball, high society's big shindig during Carnival. The ball is booked for Monday, February 21. Putting up and taking down Carnival decorations ties up the Teatro from just after New Year's Day to mid-March. The Escola de Musica Nacional is in recess from Christmas to March.

Only the Modern Art Museum keeps culture alive. From January 6 to January 23 the museum will feature sculpture by Colombian Edgard Negret, an exhibition of Polish tapestries, and photographs of United States architecture.

For those who are content to patrol the galleries in other seasons, that Carnival highlight, the parade of the "Escolas de Samba," is set for Sunday night, February 20. It usually starts at least two hours late and finishes only about 8 A.M. the next day. Dozens of samba schools compete. The schools are made up of as many as 4,000 men, women, and children, all fitted out in splendid, colorful costumes that cost several months' salary. Each school takes an allegorical theme from Brazil's colonial history.

WEEKLY *ensaios* (rehearsals) are held nearly all year long up in the *favelas* where Rio's samba is created and perfected. One has a choice of seeing the brightly costumed dancers samba past the judges along Avenida Presidente Vargas or coming a few weeks ahead of Carnival and watching the *ensaios*. Last year's winners, the Academicos de Salgueiro, maintain a large concrete area up the hillside in their *favela*, with tables and chairs for spectators. Tall, cold bottles of excellent Brazilian beer, or *batidas*, a mixture of *cachaça* whisky and lemon or other fruit, are served during the snake dance around the floor. The *bateria*, or rhythm section, turns out a torrid samba beating on drums, tambourines, cowbells, triangles, and blocks



—*Elliott Erwitt (Magnum).*

Rio—where Carnival is king.

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of wood. Most visitors usually join in the dancing before the evening is over.

But for many, Carnival is too hectic and too hot. All of the street dancing goes on with temperatures in the high nineties; the costume balls take place in rooms so crowded one often has to hoist one's partner astride one's shoulders, a position from which it is virtually impossible to change until about 6 A.M., when the crowd thins.

The beach rivals Carnival as a pleasure attraction, and the season, which started in September, will run until May. The milieu is similar to that Camus presents in *Summer in Algiers*. "For those who are young and alive, everything is their haven and an occasion for excelling —the bay, the sun, the red-and-white checkerboard of terraces going down to the sea, the flowers, the stadiums, the fresh, brown bodies."

Rio reclines on the west bank of Guanabara Bay. There are four good beaches within the bay and eight on the ocean, where the littoral continues southward toward the coffee port of Santos. The most celebrated is Copacabana, bordered with Rio's best hotels. The newest, the Leme Palace, at the near end of the beach, is attracting some of the play from the older Copacabana Palace. Owned by playboy Jorge Guinle, the Copa is usually sparkling with movie stars, many of whom come to Brazil as Guinle's guests. Last year at Carnival he had Romy Schneider. The Leme countered with Claudia Cardinale and later snared Bobby Kennedy. A pyramid-shaped Rio Hilton is planned for a hilltop site overlooking Copacabana. The sidewalk cafés, which are ideal locales for surveying the action along the beach, offer everything from pizza to feijoada, a fabled Brazilian dish of black beans and chunks of every kind of meats imaginable and unimaginable.

Rio's best beaches are off the tourist track around a jut of land at the end of Copacabana. There are no hotels here, only eight-story luxury apartments where much of the foreign colony lives in tropical splendor alongside wealthier Brazilians. The beaches, unlike Copacabana, are lined with tall palm trees. Arpoador Beach is the favorite hangout of Brazilian movie stars and show girls. The young sophisticates in Brazil's high society long ago staked their claims to the strands called Ipanema and Leblon. On these three beaches one finds more of Camus's "fresh, brown bodies" than in any other place in the universe. There are more bikinis per square yard of sand and less bikini per girl than on any other beach in Rio.

One of Brazil's most popular poets, Vinicius de Moraes, and the bossa nova composer Tom Jobim wrote the *Girl from Ipanema* one afternoon as they sat at a sidewalk bar watching a lovely

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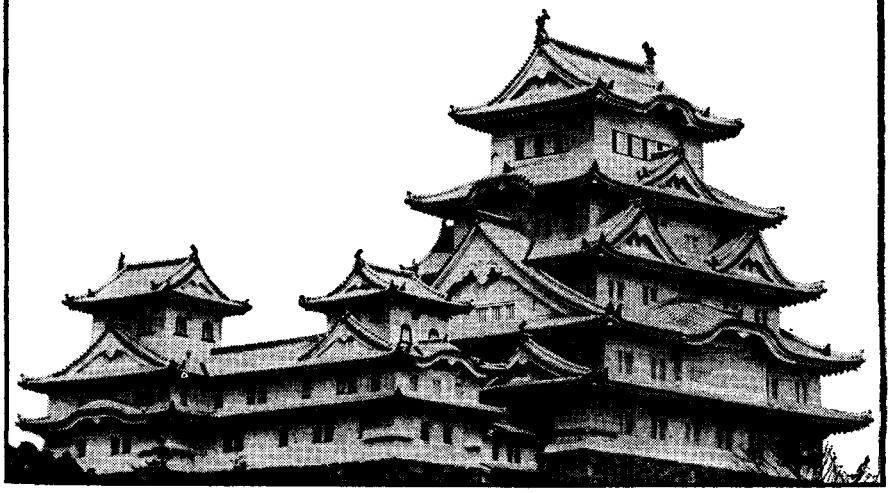

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nymphet walk toward the sea, her perfect, bronze body swaying ever so slightly in Rio's soft summer air.

The song starts: *"Olha que coisa mais linda, mais cheia de graça. E ela menina que vem, que passa num doce balanco á caminho do mar."* The literal translation is: "Look at this thing, so pretty, so full of grace. It is a young girl who comes and passes with a sweet motion on the way to the sea."

Bossa nova is still the big thing in popular music, although the practitioners have changed. Jobim and João Gilberto—the father of bossa nova—have slipped somewhat because of their long absences on concert tour in the U.S. João's wife, Astrud Gilberto, had never sung in Brazil; she became a star in the States, crooning bossa nova in English alongside Stan Getz, the jazz tenor saxman. Brazilians weren't too impressed when she returned on vacation recently and made a few personal appearances. But then they weren't impressed with Carmen Miranda either.

The top female vocalist is a diminuitive, dynamic girl named Ellis Regina. Usually the top pop artists are "Cariocas," from Rio. Ellis is from the gaucho state of Rio Grande do Sul, far to the south and near the Argentine border. Her specialty is singing the works of Edu Lobo, a twenty-year-old who plays several instruments, including the guitar, and writes music that is a blend of Brazilian folk themes and Bossa Nova, itself a blend of U.S. jazz and Samba. His lyrics are pure poetry, and one notes a similarity between his work and that of Bob Dylan, with the difference that Edu's folklore is based on the African macumba rites, therefore somewhat closer to jazz. Ellis sings a lot of snappy duets with young composer Jair Rodrigues. Edu, Jair, and Ellis are usually booked into Porão 73 or the Zum-Zum, two of the most popular among the dimlit nightclubs in Copacabana.

If Edu Lobo is Brazil's Bob Dylan, then Nara Leão is the counterpart of Joan Baez. Nara is a homely girl with the voice of a husky angel. She was an early muse of the bossa nova crowd, but last year she broke away and now sings only folk music, accompanying herself on the guitar. Nara and Ze Keti, the great samba composer, started a musical fad last year (1965) similar to the sing-in protests in the United States. They put on a highly popular show that weaves song, dialogue, and samba into a social protest movement. Uncle Sam gets much of the blame for what's wrong in the world. Brazil's military government doesn't come out looking too good either. The message may annoy Americans, but the music seems to please everybody. Nara and Ze called their show "Opinião" (Opinion).

In November the government eased its tight exchange control, which had held the dollar artificially to a rate of 1,850 cruzeiros for more than a year. The dollar now buys 2,220 cruzeiros. A good Brazilian *churrasco* (charcoal broiled steak dinner) now costs about $2.25 instead of $2.75. An excellent bottle of Borbonha red wine at a sidewalk table at the Castelhino restaurant just in front of Leblon beach costs another fifty cents. Life continues to be a song in Rio, and the season of the loudest singing is just upon us.

—*J. Allan Cash (Rapho Guillumette).*

Copacabana's famous Atlantic Beach—"rivals Carnival as a pleasant attraction . . ."

Paris

Continued from page 47

formances at the huge Palais des Sports over the Christmas holidays.

Zizi Jeanmaire, deserting the musical stage for the somewhat more legitimate theater, is playing in a stylish reprise of Feydeau's 1900 bedroom farce, *La Dame de Chez Maxim's*, at the Palais-Royal.

The other theater successes include *Luv* from Broadway—translated into French as *Love*—with Laurent Terzieff as the would-be suicide; Edwige Feuillère in Giraudoux's *La Folle de Chaillot* at the huge Palais de Chaillot; a funny farce from Naples, *Caviar ou Lentilles*; Michel Simon as a W. C. Fields frontiersman in a burlesque of Hollywood Westerns; and two Harold Pinter comedies on a double bill, *The Collection* and *The Lover*, both of them originally composed for television.

Marguerite Duras, the accomplished novelist, now has three plays running simultaneously. A program of two of her one-acters is to be found at the Studio des Champs-Elysées, and *Entire Days in the Trees*, which Jean-Louis Barrault has directed, is at the Théâtre de France with Madeleine Renaud playing an old mother whose son refuses to return to the hearth.

Jacques Fabbri's jazz version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Puck on a bicycle and Titania resembling Texas Guinan, opened the Comédie-Française season to receive the critical cold shoulder. The Comédie Française is now rehearsing Ionesco's new play, *Thirst and Hunger*, for presentation in February, while Jean-Louis Barrault has promised Jean Genêt's drama of colonialism, *The Screens*, for the spring.

The winter literary scene has been brightened by the arrival of some promising novices. Jacques Borel, a professor of English at the lycée Rodin, has won the Prix Goncourt with his first novel, the six-hundred-page *L'Adoration*. Georges Pêrec's *Les Choses*, winner of the Prix Renaudot, concerns a young married couple who in the Whitman phrase are "demented with the mania of owning things." Albertine Sarrazin, who served in a home for juvenile delinquents for thievery and other crimes and, being now on probation, must still obtain special police permission to visit Paris, did so to come to the Champs-Elysées Drug Store to autograph *L'astragale*, her latest autobiographical novel, which has become a sensational best-seller.

The magazine field remains unharmed by the rising tide of television. *Pariscope*, a bimonthly modeled on the *New Yorker*, has caught on with surprising speed. *L'Express*, imitating *Time* in both its news presentation and its cover, has

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found a public, though its forerunner *Continent*, despite Rothschild backing, failed. *Lui*, the French *Playboy*, is in demand at the kiosks, though the movie magazine *Cinémonde* has lost some of its teen-agers to *Salut des Copains*, which specializes in reports of the doings of their singing idols.

Among these Johnny Hallyday, a sort of junior, Gallic Elvis Presley, still holds top rank. Returning from eighteen months of military service, his first post-army engagement at the Olympia Music-Hall found the forces of fans strengthened. His pretty wife, Sylvie Vartan, though scorned by the younger beatniks when she made her debut, has now become a favorite of the record-buyers. Yé-Yé is said to be passé. If so, it is singing a prosperous swansong. Of the new crooners the most popular is the Sicilian-born Belgian Adamo. He has introduced in both his delivery and songs a less frantic and more romantic approach, but he still lingers behind Hallyday on the hit parade.

Art exhibitions are looking back these days with longing to the Twenties and the turbulent Teens, the era of dada and surrealism. There is even curiosity about the futurists of pre-1914 days and one gallery displayed samples of their contribution under the somewhat ironic heading "A Retrospective of the Futurists."

The photography of Man Ray, an American dadaist who wrote his memoirs last year and continues to live in Paris, is on view at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. At the Galerie L'Oeil there is an important exhibition of surrealist work organized by André Breton.

A project to aid young painters is having its ups and downs. This is an enormous building on the Right Bank facing l'Ile de la Cité and known as Cité des Arts. Constructed to house artists in studio-apartments, it is financed by the government and by foreign governments, attracting art students and painters here on scholarships and other grants. There are complaints that its rents are too high (the lowest is over $100 monthly) and there are complaints from the neighbors that the painters should get on with their painting and curtail their night-long studio gatherings.

Snack bars, pizzerias, and self-service luncheonettes continue to mushroom and a second Parisian Drug Store has raised its flashy, brassy head in the midst of Saint-Germain-des-Près. Now an attempt to establish the British Pub is being made. Two new ones have opened in the Etoile district—the Churchill Pub, opened on the late statesman's birthday, with the British ambassador in attendance, and the Bedford Arms, under the direction of Lord Bedford.

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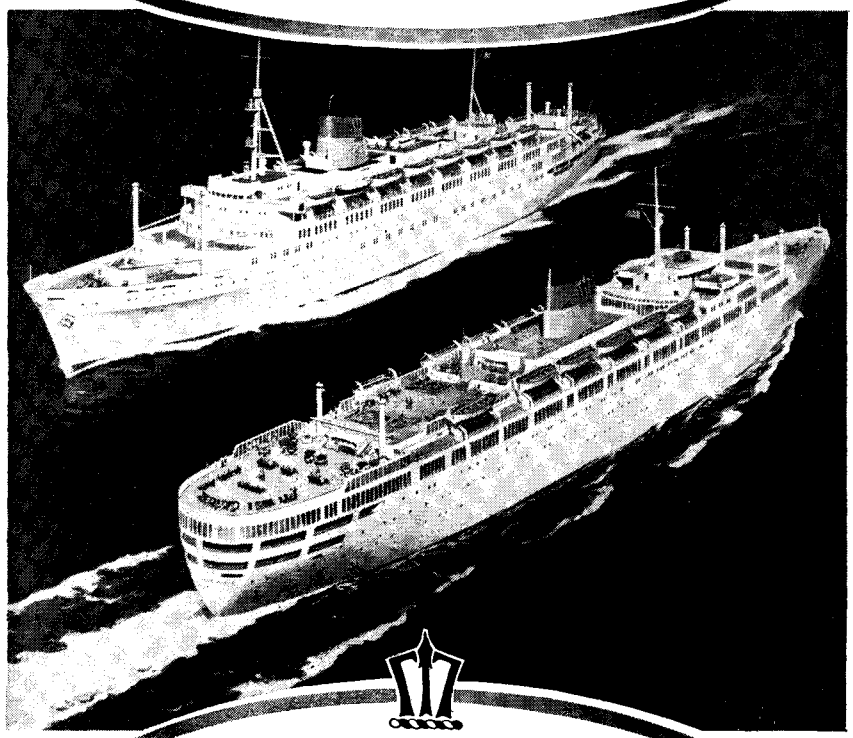

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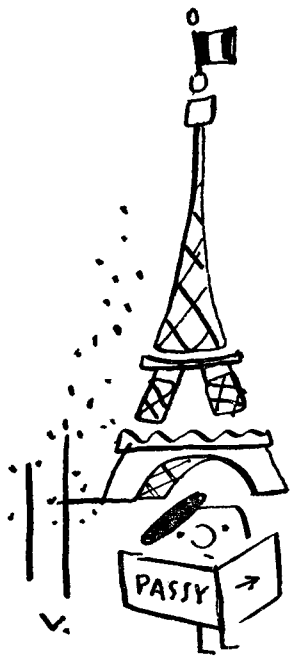
less severe than were some of its earlier editions in its comments on gastronomic matters. It would appear that the five restaurants that the *Guide Michelin* adorns with three stars—La Tour d'Argent, Maxim's, Le Grand Véfour, Lapérouse, and Lasserre—are in no danger of being challenged by upstarts. They continue to stand loftily alone.

This winter the son of Oliver, proprietor of Le Grand Véfour, undertook an experiment in a more modest field, opening on the left bank Le Bistro de Paris, which in décor resembles a family restaurant of 1900 and which offers *prix-fixe* meals at a fairly nominal sum. It is crowded for both luncheon and dinner.

In what is now known as "pop" entertainment the Yankee influence continues to gain ground. At the cinema clubs the film students have switched allegiance from Eisenstein, Fritz Lang, and the New Wave to vintage Hollywood Westerns and Busby Berkeley musicals. In the discothèques it is the American records that are most frequently played despite the advances made by Hallyday, Adamo, and Aznavour. A New Orleans showboat, anchored at l'Ile Saint-Denis, is to sail the Seine in the spring. A mass with guitars and banjos playing melodies that the Reverend R. P. Wesner has based upon American Indian chants has been celebrated at the Episcopal Cathedral. And an economic democracy—in the American style—now extends to vacationing. This winter the fashionable winter-sports resorts—where formerly only the moneyed and the titled were welcome—will see an invasion of groups of youngsters who, by tourist booking arrangement, pay but $3 a day.

The winter in Paris, despite the unmentionable chilly blasts and political turmoil, is exciting, rich and full.



Moscow

Continued from page 51

between 10 to 30 degrees below zero centigrade. The city to me looks more beautiful in winter; the white snow tends to hide the dreariness of the new prefabricated apartment houses and the Stalinist architecture and adds even more beauty to the gilded, onion-shaped church spires. Moscow is certainly not as interesting for window shoppers as Paris. There are no quaint shops or cafés, but there is a fascination in looking at the people and stores just because they are Russian.

Cool jazz rolls from Moscow radio these days, probably to meet competition from the Voice of America. There are colored telephones, blocks of new buildings, modernistic newspaper stands, and well-decorated shop windows with a great variety of foods and goods. Women's skirts are at the knee. The styles wouldn't pass muster in Helsinki, let alone Paris, but still there has been a change. A dozen new beauty shops offer passable Western styles. Shampoo and set costs less than a dollar. Soviet girls are learning how to apply eye makeup.

The campaign to accelerate tourism has moved the Soviet Union to invent maps, an item once virtually nonexistent and regarded as a military secret. Now attractive maps are available in hotels, as well as tourist books written in various languages.

The cultural life that a foreigner can observe has changed, too. The changes are complicated, subtle, and open to argument. No Russian seems to agree which of the arts—films, literature, or the theater—enjoys the most freedom from party restrictions. All agree that the theater at least has a new look.

The best theater was, and still is, the classics, which the Russians stage to exciting perfection. Most theaters practice the Stanislavski "method" of acting, and it's best observed in the Chekhov and Tolstoy classics. Even if you don't know the language, watching the Moscow Art Theater do *Anna Karenina* is an exhilarating event, particularly when the train under which Anna throws herself, charges toward the audience and stops just short of the footlights.

A few years ago the modern Soviet works in the theater were often little lessons in Communist heroism. But this winter three young repertory theater companies are the main subject of conversation among Moscow theatergoers. If you are going to the theater, you're not asked what you are going to see, but to which theater you're going. If you're "in," it's one of the three repertory theaters currently in vogue. For one thing, these theaters mention evils of

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Stalin's day. To a Western observer, however, this is not "freedom" from party dictates because the party has approved de-Stalinization and the only argument is how far it should go. The theater is still hampered by orders to conform to party dictates.

The three repertory companies seem (finally) to have struggled out of the Victorian age, and they now use trick lighting and modern direction and sets. The audience even hears talk of sex that four years ago just wasn't aired on the Soviet stage. Leninski Komsomol on Chekhov Street near Pushkin Square, once an auditorium for a fashionable men's club before the revolution, is now packed nightly by young people who wait up to ten days for tickets to see plays about the problems of youth.

One of the problem plays, *Dobrye Malchiki,* (*Kind Boys*) is from a book about four boys headed for promising careers before World War II. The local party officials, depicted as nice but bumbling bureaucrats, think the boys should join the navy. One has an affair with his 16-year-old girl friend before he leaves ("Don't worry, you won't get pregnant," he tells her gently).

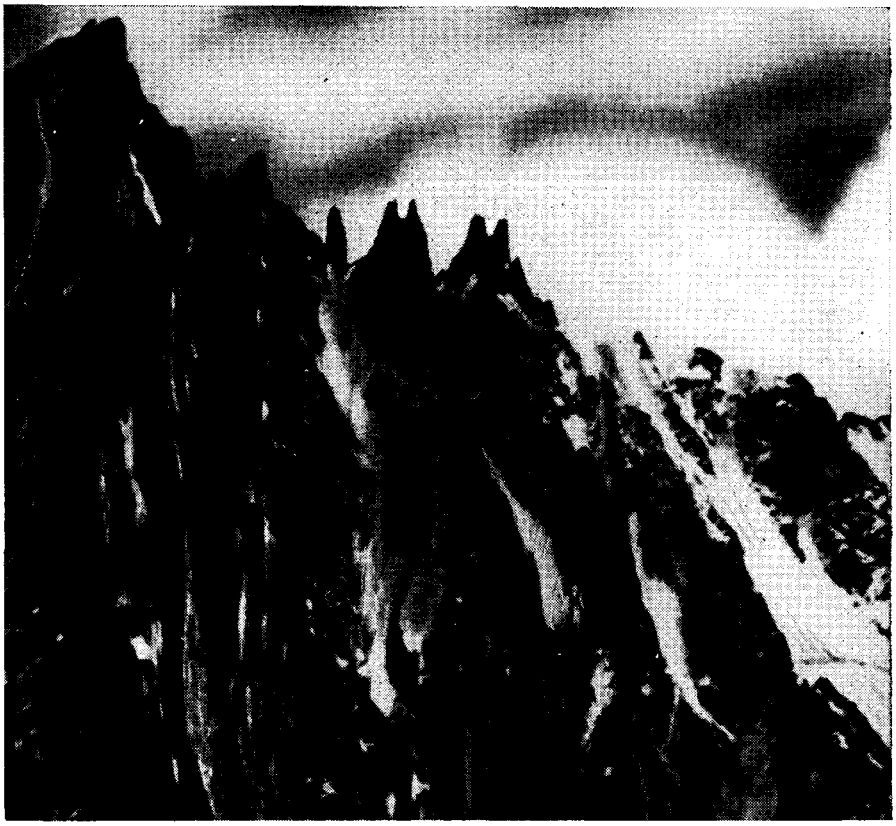
At the end of the play a commentator tells the boys' fate. Three were killed in action. One, a Jew, lived to become a doctor, but in 1953 he "died in prison." The audience, even teen-agers, I was told by a Russian, know what that means: he was arrested in the famed anti-Semitic "doctors' plot" and died because he couldn't stand the torture.

A mention of the doctors' plot, which is well known in the West, or a stage portrayal of a young love affair, would not startle a theatergoer in Paris or even Warsaw. But in Moscow at intermission it is enough to produce a buzz of conversation at the theater buffet bar where the theatergoers gather to nibble red caviar sandwiches and sweet cakes washed down with beer or champagne. The ending of the play is full of such hopelessness that a movie version reportedly has been held up for months because it hardly conforms to Communist party philosophy.

This company of young actors is also famed around town for *100 Pages About Love*. Girl meets boy, girl sleeps with boy, etc. The explanation of how in the world they could ever be alone in an apartment in overcrowded Moscow is that his parents were out of town.

Another "shocker" of this company is *The Making of a Movie*. It concerns a film company whose labors are interfered with by a nosy politician who regards himself as a connoisseur of the arts. Theatergoers are beside themselves with glee over this jab at that famed corn grower, N. S. Khrushchev.

A second theater that is "in," the Sovremennik on Mayakovski Square,



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stages such foreign plays as *The Millionairess*, *A View from the Bridge*, and *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

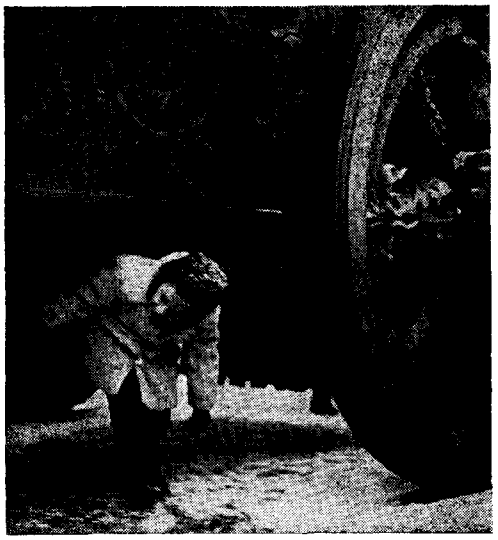
The Moscow Theater of Drama on Taganka Square does fresh things, or at least fresh for Moscow. In one play, instead of pulling the curtain between acts, searchlights are played over the heads of the audience to screen the scenery changes. One of their hits this winter is a dramatization of American John Reed's version of the Bolshevik revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World*. One scene depicts the Duma, the prerevolutionary congress, in session. As each member speaks, the lights pick out only his hands, creating a striking effect.

The group's repertoire also includes nonconformist poetry readings by Andrei Vosnesyenski, a program called "Anti-Mira" ("Anti-World").

RUSSIAN ballet and opera have changed only slightly. In recent years the Kremlin Palace of Congresses is being used for productions to take some of the crush off the Bolshoi Theater. The Kremlin Palace of Congresses, though inside the walls of the ancient Kremlin, is a modern glass affair with 6,000 seats. It is so big that intermissions have been lengthened to allow spectators to go up four floors to gigantic buffet bars. Since Russian opera often starts at 6:30 and goes on until 11, a mid-program snack is almost essential.

The Bolshoi, which runs both theaters, has added some new touches. In an exchange arrangement, La Scala in Milan has sent a designer to do the sets for Benjamin Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* this season.

Without any language barrier, ballet and opera remain the most popular with tourists. Some criticize the acting as grandiose, but the Russians are a dramatic people and their theater is in the grand manner. If anything, it goes real



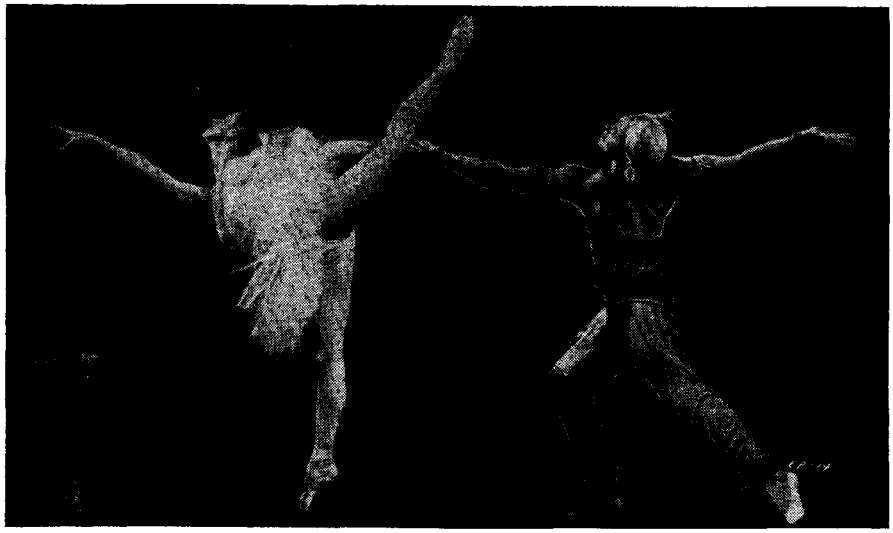
—*N.C.*

Youthful Russian examines the underside of Napoleonic cannon in the courtyard of the Kremlin.

life one better. Productions are so supercolossal they often dwarf the score. *Giselle* really flies through the air. In *Sadko* the hero "floats" to the ocean bottom while gigantic whales and sharks drift by. When it comes to native operas the Russians are unsurpassed. Each scene of *Sadko* is like a painting on those black lacquered Palekh boxes so popular as souvenirs—noblemen in beards, their rich orange and blue velvet cloaks trimmed with fur; ladies in embroidered billowing dresses and half-moon Russian caps.

LONDON has its Beatles and Moscow its poets. Young crowds pack poetry readings, with Vosnesyensky regarded as the best. Girls still sigh over good-looking Evgeni Evtushenko, although older intellectuals appear disenchanted with poems that praise the regime one day and question it the next.

Literature, too, drifts back and forth



—*Hurok Attractions.*

Maya Plisetskaya and Nicolai Fadeyechev in pas de deux from *Bayaderka*.

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between "conservatism" and "liberalism." This season has produced no startling new novels such as *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. The "liberal" magazine *Novy Mir* continues to publish some controversial authors and Nobel Prize-winner Mikhail Sholokhov is an old Stalinist who should not have won the Nobel Prize, and they privately talk of Andrei Sinyavsky, who is in Lubyanka prison for smuggling works abroad under the name of Abram Tertz.

Films have undergone some transformation, in technique if not so much in content. The majority of films still contain the Leninist message somewhere along the line, but there are many simple films about young people and love. It's impossible to find any Communist message in the Soviet *Hamlet*, which is film-making at its best. Most films, including documentaries, show an astonishing improvement in direction and photography. Some young directors appear to be returning more to the genius of Eisenstein and Pudovkin for their inspiration instead of the party dictates. Television has improved a bit, showing more films, but with only two channels it is still not pressing the booming movie business. You have to buy reserved seats at the movies here as at the theater.

Two talked-about items in Moscow this winter are not easy for tourists to see. One is a bearded guitar player named Akhudzhava, whose irreverent ditties on tape pass from hand to hand. "Underground" abstract paintings that were hush-hush four years ago now decorate walls of many Soviet and foreign apartments here, if not yet galleries. One could sum up the arts this winter by noting the new regime has neither given new freedoms nor imposed new restrictions; the arts are drifting back and forth.

ONE vista of Moscow that has not changed is Moscow by night. Most hotels and restaurants allow dancing, the Russians doing mainly the shuffle-one-two-step, and that takes care of Moscow by night. There are no bars for Russians in the Western sense, nor cabarets nor nightclubs. Café life is virtually nonexistent. Because of the Soviet need for foreign exchange, tourists can buy whisky and martinis in the two "dollar bars," as they are popularly called, in the National and Metropole Hotels.

Restaurant menus and food still are generally uninspired. But most foreigners find it interesting during a short visit to delve into the different specialties from the various Soviet republics. Dishes from the other Soviet republics are not as bland as straight Russian cuisine. Usually native music goes along with the exotic food, plus exuberant male customers who do those central-Asian type dances that feature waving handkerchiefs and snapping fingers. The best of the "foreign" restaurants are the Baku (Azerbaijanian), Aragvi (Georgian), Ararat (Armenian), and Uzbekistan. The Hungarian food at the Budapest Hotel and the Praga restaurant, with Czechoslovakian food, are popular.

The best Russian food, most agree, is at the National Hotel, where one also has a view of the Kremlin and Red Square. The Soviet jazz band there is not up to 52nd Street, but it's the best in town and really not bad at all. The Chicken à la Kiev, for all its Russian name, may not be up to Paris, but it's tasty and no chef can possibly ruin the caviar.

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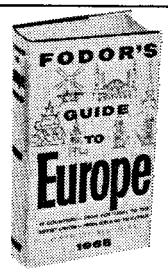

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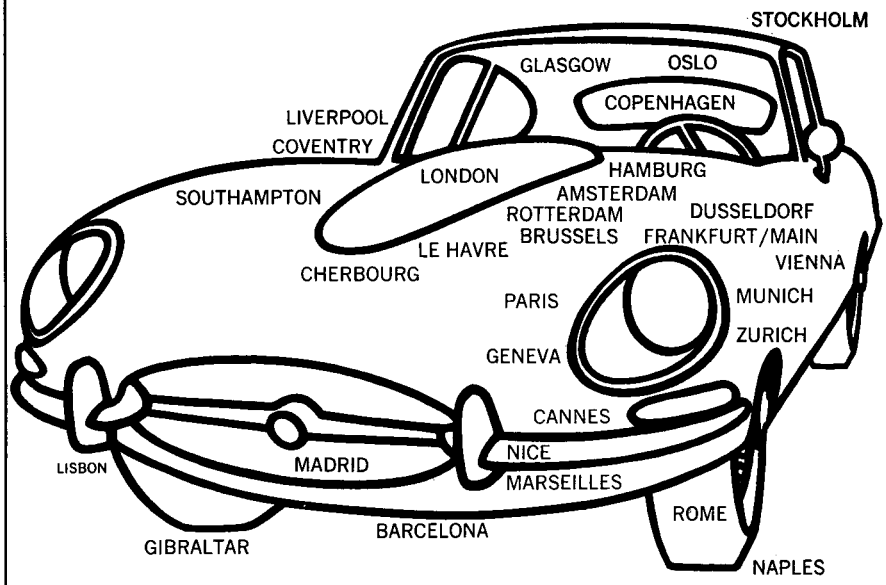

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TV and Radio

Continued from page 37

roll beat into their sponsors' messages, and used teenage music combos, retail shelves were swept clean of the advertised products.

ABC put *Shindig* on the air—the first, regularly scheduled night-time teen-age show. Its success prompted NBC to schedule *Hullabaloo*. The climactic event which, by then had pushed television utterly into the lollipop trap, was the publication of the 1960 U.S. Census Bureau figures. The census projections predicted that by 1970 roughly half the nation's population (111,000,000) will be under twenty-five years of age. Fifty per cent of today's brides are under twenty years of age. Young adults, accumulating income and possessions, constitute the "acquisitive" heartland of America's rich consumer market. "Get your brand in the pot early," is a key Madison Avenue maxim. It means that children must be taught at a tender age to recognize and accept standard brands.

You furnish them with a model of their own world in its most general, superficial, and childishly captivating aspects. You give them other children with whom to identify; you picture the child as the center of the universe, with the adult revolving in secondary orbits around the youthful hub. Programs that fit these specifications can offend few viewers. You are successfully and harmlessly ensconced in the lollipop trap. Paul L. Klein, director of research for NBC, rejects the proposition that teenagers dominate TV. "Since there are three networks," he said in a conversation, "to have a solid hit, you must win at least a one-third share of the audience. How can the teens dominate TV viewing when only 30 per cent of TV homes have teenagers in them?" Edgar Sherrick, vice president, ABC TV network programs, said: "Of course we're interested in the teen-age market. Anyone in the entertainment world would be an ostrich to ignore the population breaks."

John A. Schneider, president of the CBS Television Network, asserted that his comedy shows are not consciously aimed at teenagers. "We have to have broad-based family shows," he said. "But if the teens are having a greater impact on our culture, our responsibility is to reflect it. This is cultural democracy." At Young & Rubicam, Warren Bahr, director of media, was philosophical. "National sales," he said, "reflect a powerful lot of committed baby-sitter money. The electronic media are basically for entertainment. It's a matter of filling time. The Romans had circuses: we've got mass leisure and television."

At another advertising agency, an executive, too cautious to be quoted, said candidly: "At this shop, if a program is not for kids, forget it." David Levy, executive producer for *The Addams Family* (ABC) admitted that his show's "greatest strength lies with kids and young housewives." The most impressive evidence for the lollipop trap thesis, however, can be found in the new television programs presented this season on all three networks. Half of the thirty-three new shows feature children as members of the cast—moppets to teenagers. *Please Don't Eat The Daisies* has kids: *My Mother The Car* has kids: so has *Lost in Space, O.K. Crackerby,* and *The John Forsythe Show. Gidget* is a teenager: so is *Tammy. Hank* is Horatio Alger working his way, unregistered, through college—but he has a kid sister.

Camp Runamuck opened the season with a shot of probably one-hundred boy campers tramping along a country road in charge of allegedly adult counselors. Halfway through the season recently, *The Man from UNCLE* raised the kiddie ante to a new high with "Children's Day Affair," an episode in which THRUSH trained little boys in a European school to be sinister, deadly assassins. A few of the new shows have fared poorly in the ratings race and will be canceled; but juvenilia marches on night after night. Sad testimony to the power of the teen-age market is the capitulation of the variety programs. Red Skelton, Danny Kaye, Perry Como, and Steve Lawrence have followed Ed Sullivan in paying profitable obeisance with guest spots for teen-age music combos. Sammy Davis, Jr., was the only adult performer on a Thanksgiving Day special. The upward teen trend may also be detected in daytime television, particularly on ABC. *Where The Action Is,* a remake of the Dick Clark *Bandstand* program, is scheduled afternoons on the presumption that teenagers hurry home from school to "come alive." ABC has also given a more youthful treatment to its soap opera schedule, switching from the emotional problems of the middle-aged woman to those of "the young marrieds." In the commercials day and night, the young in heart and in pocketbook march across the American television consciousness in unremitting hosts. Children badger mothers about Teflon pots, teenagers weep at unkempt hair until witches sparkle their tresses into loveliness with shots of magic spray, older daughters compare watchbands with young-looking mothers, and young housewives, only twenty-four, shudder at the first appearance of dry skin.

And what of the future? The key to tomorrow's television success, many Hollywood producers believe, is the pop music act which is a teen-age favorite. Dick Friedberg, of Premier Talent Associates, a New York talent agency which handles Herman's Hermits and Freddy and The Dreamers, said in an interview that he had been "inundated" with offers from west coast television studios. "Screen Gems, Warner Bros., MGM and others want us to provide the acts, and they'll build pilots around them for situation-comedies. The trouble is, our acts are making so much money in public appearances that they can't afford to commit their time to a television series. Herman's Hermits earns $25,000 a day in personal appearances. MGM Pictures paid the group $50,000 and a Cadillac limousine for singing two songs in the film, *When The Boys Meet the Girls.* Freddy and The Dreamers were guaranteed a sum of money in the seven figures to do Coke commercials on the radio. They were such a hit that they used up the guarantee in five and a half weeks and are now in the higher rates for residuals. How can we afford to spend six months doing a twenty-six-week TV series? But the studios say they'll shoot around us—do four or five shows a week. We're considering it."

The networks seem to have "found the level they want to perform on." The lollipop trap will diminish further television's standing among the better educated; but the industry does not seem to mind its own arrested development. In a culture which worships the myth of perpetual youth, the realities of aging must inevitably clash with desperate attempts to obey the culture's mandate to stay young. Older people are robbed in such a neurotic situation of the expansive, integrating experience of maturity. Children want and need adults to set the reasonable limits of their innovating, exploring, and rebelling. Youth and maturity are necessary partners. We upset the sensitive balance if we give more weight to one than the other. Today, television is playing back to children nothing more than a distorted, market-substitute of their own natural, adolescent exuberance. There are no models of maturity for youth to admire in television.

Parents think too lightly about television. They believe that if it is ever proved that their children are being harmed by the medium, they can take command. What is seen, heard, absorbed and done in childhood will be there in the adult. The young—denied their heritage of maturity; the aging—rejected in their traditional role of guide and mentor. These are the present fruits of the lollipop trap. The Biblical judgment—Paul's wise summary to the Corinthians: "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things"—cannot be spoken of contemporary American television.

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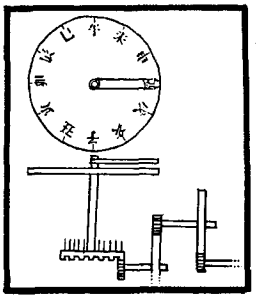

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: Are the Tame Cats in Charge?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE SENSING OF TIME IN CHINA

THE NOTION that China is a somnolent land with no sense of the reality of time has contributed perhaps more than any other idea to the now dangerously widespread Western scorn of the Chinese as a "backward" people. If this prejudice were to be reversed, popular appreciation of China's true potential as a modern world power might follow. Cambridge University Press could hardly have fixed the publication date for Volume IV, Part 2 of Joseph Needham's *Science and Civilisation in China* (758 pages: $35 per copy) with any such turnabout in mind. But the book's appearance midway in the last month of the year 1965 certainly gives Oriental scholars a lever to work with during the new year 1966.

In this latest phase of his lifelong study of the influence of science on Chinese life, Needham gives 111 pages to a discussion of China's long concern with time, and offers these conclusions:

FIRST: The Chinese were the original inventors of clockwork.

SECOND: The clocks were geometrically designed—not simply put together by trial-and-error mechanics.

THIRD: The purpose of the clocks was related to the planning of genetic lines in China's governing families and to the encouragement of Chinese national prosperity through the timing of crop plantings and harvests to fit periods of suitable weather.

Needham himself was surprised to discover the Chinese priority in clockmaking. In Volume I of *Science and Civilisation in China*, published in 1954, he had accepted the findings of earlier Western historians and had written: "The last important introduction (from the West to China) was clockwork, a distinctly European invention of the early + 14th century [that is, the fourteenth century A.D.]."

Sundials and clepsydras (in which time was measured by the flowing of water) had been known to exist long before, but it had been supposed that about A.D. 1300 the first wheel clocks came into being. Who was responsible for the innovation had never been established. Whatever his identity, the inventor must have been a genius of rare order. For the soul of a clock is its escapement, and there is nothing in nature that looks or acts like an escapement. The design of the escapement, then, could not have been copied from or suggested by anything outside the inventor's mind.

THE escapement is the device that slows down the clock wheels to a regular rate of revolution, so that the hands of the timepiece will move to correspond accurately to the period of the earth's turning. The escapement produces the clock's characteristic ticking by alternately engaging and releasing the triangle-shaped teeth of a controlling wheel that is geared to all the other wheels.

The clocks of fourteenth century Europe were driven by a horizontally mounted drum, around the circumference of which a rope was wound taut. On the rope's free end, a weight was hung. If left ungoverned, the drum would have revolved with increasing speed as the weight fell, and the hands of the clock would have spun in dizzying confusion.

To regularize the drum's turning, it was geared to an escapement called a "crazy dancer"—this being a revolving rod placed vertically across the front of a wheel with teeth shaped into right-angled triangles. Attached to the rod, at right angles to each other, were two small pallets, so spaced as to fall between the teeth at the top and at the bottom of the wheel. Fixed atop the rod, at right angles to it, was a bar bearing counterbalances of equal weight at equal distances from the end of the rod. (See sketch page 96.)

UNDER pressure from the weight of gravity pulling on the rope around the drum, the torque of the triangle-toothed wheel would push one of the pallets out of the way of the teeth, thus turning the rod and weighted bar attached to it. This motion would bring the second pallet into play, and it in turn would arrest the teeth of the wheel until the weighted bar swung back to its original position and allowed the first pallet to engage the teeth again. The process went on, tooth by tooth, as long as the weight at the end of the rope kept pulling on the revolving drum.

By the sixteenth century A.D., the drums in the most advanced European clocks had been replaced by powerful springs, but the escapements remained essentially as before. Some of the new spring-driven clocks were the ones the Jesuit missionary-scientist, Matteo Ricci, took to China in A.D. 1583 in the belief that he was thus introducing "beautiful things . . . the like of which had never been seen, nor heard, nor even imagined, in Chinese history." Those words of Ricci's were read in his memoirs and accepted at face value by all the great modern historians of science from the late George Sarton to Needham.

Only a few laymen—and probably not too many scientists—will even now be aware that a monograph correcting Ricci's misunderstanding was published exactly ten years ago this month of January 1966 by Needham, Wang Ling, and Derek J. de Sola Price. Unknown to its three authors, some of the most important of the monograph's contents had been anticipated in Peking in 1953 and 1954 by the Chinese science historian Liu Hsien-Chou, who had actu-

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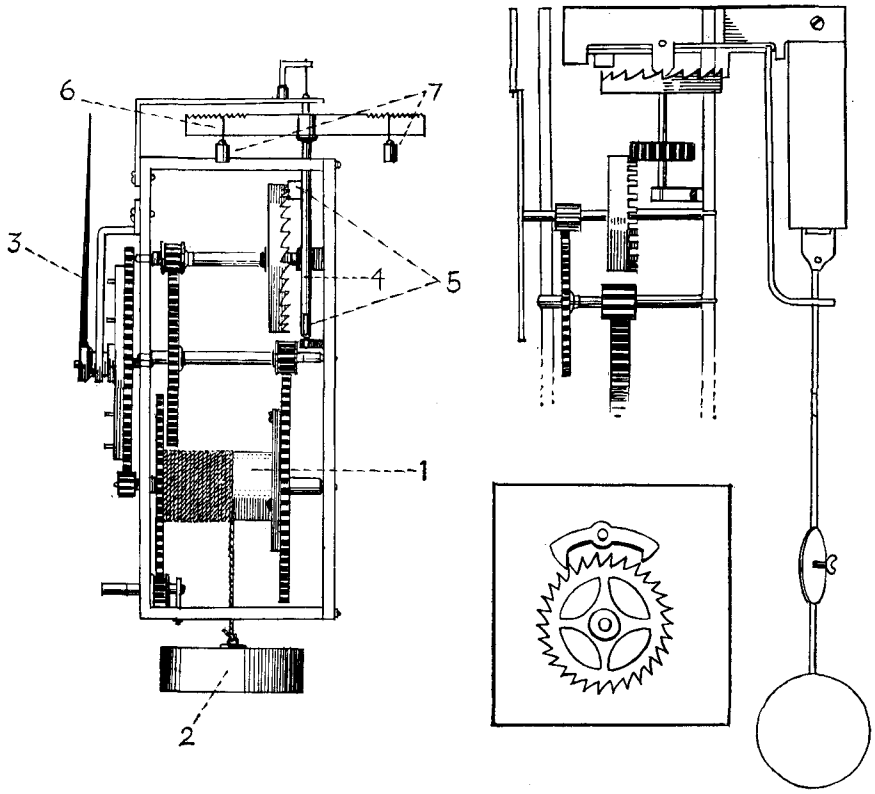
ally sketched a clock escapement designed and built in China in A.D. 1088.

"Clockwork; six hidden centuries" is the subtitle under which Needham discusses the matter in Vol. IV, Part 2 of *Science and Civilisation in China*. His statement of the setting is significant:

> The clock is the earliest and most important of complex scientific machines. Its influence upon the world-outlook of developing modern science was incalculable. No one can doubt that the invention of the mechanical clock was one of the greatest achievements in the history of all science and technology. . . .
>
> The essential engineering task was to devise means of slowing down the rotation of a wheel so that it would keep a constant speed continuously in time with the apparent diurnal revolution of the heavens. The essential invention was the escapement.
>
> In what follows we shall show that the first of all escapements arose in China in the middle of a very long line of development of mechanisms for the slow rotation of astronomical models (demonstrational armillary spheres or celestial globes), the primary aim of which was computational rather than time-keeping as such. We shall also show that its first application was to a water wheel like that of a vertically mounted water mill, so that although in later ages mechanical clocks were mostly driven by falling weights or expanding springs, their earliest representatives depended on water power. The mechanical clock thus owes its existence largely to the art of Chinese millwrights.

As his first authority in the Chinese literature, Needham cites the *Shih-Lin Yen Yu* of Meng-Te, published about A.D. 1130. It tells how Su Sung, born in Fukien in A.D. 1020, had become interested in the science of calendar-making in his young manhood. Later on, Su Sung studied astronomy, mathematics, botany, zoology, and mineralogy. Around the year 1070 he published the finest pharmacopoeia of his age, the *Pen Tshao Thu Ching*, which is still a valuable reference work on drugs.

SEVEN years after that, being what Needham describes as "one of those by no means few . . . [civil servants] in medieval China who mastered the scientific and technical knowledge of his time and found opportunities for employing it in the service of the State," Su Sung was sent as a diplomatic envoy to carry birthday greetings to the Emperor of the Liao kingdom in the north. The birthday happened to fall on the winter solstice. On arrival in Liao, Su Sung discovered that his own kingdom's calendar placed the solstice a day ahead of the Liao calendar. Su Sung naturally wanted to offer his greetings on the day his own calendar indicated. At first the Liao Foreign Office wouldn't agree to that. But Su Sung put up such a clever argument that he got his way.



—*Doug Anderson, following the book.*

EARLIEST WESTERN CLOCKS (example shown left, above) were driven by drum (1) turned by rope pulled by weight (2). Remaining key to text on previous page: rotating rod (4), pallets (5), fixed bar (6), carrying dead weights (7). Pendulum (top right sketch) came later, finally watch-size refinement (inset) of escapement, which is the secret of modern clock operation.

When Su Sung returned home, however, he admitted to his own Emperor, Shen Tsung, that the Liao calendar had been right. This conversation had two results. The officials of Emperor Shen Tsung's Bureau of Astronomy and Calendar were punished. And Su Sung was authorized to "reconstruct" the imperial astronomical clock. Note that the order was not to build a new clock but to restore an old one.

In the year 1094, Su Sung presented his official review of this project to Emperor Shen Tsung. The title was *Hsin I Hsiang Fa Yao*, which Needham translates into English as *The New Design for an Astronomical Clock*. Below is a passage which vividly exposes not only the extent of formal planning involved but the degree to which technological knowledge at that time was dispersed among the lower ranks of the bureaucracy, where Su Sung recruited the brilliant Han Kung-Lien:

> When formerly (*i.e.*, after the edict of +1086 ordering the construction of a new clock) I was seeking for help, I met Han Kung-Lien, a minor official in the Ministry of Personnel, who having mastered the *Chiu Chang Suan Shu* (*Nine Chapters of Mathematical Art*), [one of the greatest of Chinese mathematical works, including contributions from the third century B.C. to the first century A.D.], often used geometry (literally "the methods of right-angled triangles") to investigate the degrees of (motion of the) celestial bodies. Thinking it over, I also became convinced that the ancients used the techniques of the *Chou Pei* [oldest of the mathematical works of Chinese antiquity, completed in the first century B.C. and containing material dating back to the fourth and even sixth century B.C.] in studying the heavens. . . .
>
> I therefore told (Han Kung-Lien) about the apparatus of Chang Hêng, I-Hsing, and Liang Ling-Tsan, and the designs of Chang Ssu-Hsün, and asked him whether he could study the matter and prepare similar plans. Han Kung-Lien said that they could be successfully completed, if mathematical rules were followed and the (remains of) the former machines taken as a basis. Afterwards he wrote a memorandum in one chapter, entitled "Verification of the Armillary Clock by Geometry" (literally "The Right-Angled Triangle Method"), and he also made a wooden model of the mechanism with time-keeping wheels. After studying this model I formed the opinion that although it was not in complete agreement with ancient principles, yet it

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showed great ingenuity, especially with regard to the water-powered driving-wheel, and that it would be desirable to entrust him with the building of it. I therefore recommended to your Imperial Majesty that a (complete) wooden pilot model should first be made and presented to you, and that some officials should be ordered to test its use. If the time-recording proved to be correct, then instruments of bronze could be made. On the 16th day of the eighth month in the 2nd year (of the Yuan-Yu reign-period, *i.e.*, +1087) your Imperial Majesty gave an order that my suggestion should be carried out, and that a (special) bureau should be set up, officials appointed, and the necessary materials prepared.

I therefore recommended that Wang Yuan-Chih, Professor at the Public College of Shouchow, formerly Acting Registrar of Yuan-wu in Chêngchow prefecture, should be in charge of construction and the receipt and issue of public materials; while Chou Jih-Yen, Director of Astronomical Observations (Southern Region) of the Bureau of Astronomy and Calendar, Yü Thai-Ku, Director of Astronomical Observations (Western Region) of the same Bureau, Chang Chung-Hsüan, Director of Astronomical Observations (Northern Region), and Han Kung-Lien, should be appointed to supervise the construction. (I further recommended) the Assistants in the Bureau, Yuan Wei-Chi, Miao Ching, and Chang Tuan, and the Superintendent Liu Chung-Ching, together with the Students, Hou Yung-Ho and Yü Thang-Chhen, as investigators of the sun's shadow, the clepsydras, and so on. (Lastly, I recommended) the Bureau of Works Foreman Yin Chhing to be Clerk of the Works.

In the fifth month of the 3rd year of the Yuan-Yu reign-period (+1088) a small pilot model was finished, and at your Imperial Majesty's order presented for testing. Afterwards the full-scale machinery was built in wood and completed by the intercalary twelfth month. I (then) begged your Imperial Majesty to send a court official to the Bureau (of Astronomy and Calendar) to explain (the parts to the workmen) in preparation for moving the clock to the palace for presentation. . . . In the tenth month we had sent in a request for instructions regarding the installation, and the Palace Guard Superintendent detailed the Aide-de-Camp Huang Chhing-Tsung (to look after the matter). On the 2nd day of the twelfth month, a letter was sent up asking exactly where (the clock) was to be assembled, and your Imperial Majesty's order came to erect it in the Hall of All Heroes (Chi Ying Tien, in the Palace).

The finished clock was actually a tower about thirty- to forty-feet tall (see sketch, page 98). It enclosed a water-driven wheel and associated gears that turned an armillary sphere on a platform open on all four sides under the roof and a celestial globe in an upper story beneath the platform. Thus it was possible for one astronomer to read the predicted positions of the heavenly bodies on the globe and call them out to another astronomer who observed the actual situation in the sky and checked it against the moving circles on the armillary sphere. In this manner the calendar was kept in line with the passing seasons, and the cultivation of food crops was planned accordingly.

Between the celestial globe and the ground floor of the clock tower were five tiers of horizontal wheels, all mounted with representations of human figures at regular intervals. Through a vertical row of windows centered in one wall of the tower, spectators could watch the appearance of one set of figures after another. In this manner, the time of day became visible.

The third chapter of Su Sung's report to Emperor Shen Tsung explained how the escapement on the water wheel worked. The details are given alongside the sketch on page 99. But the general principle can be stated simply: The spokes of the wheel were spaced geometrically so that one spoke advanced every twenty-four seconds. Each spoke was first stopped and then released in turn by a series of chain-connected levers that were tripped into action by the fall of a scoop, pivoted to each spoke, after the scoop filled with water from a constantly flowing reservoir (symbolized in the sketch by a dragon's mouth).

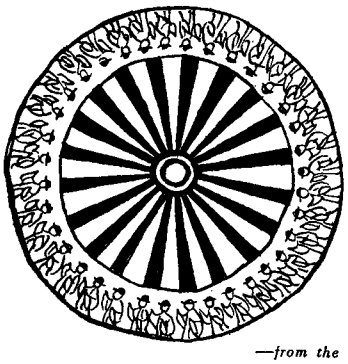
From the dimensions of the tower, it can be appreciated that Su Sung's clock was very far from being a toy. The gearing and chain-drives had to be powerful enough to rotate an armillary sphere weighing ten to twenty tons along with a bronze celestial globe four-and-a-half feet across. The water wheel was eleven feet in diameter, and the thirty-six scoops around its circumference carried three-quarters of a ton of water per hour.

THE escapement functioned with remarkable precision, as John Combridge, a British Post Office engineer, discovered when he made a sand-powered model of the device in 1961 for demonstration at a history of science colloquium at Oxford University. Combridge's model ticked off the hours within an accuracy of ten to twenty seconds.

Su Sung had taken most of the uncertainty out of the instrument with his long and careful preparations. He first made sure that a small wooden model would run smoothly, then built a full-scale model and tested it against four different types of clepsydra as well as against actual transits of the stars during the four years of experiments that preceded casting of the bronze parts of the final clock. His finished job kept time continuously from A.D. 1092 to A.D. 1126 and, after being dismantled and removed to Peking, was reassembled there and continued to run for some years.

Now Su Sung did not at any time claim that the principles of the clock's operation were original with him. On the contrary, in the text of *Hsien I Hsiang Fa Yao*, he mentioned the names of four distinguished scientific predecessors. Closest to himself in time had been Chang Ssu-hsun, who built a clockwork toward the end of the tenth century, using water power originally but shifting to mercury when the water froze during bitter winter nights. Chang Ssu-hsun had borrowed his main ideas from a pair of eminent scholars of two centuries earlier, I-Hsing and Liang Ling-Tsan. The senior of those two was I-Hsing, a Buddhist monk who ranked as the most learned astronomer and mathematician of eighth-century China.

The clock that I-Hsing built with the help of Liang Ling-Tsan was put together in A.D. 724 and was, historian Needham is convinced, the very first.



—from the book.

From the Thang histories of China, Needham draws these provocative details of I-Hsing's clock: "This permitted the exact determination of the times of dawns and dusks, full and new moons. . . . Moreover, there were two wooden jacks standing on the horizon surface, one having a bell and the other a drum in front of it, the bell being struck automatically to indicate the hours, and the drum being beaten automatically to indicate the quarters."

Recalling that the sudden spurt of interest in clockwork in fourteenth century Europe had been attributed by some scholars to the desire of monks in the great abbeys "to know more accurately the time of the night [so that] . . . they could better regulate the hours of their lauds and matins," Needham asks "What possible need could have been felt . . . at the beginning of the eighth century . . . within the Chinese imperial palace—for it was always in close association with the emperor that these masterpieces of medieval engineering arose—for more accurate knowledge of the hours of the night, and for

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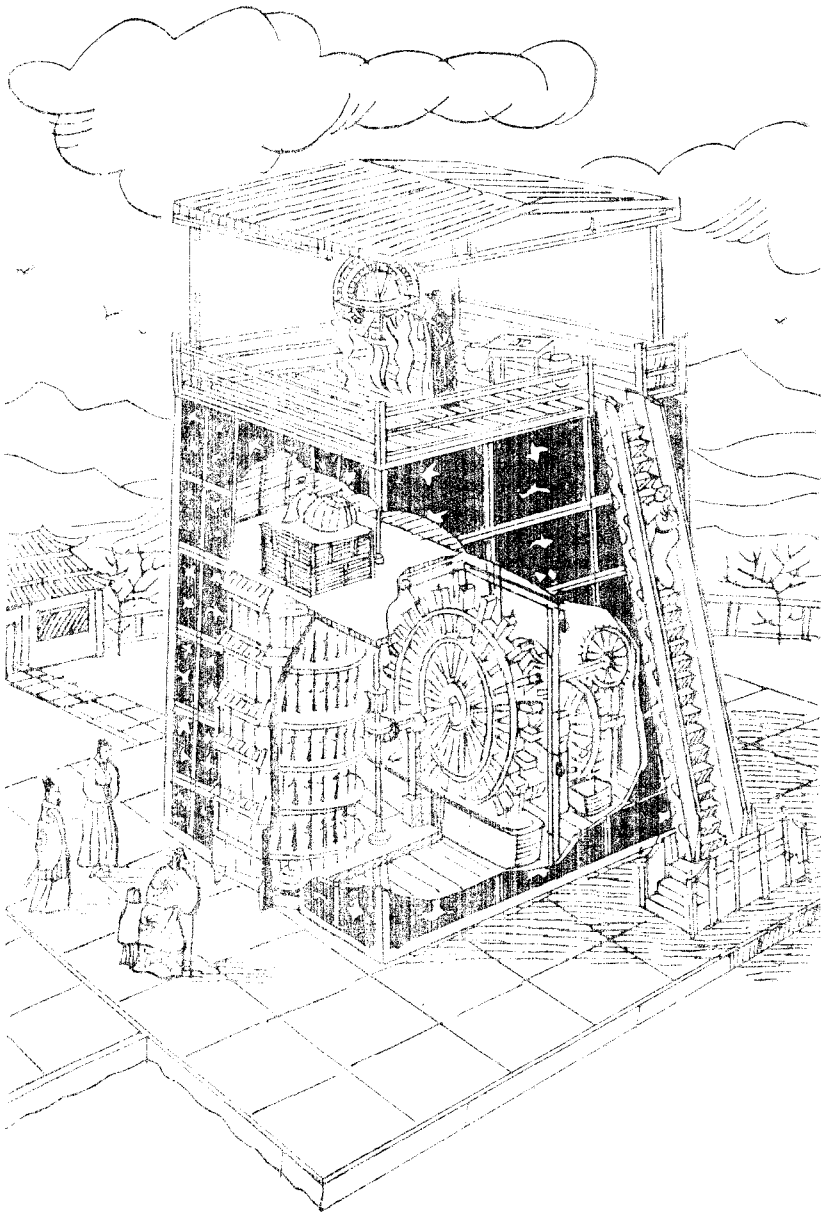
a means of following the march of the constellations even when foul weather rendered them invisible?"

Checking the accuracy of the calendar "was probably at least as important a determining factor as any other," he observes, but what of "the bells and gongs automatically giving the time, and the slow rotation of the celestial globe with its map of the heavens"? He answers his own question thus:

> It will be recalled that the Chinese emperor was a cosmic figure, the analogue here below of the pole star on high. All hierarchies, all officialdom, all works and days, revolved around his solitary eminence. It was therefore entirely natural that from time immemorial the large number of women attending upon him should have been regulated according to the principles of the numinous cosmism which pervaded Chinese court life. Ancient texts give us remarkable insight into the ranks of his consorts and concubines. Though their titles differed considerably during the two millennia which followed the first unification of the empire, the general order comprised one empress, three consorts, nine spouses (etymologically protegées or client ladies) twenty-seven beauties (concubines), and eighty-one attendant nymphs (assistant concubines). The *Chou Li (Record of the Rites of the Chou Dynasty)* even gives us what might be called a pernoctation rota.
>
> "The lower-ranking (women)," it says, "come first, the higher-ranking come last. The assistant concubines, eighty-one in number, share the imperial couch nine nights in groups of nine. The concubines, twenty-seven in number, are allotted three nights in groups of nine. The nine spouses and the three consorts are allotted one night to each group, and the empress also alone one night. On the fifteenth day of every month the sequence is complete, after which it repeats in the reverse order."
>
> Thus it is clear that the women of highest rank approached the emperor at times nearest to the full moon, when the Yin influence would be at its height, and matching the powerful Yang force of the Son of Heaven, would give the highest virtues to children so conceived. . . . In the +9th century Pai Hsing-Chien complained that all these rules had fallen into disorder, saying:
>
> "Nine ordinary companions every night, and the empress for two nights at the time of the full moon—that was the ancient rule, and the Duennas-Secretarial kept a careful record of everything with their vermilion brushes. . . . But alas, nowadays all the three thousand (palace women) compete in confusion. . . ."

What was at stake was the imperial succession. Chinese ruling houses did not always follow the primogeniture principle, and the eldest son of the empress was not necessarily the heir apparent. Towards the end of a long

THE CHINESE CLOCK TOWER



AN ORIGINAL DRAWING by John Christiansen is reproduced above. It is a pictorial reconstruction of the astronomical clocktower built by Su Sung and his collaborators at Khaifêng in Honan, then the capital of the Chinese empire, in A.D. 1090. The clockwork, driven by a water wheel, and fully enclosed within the tower, rotated an observational armillary sphere on the top platform and a celestial globe in the upper storey. Its time-announcing function was further fulfilled visually and audibly by the performances of numerous jacks mounted on the eight superimposed wheels of a time-keeping shaft and appearing at windows in the pagoda-like structure at the front of the tower. Within the tower, which was some forty feet high, the driving wheel was controlled by a special form of escapement (see page opposite, lower sketch). The water that moved this wheel was pumped back into the tanks periodically by hand. The staircase was actually inside the tower, according to Su Sung's treatise on the clock, the "Hsin I Hsiang Fa Yao."

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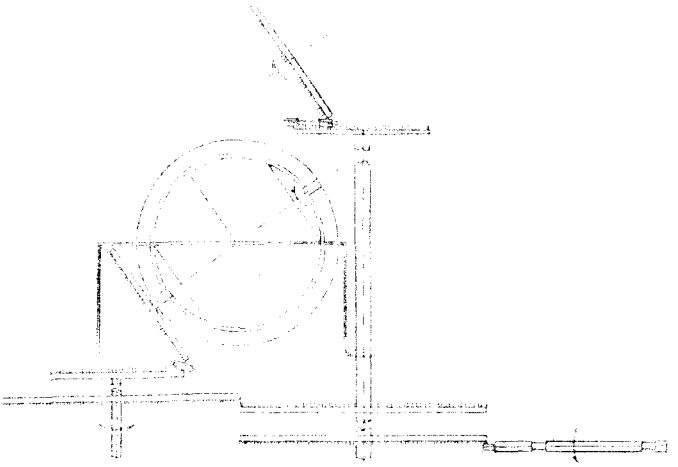
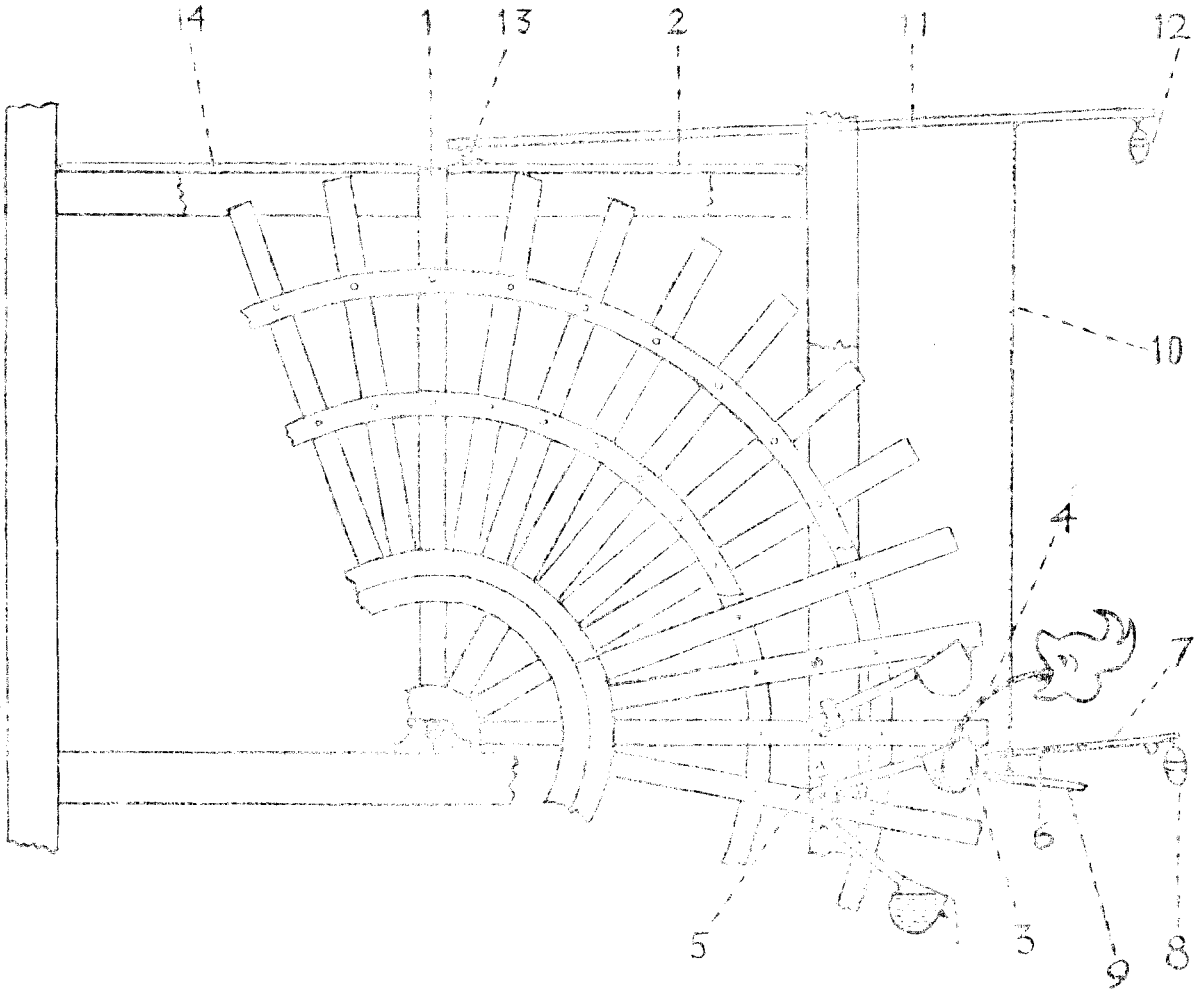


THE CLOCK'S WORKINGS are shown in the two sketches on this page. At right, armillary globe and celestial sphere are moved by gear-wheels each with 360 teeth. Below: right lock (2) holds spoke (1). As water (4) from constant-level tank enters scoop (3), scoop-holder counterweight (5) is overcome, and excess weight of water then rests on checking fork (6) of lower balancing lever (7). When excess overcomes counterweight (8) lever is tripped, and scoop-holder rotates about its pivot so as to fall sharply upon coupling tongue (9) and trip it. Long chain (10), which passes between prongs of checking fork (6), is pulled downwards, depressing right end of upper balancing lever (11) with aid of counterweight (12), normally insufficient to effect this. Chain of upper link (13) tightens and jerks right lock (2) out of way of spoke (1). Wheel now makes one quick step clockwise under driving force of filled scoops in lower right-hand quadrant. Meanwhile, left lock (14) has raised ratchet fashion, as spoke passed through, and fallen again behind next spoke, so as to prevent recoil as wheel stops. With return of linkwork to original position, levers (6, 7, 9) regain normal places ready for tripping in the following cycle. All "tick" processes are accomplished in an instant. Since there were 100 hours in the Chinese day-night period of twelve equal "double-hours," there were eight and a third quarters in each "double-hour." To operate jack-work at correct intervals in both "double-hours" and quarters, then, machinery was designed to divide day both ways. Least common multiple of twenty-four and 100 being 600, clock's three main gear-wheels (in sketch above) each had that many teeth.



—Sketches by Doug Anderson, following the book.

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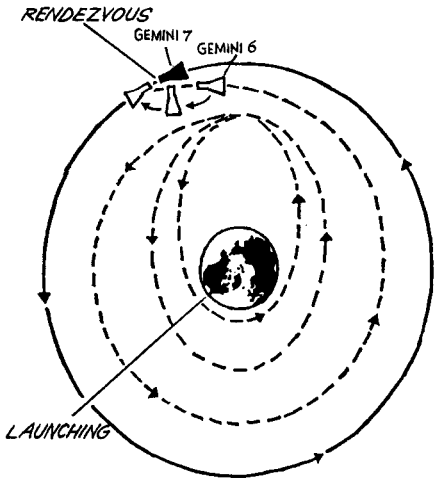
reign an emperor would have quite a number of princes from which to choose, and in view of the importance of State astrology in China from very ancient times it may be taken as certain that one of the factors in this choice was the nature of the asterisms which had been culminating at the time of the candidate's conception. Hence the importance of the records which had been kept by the Duennas-Secretarial, and the value of an instrument which not only told them the time but from which also the eunuchs could read off the star positions at any desired moment.

Needham points out, however, that the Chinese emperors, like their modern counterparts in government, could only encourage genius—they could not command its appearance at will. Invention of the clock escapement did not occur when it did simply because it suited the empire's needs. How did it arise?

Needham believes it evolved over a period of centuries. Its oldest recognizable ancestor was the clepsydra, or water clock. In its most primitive form, the clepsydra measured time by the rate at which water dripped from a reservoir: a liquid hour-glass, so to speak. Such clepsydras undoubtedly entered China from the Near East long before the beginning of the Christian era. About 200 B.C., these devices were superseded by in-flow types, which conveniently indicated the hours by means of a float which rose as the reservoir gradually filled. Experience with this improved clepsydra model brought understanding that as the vessel into which the water was flowing gradually filled, the hour-indicator slowed in relation to the actual passage of time because the gravity pressure fell in the water-supply basin. A method of weighing the water at intervals would help to solve this disparity, and there was a suitable device at hand in ancient China—the balance of unequal arms, or steelyard.

"From the systematic weighing of a water-receiving vessel," Needham notes, "it was not such a far cry to the weighing of one which both received it and delivered it. That in turn would have pointed the way to the mounting of such double-function containers round the rim of a single wheel; in fact to the controlled retention of successive water-receiving and water-delivering scoops so arranged as to pass a weighbridge [or steelyard, the balance of unequal arms].

The idea of using dripping water to rotate a man-made sphere in time with the earth's own revolution can be traced back to the Chinese Astronomer Royal Chang Heng, whose lifespan covered A.D. 78 to 142. It was Chang Heng who invented the first seismograph [see *SR*, May 2, 1964]. Given the genetic heritage of men like him—as well as those Chinese geniuses who long ago invented the magnetic compass [see *SR*, July 7, 1962], caliper gauges, the sailing wheelbarrow, the trip-hammer, the paddle-wheeled boat, movable type cases, wind-measuring instruments, and the earliest forerunners of the airplane propeller—it is no surprise that modern Chinese scientists should develop nuclear explosives and perhaps have somewhere up their sleeves technological wonders not yet dreamed of. —JOHN LEAR, *Science Editor.*



—Doug Anderson.

IN AUGUST 1962, TWO RUSSIAN cosmonauts piloted two earth satellites—Vostok 3 and Vostok 4—within three miles of each other in the first preliminary demonstration of man's ability to rendezvous ships in interplanetary space. On December 15, 1965, four American astronauts piloted the earth satellites Gemini 7 and Gemini 6 into the second preliminary demonstration of rendezvous: a nose-to-nose approach at a distance of six to ten feet 185 miles out from earth. Actual rendezvous will be accomplished when two spaceships come into precise alignment and lock together tightly enough to allow men and materials to move from one to the other.

The method of navigation used in achieving rendezvous was described in *SR*'s issue of April 4, 1964. The steps followed by Gemini 6 in approaching the earlier established orbit of Gemini 7 are shown in the sketch above.

The crews of the two spacecraft deserve the praise they have been receiving for their exploit. But it ought to be remembered that the biggest part of the piloting job is done down here on earth, with the help of computers. As science writer John Troan had the courage to point out in the midst of National Aeronautics and Space Administration jubilating, getting to the moon may be a lot easier than getting back. One rocket stalled at Cape Kennedy before Gemini 6 got off the earth. If such a tragedy should happen on the moon, the pilots would be helpless. The Russians have made a number of attempts to soft-land on the moon. Their vehicles have reached their exact destinations exactly on time. Did they simply sink into the surface? No one yet knows.

ARE THE TAME CATS IN CHARGE?

Omens of Orwell

By PHILIP ABELSON

SCIENCE and technology have made outstanding contributions to the dynamic success of the United States as a world leader. We are able to maintain a position of prestige and influence on the international scene because we can devote large sums to foreign aid and to the support of military forces abroad. Even now we have some problems with the gold drain and with balance of payments, but the situation would be completely impossible were it not for our strength in producing products derived from intensive laboratory research. The value of our exports of synthetic fibers and goods made from them, and of chemicals and related products, runs four to five times the worth of corresponding imports.

But our world position is by no means guaranteed. We attained our present status in part through circumstance. While our scientific establishment thrived during World War II, our principal competitors were suffering tremendous losses. For many years after World War II, Germany, Japan, and Russia were preoccupied with restoring their physical plants. Only during the last ten years have they been able to devote serious efforts to catching up with us. At present the progress of the Japanese is particularly impressive, but other nations are on the move. Practically all Western countries are now seeking to improve their national effectiveness in exploiting science. They display keen awareness of the role of science and technology as an agent of progress and prosperity. They are intent on establishing national policies that will increase their ability to compete with us. We can no longer count on being one of the few nations pushing science as an agent of national welfare. We are certain to face much tougher competition in the future.

I am not optimistic about our ability to remain on top. I say this because the quality of our decisions with respect to

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—Doug Anderson.

science has deteriorated. Too large a fraction of our research and development funds are being spent by government in ways that do not help our competitive position or benefit society.

The federal government is now spending more than $15 billion annually on research and development. Of this, about $7 billion goes to defense, $5 billion to exploration of extraterrestrial space; out of the remainder, only a small fraction goes to efforts likely to help the civilian economy directly. We are not getting an adequate return on much of the money being spent.

WHAT have we got for the $21 billion we have spent up to now on the exploration of space?

The unmanned satellites and other spaceships, which have cost a few per cent of the total expenditure, have yielded almost all the important advances. They have, for example, revealed the Van Allen radiation belts, determined more precisely the shape of the earth, and provided us with information about global weather. They have measured the solar wind and its influence on the earth's magnetic field. Rocket astronomy has permitted us to detect X-rays from the sun and stars.

Growing out of the unmanned effort are a number of practical applications. Commercial success of the communications satellites seems likely. The transit satellite is another successful unmanned vehicle; it is an aid to navigation, helpful to civilian as well as military needs.

The value of spy satellites can only be guessed, for little has been said about them. We can be sure, however, that very good photographs could be obtained of both the Soviet Union and mainland China. To gauge their potential quality we need only recall the pictures from Ranger 9, transmitted 240,000 miles from the moon. As it is much easier to place heavy equipment in the earth's orbit than to send it to the moon, a spy satellite could surely have far more sensitive cameras than those of Ranger 9.

From the manned space program we have had very little indeed. Some military technological fallout is associated with it. Development of huge booster rockets for the program also provides knowledge and technology for much larger intercontinental ballistic missiles. However, there have been practically no worthwhile civilian benefits. The requirements of a man in space are the requirements of what for most of us will remain an unnatural environment.

The moon is like a ghastly battlefield—lifeless, pockmarked with numberless large and small craters. The astronauts will find no comfort there. They must take all their needs with them: food, air, water. The temperature will change from sizzling heat during the day to intense cold at night. If some failure should prevent their return to earth, they would be doomed. If they return, they will bring with them specimens of some scientific interest but no economic value except as curiosities—or even the specimens may prove disappointing. We may find that the materials on the moon differ little from the meteorites. We may discover that we have spent billions to obtain specimens such as nature already delivers to earth free of charge.

EARLIER, I mentioned some of the contributions that science and technology have made to society and noted how our whole way of life is governed by such contributions. The total cost of the basic research that made those contributions possible was perhaps $10 billion, less than half the $21 billion already spent by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

To provide a more specific illustration, I would remind you of our atomic energy program as it stood in December 1942. At that time, we had an operating nuclear reactor and had established the foundations for the atomic power industry of the future. We had proved the feasibility of the atomic bomb. We had discovered how to make and use the radioactive isotopes that are so valuable in chemical and medical research. The total cost was less than $20 million, perhaps as little as $10 million. The revolutionizing information so acquired is of much greater significance than anything we have obtained, at a thousand times the cost, from our space effort. Indeed, it might be said that the most remarkable result of space exploration is the federal government's discovery of a way to spend enormous sums of money on research and development without getting great benefits in return.

I shall turn next to high-energy physics. The situation in this field illustrates further our failure to establish a suitable apparatus for decision-making with respect to science.

Before 1945, the largest high-energy machine was a cyclotron at Berkeley. Together with building and associated laboratory facilities, the installation cost a little more than $1 million dollars. During World War II this cyclotron contributed to the atomic bomb effort.

Following the developments of World War II, many segments of government were eager to support research in nuclear physics. A series of new machines of successively higher energy were designed and built, costing increasing sums of money. Our current annual expenditures are about $100 million. From 1945 to 1965 about a billion dollars was expended in this field. Moreover, high-energy physics has absorbed some of the best brains of this nation. Studies have shown that physics can be mastered only by men of the very highest intelligence, and half of our physicists have been occupied with high-energy nuclear physics. As a result, Americans received a number of Nobel prizes. However, no results of practical value were obtained.

I repeat, no results of practical value were obtained. Never, in the history of science, have so many fine minds been supported on such a grand scale, and

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worked so diligently, and returned so little to society for its patronage.

In the face of this record the Atomic Energy Commission, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy of Congress, and the Office of the President seem agreed that an even more costly installation is to be built. At the moment, the government is in process of making what amounts to a billion-dollar decision with respect to the location of a new 200-billion-electron-volt high-energy machine. Initially, the installation will cost $300 million, and its annual upkeep will amount to $80 million. If built, it will surely be operated for ten years.

The Atomic Energy Commission has asked that interested groups submit proposals outlining their interests and their ability to meet site criteria. As a consequence 126 proposals have been received representing almost every state in the United States. The proposals involved a considerable amount of technical detail. Some were several inches thick. I have been told that one Texas city spent $6 million in preparing its brochure. After nearly six months' study the Atomic Energy Commission narrowed the field from 126 to eighty-five and then tossed the problem to a special committee of the National Academy of Sciences.

In all the excitement, no one seems to give any weight to the dim prospects for any kind of reasonable payoff to society. Most high-energy physicists will admit that the past twenty years have been barren of direct practical benefits. During the last eight years even the philosophic impact of high-energy physics has been limited. Robert Oppenheimer recently touched on this in an address at celebration of the bicentennial of the Smithsonian Institution. Speaking of the impact of discoveries in physics, and particularly in nuclear physics, he said:

> It has seemed clear that unless the discoveries could be made intelligible they would hardly revolutionize human attitudes. But it has also seemed likely that unless they seemed relevant to some movement of the human spirit characteristic of the day, they would hardly move the human heart or deflect the philosopher's pen. Five centuries ago the errors that physics and astronomy and mathematics were beginning to reveal were errors common to the thought, the doctrine, the very form and hope of European culture. When they were revealed, the thought of Europe was altered. The errors that relativity and quantum theory have corrected were physicists' errors, shared a little, of course, by our colleagues in related subjects. A recent vivid example is the discovery of the non-conservation of parity. The error which this corrected was limited to a very small part of mankind.

Now we are on the threshold of authorizing what amounts to a billion dollars or more for a new machine. By this act we will please a few thousand physicists. We will subsidize some of our very best brains to withdraw from society to engage in an activity having little prospect of practical or philosophic value.

WHO is to be blamed?

In this instance, I should put about half the responsibility on the physicists. The major responsibility, however, must rest with the government, which has the authority to make decisions. The government, if it will, can tap the advice of the best brains of the nation. As it happens, the AEC has principally asked for the opinions of high-energy physicists. This is, of course, like asking a hungry cat to make recommendations about the disposition of some cream.

The uneven quality of federal judgment with respect to science is further illustrated by the niggardly level of federal support for basic research in chemistry. Advances in most sciences are dependent on superior chemical techniques and on new fundamental understanding of matter and its reactions. Chemistry is central to many fields, including biochemistry, molecular biology, neurochemistry, and solid-state physics. There are comparatively few products that meet man's urgent needs that do not involve chemistry. Food, clothing, shelter, medicine, transportation, and recreation involve this science at every turn.

Our chemical industry itself is one of this country's greatest assets, being responsible for creating an annual output worth $36 billion. Since chemicals enter into many other products, chemistry's contribution to the gross national product could approach $100 billion. Chemical and pharmaceutical industries annually contribute about $1.5 billion toward helping our balance of payments and lessening the gold drain.

In the long run, the strongest nation will be the one that applies chemistry most effectively. The long-range interests of this nation require a strong chemical profession, and basic to it are strong chemistry departments in the universities. Yet, while NASA was receiving an annual $5 billion, a sum that represented almost all the money asked by the agency, chemistry received only a small fraction of its requests. The National Science Foundation, for example, gave grants in chemistry for only 17 per cent of the dollars requested. In total, chemistry received from all federal sources $60 million. In my estimation, chemistry, for the long haul, is ten to 100 times as important as space, yet it receives only about 1 per cent as much money.

What is the source of the disparate treatment of space and chemistry?

The fundamental problem is that we have not faced up to the necessity of making rational judgments in the choice of major projects. We have good mechanisms for making judgments involving small lumps of money—that is, grants by the National Science Foundation, or by the National Institutes of Health. Allocation of the larger sums, however, is the primary responsibility of politicians. Politicians, enamored of headline-catching spectaculars, are disposed to support the spectacles and get their names associated with them. Research projects involving only a few thousand dollars fill them with antipathy. If the project is important, why doesn't it cost more? Politicians pay some lip service to basic research, but they support it only grudgingly. There is little political currency connected with it. What kind of newspaper notice attends award of a $5,000 research grant?

Our decision to send a man to the moon was a political decision occasioned by the Bay of Pigs fiasco. The decision was made in haste and after essentially no consultation with the scientific community. The annual $5 billion that goes to NASA is ramrodded through Congress on a no-nonsense basis.

In most years, only captive witnesses are heard by the Senate and House space committees. There are some cozy hearings in which NASA employees or consultants laud the space effort and present their package. I am aware of only once when a witness known to be hostile was asked to testify. On that occasion, a whole battery of NASA consultants were called on to discount the single opposition voice.

In 1964 the $5 billion space budget was passed without one dissenting voice from the scientific community. About that time I conducted a poll of readers of *Science* asking their views on the relative importance of space research. An overwhelming majority gave it a low rating.

There are several reasons why scientists do not seek to testify at hearings on research and development legislation. Most scientists are unaware of the schedule of impending hearings and unfamiliar with mechanisms for obtaining an audience. Only a limited number feel competent to make judgments in diverse, highly technical areas. With few exceptions, there are no staffs to aid in preparation of material. Only when highly emotional issues, such as nuclear bomb fallout, are involved is there a semblance of broad response.

A major reason why research and development legislation is not more ade-

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quately discussed is a lack of evident immediate clash of self-interest among scientists. The self-interest of those who advocate expenditures is obvious; but who makes the probing counter-argument? At present, it comes not from informed witnesses but from congressmen, whose principal, well-worn line is that we are spending too much money on science in general.

Failure of scientists to criticize publicly, to any appreciable degree, programs many deem ill-judged often stems from analysis of the balance sheet of their own self-interest. On the positive side is the consideration that the long-term interest of their profession and the nation dictates that unwise expenditures not be made. If the public loses confidence in the integrity of scientists, the sequel could be calamitous for all. But this nebulous possibility does not outweigh present realities. The witness who questions the wisdom of the establishment pays a price and incurs hazards. He is diverted from his professional activities. He stirs the enmity of powerful foes. He fears that reprisals may extend beyond him and his institution. Perhaps he fears shadows, but in a day when almost all research institutions are highly dependent on federal funds, prudence seems to dictate silence.

I have personally appeared before congressional committees on three occasions. The experiences did not increase my appetite for additional opportunities. Each time, I went to considerable effort to prepare my presentation. On the first occasion Edward Teller was among the witnesses. Indeed, he was the lead-off speaker. When his testimony was completed, congressmen swarmed around, having their pictures taken with him. The press clustered about, firing questions. When Professor Teller left, almost all the congressmen and the press vanished. The testimony of subsequent witnesses had as much substance as that of Teller, but their voices echoed in an empty room.

On the other two occasions, I told the committees some truths they did not wish to hear. As a consequence I learned some facts of political life the hard way. After formal presentations the congressmen are free to question witnesses. In this period they enjoy several advantages. First, many are by training lawyers, who like to build traps for the unwary witness. Second, they have the help of staff members who unobtrusively slip them tough questions. Third, when the witness seems to be making a point, they can cut him off or suddenly ask a tangential question.

Even though I did not suffer from my three experiences, I was left with the feeling that I had wasted my time. If I have something to say, I find it more effective to use other means of communication, such as an editorial in *Science*. As matters exist now, few scientists have a platform of comparable quality. With rare exceptions, only the Tame Cat scientists are heard.

If we are ever to achieve a sound policy for science, we must find a way to permit better public discussion of scientific issues. This reform should include freeing the witness from fear of reprisals. It should also provide that well-considered presentations be given a hearing. To achieve these objectives would probably require the creation of new institutions. For instance, the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges might sponsor a science policy institute having some full-time and many part-time participants and including men trained in the social sciences. When such a group had hammered out a well-considered report, it would receive broad, respectful attention. Not many congressmen would attack such a group.

Achieving a sensible allocation of federal funds for research is an important problem that society must solve in order to deal with the scientific revolution. The record of predictions made concerning science and technology has been one of consistent underestimate. But part of the future can be inferred by examining present trends.

I believe that the potential for discovery of revolutionary knowledge is great in biology—greater even than in the physical sciences. The tools and the concepts of physics and chemistry will, of course, have important roles in the new findings.

SINCE no one knows what the new discoveries will be, it is impossible to outline the practical consequences. Therefore, I will use a sort of poetic license here to sketch briefly two possibilities. Some new experiments indicate that man may find himself in a position to deliberately change the genetic content of developing embryos, possibly for the better. Suppose that the biosciences succeeded in developing a fetal therapy such that the I.Q. of a person could be raised, say, ten to twenty points. Think what that would mean! A nation that employed it would automatically attain an intellectual advantage.

As another example, consider the possibilities inherent in perfection of a memory-sharpening drug. It is not impossible. Once we understand the mechanism of data storage and retrieval in the human brain, we may be able to develop therapeutic aids. The achievement of such possibilities would give man greater power to control his future. It would also demand far more wisdom than man has so far seemed able to supply.

If the knowledge and power of science are wisely used, a golden age of humanity can be achieved and maintained. But it is by no means guaranteed. Man cannot escape the need for decisions. Even the refusal to make judgments and take action is itself a decision.

Who will make the decisions? Will it be a broadly informed electorate? Or will it be a narrow oligarchy at the seat of highly centralized power? My feeling is that we are much closer to George Orwell's 1984 than most people realize. In fact, we are about on schedule in arriving there. We can avoid this catastrophe only if we achieve a greater sense of responsibility in our decision-making.

DR. PHILIP ABELSON, editor of *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, did not, at the time he addressed the gist of the remarks in adjacent columns to an audience at Washington State University in Pullman a few weeks ago, suppose that he might expect support for his views from powerful political figures. However, as this issue of *SR* was being readied for the press, the Carnegie Corporation of New York published an essay that appeared in its annual report for 1965. Title: "The Antileadership Vaccine." The essay had been written by Dr. John W. Gardner before he moved from the Carnegie presidency to become President Lyndon B. Johnson's cabinet Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Dr. Gardner deplored the "many scientific and professional people" who "envisage a world that does not need leaders, only experts." "The supplying of technically correct solutions is the least" responsibility of cultural guidance, Dr. Gardner reminded. "Leaders worthy of the name . . . offer . . . moral leadership. . . . I am using the word 'moral' to refer to the shared values that must undergird any functioning society. . . . When leaders lose their credibility or their moral authority, then the society begins to disintegrate." Decisions, he emphasized, do not arise simultaneously from popularity polls or advisory reports.

In Congress, Dr. Abelson's theme was set as the subject for an inquiry directed by U.S. Representative Henry S. Reuss (D.-Wis.), chairman of the research and technical programs subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Operations. January hearings are scheduled to determine how science and technology can better be aimed at the goals of American society. To interest young people in the problem, the Free Press will publish Dr. Abelson's message in a book of readings on science and society, edited by Sanford Lakoff, of the New York State University at Stony Brook, Long Island.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—A.S.T.M.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Man's explorations of the interior of the earth, the depths of earth's seas, and the space between earth and the other planets of the sun are making extraordinary demands on his ability to adapt himself to these unaccustomed environments. Whereas his own skeleton, flesh, blood, and skin—plus the furs of other animals, cloth woven from growing green plants, wood from the trees, and minerals from underground—have enabled him to survive the bottom of the atmosphere, he now must be able to protect himself both from pressures enormously greater and enormously less than the air he breathes. Extremely high temperatures and dizzying speeds of travel are other hazards. These demands are so exacting that materials of which man's past has been fashioned are no longer adequate to protect him; it has become necessary to combine several substances into composites and even to invent entirely new ones.*

BY ALBERT G. H. DIETZ
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

MALE animals are not the only source of whiskers. Medieval silversmiths discovered that if they stroked and heated the surfaces of silver objects, fine filaments would grow from the silver. Although the silversmiths did not know it, they were anticipating a development which is now being actively pursued by scientists and engineers searching for greater insight into the structure of matter and for materials having extremely high strength and stiffness.

Under favorable conditions crystal-forming materials will crystallize as extremely fine filamentous single crystals a few microns in diameter and virtually free of the imperfections found in ordinary crystals. It has been established that the theoretical strengths of crystalline materials are much higher than the strengths achieved in practice. Iron, for example, should have a strength of 2,900,000 pounds per square inch, whereas commonly employed structural steels attain only 75,000 to 100,000 psi. The great disparities in strength are caused largely by internal dislocations in the crystalline structure, and in ductile materials like metals the dislocations can easily move about, allowing the portions of the crystal to shift with respect to each other. In non-ductile materials like ceramics the atomic structure is such as to inhibit easy motion of the dislocations, but the dislocations nevertheless act as stress concentration points, creating steps and breaks at the surfaces of the crystals, and thus bringing about premature failure.

In whiskers the dislocations are either absent or their effects are minimized because the diameters of the whiskers are so small as to prevent ready motion of the dislocations. The surfaces of whiskers are also characteristically extremely smooth, without the surface imperfections found in more massive forms. Whiskers, consequently, are far stronger and stiffer than the same material in bulk form. Strengths of sapphire (aluminum oxide) and graphite whiskers are reported to be as high as 2,800,000 and 3,000,000 psi. (Even these are still not as high as the theoretical strengths.)

Whiskers so far have been produced principally on the laboratory scale, although silicon carbide is reported to be available in larger quantities. Lengths are mainly fractions of an inch and costs are high compared with bulk materials and other filaments. But the potentialities are such as to warrant considerable research and development.

Explanations for the high strength of fine fibers center largely about the theory of flaws enunciated by A. A. Griffith and extended by other investigators. Simply stated, the theory postulates that in fine fibers the probability of a serious flaw occurring is much less than in more massive sections and, consequently, the strength is higher, more nearly approaching the theoretical strength of the material. Other explanations postulate that, in the process of drawing fine filaments, such flaws as do exist (cracks, for example) are oriented in the direction of drawing, parallel to the axis of the fiber, and consequently have much less effect than if they were oriented at right angles to the tensile stress. In high polymers, the molecules are oriented in the direction of drawing, thereby greatly increasing the strength in that direction. It is postulated that a similar ordering effect occurs in other materials.

FINE filaments or fibers by themselves have limited engineering use. They need support, something to hold them in place in a structure or device. This was recognized in the Egypt of biblical times, as is related in *Exodus*. The Israelites, as punishment, had to find their own straw for the making of brick. The straw was mixed with clay and dried in the sun. Thus the fibers were imbedded in a continuous supporting matrix sufficiently rigid to hold its shape, to prevent buckling and collapse of the fibers, and to transmit stress from fiber to fiber. Basically the same method is used in modern technology. The matrix itself would not withstand high stresses. When fibers and matrix are combined into a composite, however, a combination of high strength, rigidity, and toughness frequently emerges that far transcends these properties in the individual constituents.

The forms in which fibers can be employed in composites are numerous, and draw upon the long experience of textile technology for help and guidance. The simplest, and in many ways one of the most versatile and consequently most widely employed, is the mat of short-length fibers laid down in a random pattern. This is adaptable to a considerable number of uses and is the general-purpose member of this family of composites. Strength is approximately the same in all directions; that is, the material is essentially isotropic in its own plane. The strength and elastic modulus [ability to stretch without breaking] are only moderately high in any one direction because only a small proportion of the total number of fibers is oriented approximately in that direction.

Woven fabrics provide greater strength in the directions of the yarns, but the material is no longer isotropic. It has properties proportional to the numbers of yarns in two mutually perpendicular directions, that is, orthotropic. This is reflected in the properties of composites incorporating such woven constructions. Many types of weaves are employed—square, basket, satin, and others—practically all of the patterns that have evolved in textile technology.

Highest strength in one direction is achieved when fibers in the form of continuous filaments are laid down parallel to each other in a unidirectional pattern. This permits the greatest fiber-packing density of any of the various configurations. The highest strength and elastic modulus occur in this longitudinal direction, but the strength in the transverse

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Massachusetts Institute of Technology is one of the leading centers of research in America into the developing art of new material fabrication. Professor of civil engineering and architecture there, as well as director of the plastic research laboratory, chairman of the graduate interdepartmental committee on materials engineering, and a member of the solar energy committee, is Dr. Albert G. H. Dietz, a native of Lorain, Ohio. As chairman of the building research advisory board of the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council, he ranks among the best informed men in this rapidly accelerating discipline of study. The American Society for Testing and Materials, headquartered in Philadelphia, has just published in monograph form a summation of research on composite materials which he gave in the 1965 Edgar Marburg Lecture of ASTM. The text below is excerpted from that review of the state of the art. At right, photo of Moscow Pavilion Canopies.

—A.S.T.M.

direction is essentially the strength of the matrix, and the elastic modulus, while higher than that of the matrix alone, is lower than the longitudinal. Composites of a matrix plus unidirectional fibers are essentially orthotropic.

Of the many fibers and filaments available, the most widely employed in fibrous composites at present is glass. Glass has average strengths ranging from 500,000 to 700,000 psi and elastic moduli of approximately 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 psi, although experimental glasses go as high as 15,000,000 psi.

The most commonly used matrices are synthetic resins, of which the unsaturated polyesters, epoxies, and phenolics are most widely employed. The synthetic resin matrices typically have tensile strengths ranging between 5,000 and 10,000 psi and elastic moduli less than 1,000,000 psi, many in the vicinity of 500,000 psi or less.

Because of the high temperatures frequently encountered and because higher-modulus matrices are often desirable, there is considerable activity in the development of metal matrices combined with the higher-temperature-resistant fibers. Silica, graphite, and carbon in various metals, such as aluminum; tungsten in tungsten-based alloys or in silver; alumina fibers in silver; and many others are undergoing active development. Metallic filaments have been drawn down to extremely small diameters, measured in Angstroms [the units of light wave measurement].

UNLIKE many plain materials which are first manufactured as stock sheets, bars, or profiles and are then fabricated into final form, parts made of fibrous composites are customarily fabricated directly from the basic constituents. Properties of the material are strongly influenced by the fabrication process. The commonly employed glass fiber-resin composites are generally fabricated by the following methods: hand lay-up, preform, spray up, and filament winding.

A few examples may be used to illustrate these methods.

Moscow Pavilions [erected for the official United States exhibition]—These hexagonal canopies, twenty feet high and sixteen feet in diameter on hollow columns, were made by hand lay-up of random glass fiber mat and polyester resin. Thickness was varied from one-sixteenth to one-quarter inch by varying the number of layers of material. In spite of the thin sections in these large sizes, strength was ample to withstand sixty-mile-per-hour winds.

The "House of the Future"—The eight-by-sixteen-foot cantilevered hollow structural *monocoque* shells of this building are woven roving fabric and polyester resin three-tenths of an inch thick. They were hand-laid on simple forms and cured inside an evacuated flexible blanket at moderately elevated temperatures.

Automobile Parts—Chopped fiber and resin are sprayed against a form placed on a revolving table. The preform is subsequently molded in a heated press.

Filament-Wound Large Tank—Glass fiber rovings are drawn through a resin bath and wound onto a rotating mandrel. Various layers may have the filaments oriented at different helix angles, including circumferential windings.

Large Rocket Nozzle—Fibrous composites play a prominent part in some of the vital portions of rockets and space vehicles. One outstanding example is the nozzle of the 156-inch diameter solid-propellant rocket test-fired in Georgia in 1965. It is nineteen feet high, nineteen feet in diameter at the exit cone, and weighs 20,000 pounds.

The nozzle units are assemblies of erosion and heat-resistant plastic materials reinforced with structural glass-fiber laminates and assembled into a steel shell. Carbon, graphite, and high-silica tapes are employed in different parts of the nozzle for highest resistance to erosion by the high-velocity and high-temperature gases.

Parts of the nozzle are assembled to each other with a zinc chromate filler, machined and bonded to the shell; an external layer of bi-directional laminate is applied over part of the steel shell and part of the exit cone, and finally glass-fiber rovings are wrapped around the throat and the aft end of the shell.

This is not only a combination of composite materials chosen to meet varying conditions in different parts of the nozzle; it is a complex composite structure.

Heat Shields—Heat shields for re-entry vehicles such as the Mercury and Gemini capsules are fabricated of fibrous composites. Glass, silica, and graphite fibers in woven, tape, or other forms are embedded in resin matrices to provide superior ablation and shielding characteristics.

In composites, the whiskers described above are of great potential interest as high-strength, high-modulus reinforcements. In metallic matrices fine, hard, strong, stiff whiskers act as effective blocks to the migration of discontinuities, thus greatly increasing the strength of the metal and increasing its resistance to deformation at elevated temperatures. A technique for incorporating whiskers in a metallic matrix is to grow them directly in the metal by the controlled unidirectional solidification of an alloy. This has been accomplished with magnesium-tin and copper-chromium, resulting in some platelike and some fibrous whiskers formed in the matrix.

Analyzing the properties and behavior of plain materials is no simple task. When several materials are combined and expected to behave in concert, the problem becomes exceedingly more complex. The analysis of internal stresses, or micromechanics, becomes an arduous task for which the theory is far from complete.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Society Unplugged

I WAS INTERESTED in your analysis of the November 9 power failure [*SR*, Dec.4]. However, I believe that some of your units were incompletely stated.

When you discuss the 1964 power output of 1.1 trillion kilowatts, the correct term should be kilowatt hours.

Again, when you speak of 345 kilowatt power transmission lines it would be correct to speak of kilovolts. The line could then transmit varying amounts of power.

It seems that the entire failure was due to the malfunctioning of a single piece of automatic equipment at a time when the demand was near the maximum generating capacity. This leads to doubt as to the advisability of interconnection of the nation's entire power network. Would it not be more logical to depend upon a number of blocks, between which manual interconnection would be possible?

THOMAS H. STUBBS.

Atlantic City, N.J.

I THOUGHT that your article on the power breakdown [*SR*, Dec.4] could stand a little clarification. Current, in the sense of electron motion, does not flow at the speed of light. The average velocity of an electron in a piece of copper 1 centimeter in diameter with a current of 200 amperes flowing through it is about .02 centimeters per second. It is true that *power* is transmitted down a wire at the speed of light. Your statement about current "escaping from the wires" if not used is irrelevant. The power loss due to leakage is negligible and independent of the load. I was unable to make any sense out of your next paragraph. High voltage is economical because, for a given power flow and conductor size, the power loss is inversely proportional to the square of the voltage. Leakage (to a first order approximation) increases directly with the voltage. Your article omitted all reference to the critical role that the line frequency played in the power breakdown.

SOLOMON MAX.

Brookline, Mass.

YOUR ARTICLE "The Night They Unplugged Society" [*SR*, Dec. 4] points out the serious problems resulting from interruption of electric service. To me, however, the most frightening thing about your article is your suggestion that problems would be solved by giving the Federal Power Commission "licensing authority over the building of steam-driven generators or the manner of their linkage with each other." The idea that Big Brother can take care of everything is becoming so prevalent that we are in danger of becoming convinced that all the technological intelligence is on the federal payroll.

M. J. URNER.

Hagerstown, Md.

I SHOULD LIKE to point out some rather obvious and elementary errors in "The Night They Unplugged Society" [*SR*, Dec. 4]. They may be due in part to the difficulty in explaining scientific phenomena in terms familiar to the layman.

Electric current (*i.e.*, movement of electrons with a characteristic "drift velocity") does not "move" at the speed of light. Disregarding the redundant use of "move" (what is a current that does not move?), we can state that the effects of electric current do propagate with the speed of light. This is obvious when we treat the transmission line as a "wave guide." A common analogy is water moving in a long pipe: Water comes out one end soon after the valve is opened because the water behind is "pushing" it out. The water initially emerging does not travel the full length of the pipe.

The reference to "the loss of current" is also baffling to me. If electrons did leak out of wires, the wires themselves would become highly positively charged, which they do not. The resistive losses in a power line are proportional to the square of the current. These losses are reduced by increasing the voltage and reducing the current (while transmitting the same power, since power equals voltage times current). No current (moving electrons) is "lost," although electrical energy is converted into heat energy because of the resistance of the wires.

J. THOMAS RATCHFORD.

Alexandria, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The typographical mistakes (those involving the distinctions between kilowatts, kilowatt hours, and kilovolts) mentioned in the paragraphs above are as inexplicable as they are inexcusable. Whether the other "errors" cited are in fact wrong depends on the individual reader's customary interpretation of the English language.*

To a layman, current lost from an electric power line disappears at the moment when it ceases to fill his needs, although to the scientist disappearance of electricity is impossible because no form of energy ever disappears. One of the main props of physics is the law of conservation of energy, which says that energy can change in form —from kinetic (the energy of motion) to heat or light or sound—but must always remain inviolate.

In condensing the history of electrical power development into a few sentences, SR's science editor stated the main points in lay language and omitted the technical details, just as Mr. Ratchford, in adhering to technical language, omitted an important element of lay description. The water pipe analogy holds only if the pipe is already filled with water at the time the water is poured into one end of the pipe. Under such circumstances, the kinetic impulse—the driving energy of the water suddenly introduced into the pipe—reaches the other end of the pipe almost instantaneously. The drops of water that emerge from the pipe exit are not, of course, the same drops that just entered the pipe. The fundamental difference between the water pipe and a wire transmitting electricity is that the pipe may or may not be filled with water at any given moment whereas the wire, being made of a conducting metal such as copper or aluminum, is always full of electrons.

In stating that early power transmission lines lost current over long distances, SR's science editor meant simply that the energy was dissipated into the surrounding air in the form of heat. Since this dissipation is proportional to the square of the current, and since current is reduced by raising the voltage, extra-high-voltage cables did, in the manner SR's report described, make possible modern economies in electric power transmission.

Since the appearance of SR's brief summary of events during the November 9th blackout of the northeastern United States, the Federal Power Commission has given President Lyndon B. Johnson a preliminary report on what happened. Both the main facts and the principal conclusions stated in SR's columns are concurred in by the FPC, which recommended maintenance of auxiliary power generators for subways, elevators, and high-rise building exits, and suggested a need for new legislation authorizing FPC to oversee the linkages of regional, national, and international power-line hookups. Expansion and strengthening of—rather than dismantling of—electrical networks was encouraged.

OUR REPORT ON "WILD BIRD MUSICALES" last month has brought out some sour notes. Readers ask what happened to the third singer in one of the antiphonal performances that were illustrated. Only two sets of notes were indicated on the printed page, one in color and the other in black ink. What happened was the following. Through a misunderstanding by the pressmen, some notes intended to appear in color tint were flooded with full color instead. Here is the score:

—Doug Anderson, following illustrations in "Nature."

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Learning to Learn

Continued from page 18

they are taking your number, also talk to somebody else (it does not happen often in the U.S., but it does in other countries). Then they wonder why the connection is wrong. We often forget that even the best potato peeler can only peel one potato at a time.

Processing requires experience and the use of proper methods. Until the seventeenth century, historians and philosophers could describe their subjects solely on the basis of personal experience; the limited size of human phenomena permitted them to do so. Xenophon's description of a whole campaign was based on his personal experience. Aristotle did not need any surveys to understand politics; he could speak to virtually every citizen of Athens himself. Now the dimensions of our knowledge make necessary detailed surveys and the use of computers to get the same general conclusions. Processing also requires the proper use of conclusions. When statistics say that a certain operation will be successful in saving all but 1 per cent of the patients from death, we must not forget that for those who die, death is 100 per cent.

It is difficult to process properly, but it is worthwhile because proper processing leads to an idea—"the idea-sword," as Palamas said, the idea that guides our action and can be expressed in an act of love, as it was in Michelangelo's *Moses*. Such an idea-sword has to be strong. It has to be produced after long forging in fire, and then it can cut deep into our lives.

When we enter the small port of the island of Ios in the southern Aegean Sea there is, on our right hand, the small, isolated church of St. Irene. Its unknown builder has managed to transmit a message of isolation and beauty, a message that prepares you to talk to yourself and, if you can, to God. Sitting on the wall of the small courtyard, unaware of the hails from the departing sailboat, I found myself envying this unknown builder who, in managing to build this church, perhaps fulfilled a lifetime dream. He did not have a tenth of the information possessed by any architectural student today, nor did he have any of the techniques that today's builders have, but he had the ability to transmit the right message in the right way —because his ideas, his processing, and his transmitting were in balance.

Transmitting is the final phase of our action; unless this phase is successful the cycle remains incomplete. It is well to remember Sir Robert Watson-Watt's comment: "The whole range of human error is essentially due to defective communication from mind to mind." We should try to transmit what we have to transmit properly. Transmitting properly means knowing when to refrain from the transmission of an action that might be harmful. It also means knowing what to transmit, because transmission is not for one person alone, but should connect him with others. Transmission presupposes an ability to find the connecting links.

Transmission should help people to form opinions, not to receive orders. How many people talk to us in terms of what they believe about a situation and forget to tell us the facts, substituting their personal interpretation for the world of facts. I believe the chief characteristic of good transmission is that it mobilizes the whole free organism of the receiver, leaving him the choice of action and not imposing anything on him. To achieve this we need a message not only with a certain content, but also with a proper expression by the use of proper symbols. Why are we today afraid of symbols when we know that civilization is based on language and writing? People —especially from the more educated classes—smile at every new word, not understanding that we cannot express the airplane by the word Icaros. They are reluctant to accept the right of others to express new ideas, a right that even primitive people have. Although they regard themselves as protectors of humanity's treasures, they are only protecting their minds from development.

I am glad that I discovered this need for proper symbols early in my life, but, perhaps because of my conservative environment, I was not as daring as I should have been. I was creating new words but not enough to transmit all the new ideas needed. For years I had been working on dynamic cities without thinking of giving them a name. One night I was working on a drawing of a geometric model of a dynamic city when my son, who was then five years old, came to sit on my knees. When he asked what I was drawing, I answered that it was a city. "What is its name?" he asked. Shamefully, I answered that it had no name, only to be told that there could not be a city without a name. That night "dynapolis" was born, and from then on the theory spread. The message had been there, but it was the symbol that gave it wings.

I came to the conclusion that what we need to be effective is the idea-sword, but it must be sharp, not only strong, to cut. Our chances are great if we know where and when to lift the sword and what to strike at—not at a stone, and not at a high-speed projectile, because the sword will break. I usually find fair and just people around me who are willing to receive messages. But I cannot forget the feudal owners of a certain country who wanted a housing program, provided that someone paid them ten times

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

THE TWELVE TITLES OF CHRISTMAS

In these anagrams of their titles, Eileen Chaffee of Lodi, Cal., refers obliquely to the subject matter of a dozen popular Christmas pieces—poetic, fictional, and musical. Disregarding punctuation, can you unscramble the titles? The authors' names are supplied as a Yuletide gift, and the titles themselves are revealed on page 108.

1. Ego fight met faith.	O. Henry
2. Keen foreign trio was there.	John Hopkins
3. Ham or classic art?	Charles Dickens
4. Up Sacramento, mob was as St. Nicholas.	Bret Harte
5. Magi on this lad's hearth—in TV.	Gian-Carlo Menotti
6. Let hint sing!	Joseph Mohr
7. Jew thy Lord, too.	Isaac Watts
8. Christmas vision aloft.	Clement C. Moore
9. God knows lieges can.	John Mason Neale
10. It is clad as Welsh—in charms.	Dylan Thomas
11. Omit—he wasn't here.	Henry Van Dyke
12. See, lad is feted.	John Francis Wade

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the real value of their land—land they were "offering" for the poor classes. I did not try my own sword of persuasion on them. What they needed was something quite different from an idea-sword.

When I speak of the city which, according to Aristotle's definition, should make man happy and secure, people politely look down or far away. But I have not lost my courage on this topic, and although I have no formula for total happiness I think I am under the obligation to work toward a city—the habitat of man—that will make man as happy as possible. And this means to satisfy as many as possible of man's needs in relation to space. In other words, to make space fit man.

I have found that, for me, learning about something is not important unless I can implement it. And, when we speak of implementation, what matters is not how much we learn but how deep it reaches. Such considerations explain why the builder of St. Irene transmitted far more important messages than many of us do; his learning was much deeper and could reach deep.

The question then arises: How does learning reach deep? The answer I found after many years of hard effort and failures had been already given by Aeschylus: learning through suffering. In this sense we return to the idea of Plato's thinking, feeling, and willing man. For learning to have a real meaning we must manage to reach all of his three selves. Make him think and suffer from his experience, and then the willing man is touched—and he acts. To achieve this we must participate in life, become an integrated part of the world, receive from all distances, at all speeds, and process and transmit. This will not show on our body as eating shows on our belly, but it will leave its marks deep enough to make our life worth living.

If man is only a good receiver, action has reached a dead end. If he is only a good receiver and processor, we have no benefit to the world surrounding him or to himself. There is one way that leads to a worthy life. Man must be a good receiver, a good processor, and a good transmitter. Only then does this temporary moving spot on the surface of the earth, the meeting place of a body and a spirit, have a meaning. It observes, it thinks, it acts in a reasonable way. For this whole process to be meaningful we must achieve a real balance of the input and output. The great mobile of which a man is the center must be in balance. It will be always a mobile, changing and never again being the same, but it must be in balance or it will be upset and overthrown. This balance should not be thought of as valid at every moment of our lives. We may receive for years and transmit only later, or even process later. But on the whole a useful life must achieve over reasonable periods a balance of input, process, and output.

IF I want to understand what I am and where I am, I have to be aware of the great mobile of which I am the center. I must see that the input-process-output mobile or the receiver-processor-transmitter mobile is in balance, a balance that will satisfy us and lead us to happiness in this aspect of our lives.

This mobile, which keeps us in balance with time and space and defines our role in the world, is indispensable for our existence and evolution in this changing world. If we can see and understand it, if we can follow it as it expands into the unknown, if we can keep it under control so that it will not upset our balance, then we have learned something that can help us float in this vast unknown that surrounds us, that can help us float in a human way.

"I don't mean to be repetitious. It's just that this dream keeps recurring."

Top of My Head

Continued from page 15

And every Thursday night at eight I escape.

• • •

The FCC in late December finally bestirred itself. One of its commissioners complained about the indecent comedy on the Johnny Carson show. The FCC chairman felt his commissioner was more sensitive about late evening television than were he and his other colleagues. This schizophrenic exhibition of morality will not suffice. The exact hour and split minute must be definitely established at which it is permissible for a single to become a double entendre. At which stroke of the clock does "dating" become "having an affair with" or "necking" become "making love to?"

At what time is it permissible, for instance, to tell the story of the man who had to choose between three girls applying for the job of secretary? He gave this test: The company received an overpayment of $5 on a bill. The first girl said she would send back a check for $5. The second girl said she would credit the customer's account. The third said the company should keep the overpayment. The question is: Which girl did he hire? The answer is: The girl with the prettiest legs.

At what hour may that story be told with the answer the way I heard it?

• • •

Hullabaloo—all teens, no tunes.

• • •

It's come to this: Many TV commercials are now more imaginatively produced, display more invention, and are more widely discussed than most of the shows that interrupt the messages from the sponsors. Which is not a good commercial for television programing.

TV has fashioned America's social habits. Viewers stay home on nights when there are programs they want to watch. Some nights they sit around and talk. Other nights they visit friends and sit around and talk. America is fast becoming the most loquacious nation in the world.

• • •

This is Television '66—boxcars!

—Goodman Ace.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. *The Gift of the Magi.* 2. *We Three Kings of Orient Are.* 3. *A Christmas Carol.* 4. *How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar.* 5. *Amahl and the Night Visitors.* 6. *Silent Night.* 7. *Joy to the World.* 8. *A Visit from St. Nicholas.* 9. *Good King Wenceslas.* 10. *A Child's Christmas in Wales.* 11. *The Other Wise Man.* 12. *Adeste Fideles.*

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1656

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Fiercest; most savage and merciless.	139 10 3 82 124 78 52 57
B. Power; toughness.	39 86 148 115 68 32 8 117
C. Tall Fred of *The Munsters*.	101 43 83 34 142 109
D. What Sir Launcelot did before he rode all day and night "in a forest, weeping" (Malory's *Morte d' Arthur*).	53 116 74 99 9
E. He was "haughty, gay, and gallant," but also "false" (Nicholas Rowe: *The Fair Penitent*, 17th cent.)	93 118 65 37 156 80 133 113
F. Grow fat.	11 46 35 76 97 103
G. Old U.S. slang for a fast freight train; *Crotalus adamanteus*.	144 61 111 134 94 88 66
H. Space surrounding a house.	130 155 105 138 87
I. French painter, pupil of David, best known as a historical painter.	92 60 69 119 147 137
J. Twisted, as filaments of silk, into thread.	15 77 59 153 13 62
K. The "ghost of Gawain shrilling down the wind" characterized "all delight" as this.	2 151 125 157 38 5
L. English natural philosopher and mathematician (1642-1727).	110 120 96 1 12 28
M. Famous West Point graduate, 1837, who remained an "unreconstructed rebel" all his life.	45 95 54 129 79
N. Conjunction indicating that the elements which follow are alternatives.	132 140 128 20 112 55 154
O. Any tall *Taxus* (2 wds.)	106 145 51 150 127 85 25
P. Unfolded; disentangled.	81 49 102 126 24 40 63
Q. Largest island of the Bahamas.	136 71 143 75 50 114
R. Groove cut in the face of any body, esp. if to receive another member.	47 19 21 84 33 91
S. Harmonious adjustment of parts.	14 44 31 107 141 131
T. Great numbers of moving things.	135 122 64 149 48
U. Early traveler and explorer whose map has recently made news.	104 6 67 26 4 16 41
V. Go back, as to a place, person, condition.	22 70 146 98 123 29
W. Unapproachable in manner.	27 121 73 7 100 18
X. Beg; petition.	42 152 72 89 58 23 17
Y. The sound of water in waves, not in a trickle.	90 36 30 56 108

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 L	2 K	3 A	4 U	■	5 K	6 U	7 W	8 B	9 D	10 A	■	11 F	12 L	13 J	14 S
■	15 J	16 U	■	17 X	18 W	19 R	20 N	■	21 R	22 V	23 X	24 P	25 O	■	26 U
27 W	28 L	29 V	30 Y	31 S	32 B	33 R	34 C	35 F	■	36 Y	37 E	38 K	39 B	40 P	■
41 U	42 X	43 C	■	44 S	45 M	46 F	47 R	48 T	■	49 P	50 Q	51 O	52 A	■	53 D
54 M	55 N	■	56 Y	57 A	58 X	59 J	60 I	■	61 G	62 J	63 P	■	64 T	65 E	66 G
67 U	68 B	69 I	70 V	71 Q	72 X	■	73 W	74 D	75 Q	■	76 F	77 J	78 A	79 M	80 E
81 P	■	82 A	83 C	■	84 R	85 O	86 B	87 H	88 G	89 X	90 Y	■	91 R	92 I	93 E
94 G	■	95 M	■	96 L	97 F	98 V	99 D	100 W	■	101 C	102 P	103 F	104 U	■	105 H
106 O	■	107 S	108 Y	109 C	110 L	■	111 G	112 N	113 E	114 Q	115 B	■	116 D	117 B	118 E
■	119 I	120 L	121 W	122 T	123 V	124 A	125 K	126 P	■	127 O	128 N	129 M	130 H	131 S	■
132 N	133 E	134 G	135 T	■	136 Q	■	137 I	138 H	139 A	140 N	■	141 S	142 C	143 Q	■
144 G	145 O	146 V	147 I	148 B	149 T	■	150 O	151 K	■	152 X	153 J	154 N	155 H	156 E	157 K

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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